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HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.



LONGFELLOW'S DRAWING-ROOM.

THE work of most writers, if it be read in the order in which it was produced, and with a careful analysis of its elements, presents, I think, a unity of which the writers themselves were unconscious. Chronological criticism confines itself as strictly to facts as science does, and is not solicitous about results. Its office is to observe what lies on the surface and to discover what underlies it, and, by the twofold process of observa-

tion and discovery, to reach an equitable conclusion in regard to the value of both. We find in all biographies that all writers, even the greatest, are influenced by their surroundings, and by the books they read; that there are just so many elements in their work, be the same few or many; that their minds are crude before they are mature; that intellectual change is not necessarily intellectual growth; that they recede as well

as advance; and, finally, that they do some things much better than others. We find, in a word, that the work of every writer worthy of the name contains some quality which especially pertains to his genius or his talent, and which is characteristic of him and of his work.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born at Portland, Maine, on the 27th of February, 1807. His father, Mr. Stephen Longfellow, a native of Gorham, Maine, then a District of Massachusetts, was a descendant of William Longfellow, of Newbury, in the same state, who was born in Yorkshire, England, in 1651, and emigrated to this country in early youth. He married Miss Anne Sewell, and after a married life of fourteen years was drowned at Anticosti, a large desert island in the estuary of the St. Lawrence. Mr. Stephen Longfellow, a descendant in the fourth generation of this gentleman, was born in the year in which the colonies declared their independence of the mother country. He was graduated at Harvard College in his twenty-second year, and devoted himself to the law, removing to Portland at the beginning of the present century. He was a good jurist, as the Massachusetts and Maine Reports testify, and was a member of the national Congress when it was an honor to belong to that body. He was also the president of the Maine Historical Society. Such, in brief, was the father of our poet, whose mother was a descendant of John Alden, who must have been a prolific old Puritan, for his children's children have molded the destiny of at least two American poets, William Cullen Bryant and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

When Mr. Longfellow shall have joined the Immortals, and his biography shall be written in full, students of his poetry will know more of his childhood than his contemporaries do now. That he was thoughtfully cared for by his parents, is certain, and that his education was an excellent one, is equally certain, for he entered Bowdoin College at the age of fourteen. It was a remarkable class in which he found himself, for it contained, among other men who have arrived at eminence in literature, Nathaniel Hawthorne, George B. Cheever, and J. S. C. Abbott; and he must have distinguished himself, or he would not have received—as he did—the appointment of professor of modern languages and literatures, shortly after he was graduated, in 1825. He accepted this appointment, with the privilege of going abroad for three years, in order to qualify himself fully for his duties, and the

following year saw him traveling on the Continent.

During his last years at college, the future professor of modern literature contributed in a modest way to the poetry of his native land. There was no poet at the time worth speaking of, except Bryant; and there were no periodicals, such as we have to-day, to which young aspirants could send their contributions. Attempts had been made to establish them, but without success, for they either died after a few months' struggle, or were merged in others, which were threatened with dissolution. We had here in New York a "Literary Gazette" (for which Griswold says Sands wrote); then an "Atlantic Monthly"; and then the "New York Review and Athenæum Magazine," of which Bryant was the first editor. This became, by the process of merging, the "New York Literary Gazette and American Athenæum," which culminated in the "United States Literary Gazette." It was in the pages of this last publication, which was issued simultaneously in New York and Boston, that the early poems of the young Bowdoin student were given to the world.

With rare exceptions, early poems are imitative, either of one or more poets whom their writers have read and admired, or of what is most marked in the poetry of the period. A careful reading of the "United States Literary Gazette" would show, I have no doubt, that Mr. Longfellow was not the only American singer, young and old, whose work bore the impress of the author of "Thanatopsis." It is legible in "Autumn," "Sunrise on the Hills," and "The Spirit of Poetry" (I am writing of Mr. Longfellow's early poems), and it is present, in suggestion, in "An April Day," "Woods in Winter," and "The Burial of the Minnesink." Description of nature is the motive of these pieces, which are written from books rather than from observation. They show an apt ear for versification, and a sensitive temperament, which makes its own individuality felt in the midst of alien poetic influences. Clearly, a new poet had appeared in the "United States Literary Gazette."

European travel was not common among Americans fifty years ago; nor were the places to be visited always determined beforehand. A certain amount of originality was allowed to the tourist, and if he wrote a book about what he saw it was not expected that he should cram it with information. He could be desultory, scholarly, whimsical,—he might even be a little dull:



what was wanted were his impressions. The time allotted to Mr. Longfellow by his *alma mater* was passed in France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Holland and England. We have glimpses of what he saw in the first three of these countries, and, in a measure, of his studies and meditations therein. He has not enabled us to follow his itinerary with any certainty, nor do we care to, we have been so pleasantly beguiled by him.

Mr. Longfellow returned to America, and to his duties at Brunswick, and took to

years ago would care to read in regard to the comprehensive subject which it discussed. The preface briefly dismissed the original writer by saying that he followed the profession of arms, as did most Spanish poets of any eminence; that he fought beneath the banner of his father Roderigo Manrique, Conde de Parades, and Maestre de Santiago, and that he died on the field of battle near Cañavete, in the year 1479. This young soldier has rendered imperishable the memory of his father, in an ode



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himself a wife in his twenty-fourth year. I cannot trace the order in which his compositions were written, nor the publications in which they appeared. His first volume, which was published in Boston, in his twenty-sixth year (1833), and is a translation of the "Coplas de Don Jorge Manrique," a thin little twelvemo of eighty-nine pages, which opens with an "Introductory Essay on the Moral and Devotional Poetry of Spain." This scholarly paper contains all that the average reader of forty-five

which is a model of its kind, and which ranks among the world's great funeral hymns. It is admirably translated by Mr. Longfellow, other of whose Spanish studies follow it in the little volume of which I have spoken in the shape of seven moral and devotional sonnets; two of which are by Lope de Vega, two by Francisco de Aldana, two by Francisco de Medrano, the last, "The Brook," being by an anonymous poet. The sonnets of Medrano, "Art and Nature," and "The Two

Harvests," have disappeared from the later editions of Mr. Longfellow's works, and can very well be spared.

The fruits of Mr. Longfellow's three years' residence in Europe were given to the world two years later. If Bryant had been unconsciously his model in his early poems he cannot be said to have had a model in "Outre-Mer." It has reminded certain English critics of Washington Irving, I fail to see in what respect. It is more scholarly than "The Sketch Book," and the style is sweeter and mellower than obtains in that famous collection of papers,—the writer warbling, like Sidney, in poetic prose. France receives the largest share of his attention and is most lovingly observed, partly for its old-fashioned picturesqueness, but more, I think, because it happened to hit his fancy. In the ninth chapter or section, which glances at "The Trouvères," we have the first French translations by Mr. Longfellow. One is a song in praise of "Spring" by Charles d'Orleans, the other is a copy of verses upon a sleeping child by Clotilde de Surville. They are elegantly translated but we feel in reading them that the subtle aroma of their originals has somehow escaped. They do not suggest the fifteenth but the nineteenth century.

"Outre-Mer" is interesting to the student of American literature as an excellent exam-

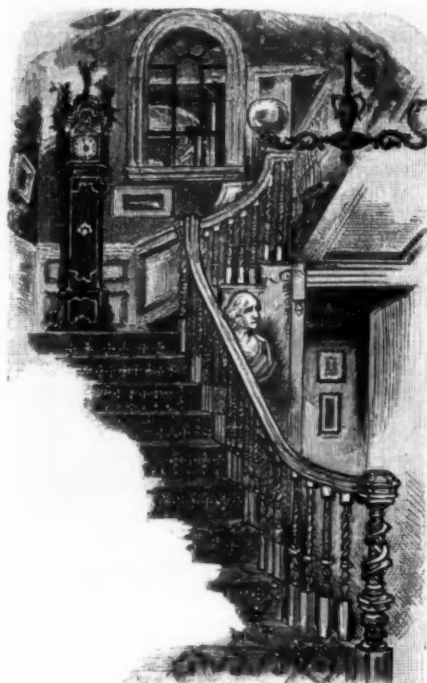
ple of a kind of prose—half essay and half narrative—which ranks among the things that were. It could not flourish now, nor can it flourish hereafter, but it delighted a literate and sympathetic class of readers forty years ago to whom it was a pleasant revelation of Old World places, customs, stories and literatures. It was quietly humorous, it was prettily pathetic, and it was pensive and poetical. Sentimental readers were attracted to the little sketch of "Jacqueline," humorous readers to "Martin Franc and the Monk of Saint Anthony," and "The Notary of Périgueux," and literary readers to "The Trouvères," "Ancient Spanish Ballads," and "The Devotional Poetry of Spain." (The last paper, by the way, was a reprint of the introduction to the "Coplas de Don Jorge Manrique.") Writing in 1878, I cannot say that "Outre-Mer" is a remarkable book; but recalling what American literature was in 1835, I see that it was an important book then; that it deserved all the praise that it obtained; that it was thoroughly representative of the genius of its writer, and that it was indicative of his future career, which is plainly mapped out therein.

The publication of "Outre-Mer," and his growing reputation as a poet, pointed out Mr. Longfellow as the successor of Mr. George Ticknor, who in 1835 resigned his professorship of modern languages and literature in Harvard College. He was elected to fill the place of the erudite historian of Spanish Literature, and resigning his chair at Brunswick, he went abroad a second time in order to complete his studies in the literature of Northern Europe. He remained abroad a little over a year, passing the summer in Denmark and Sweden and the autumn and winter in Germany. The sudden death of his wife at Rotterdam arrested his travel and his studies until the following spring and summer, which were spent in the Tyrol and Switzerland. He returned to the United States in November, 1836, and entered upon his duties at Cambridge, where he has ever since resided.

Mr. Longfellow's house at Cambridge is one of the few American houses to which pilgrimages will be made in the future. It was surrounded with historic associations before he entered it, and it is now surrounded with poetic ones,—a double halo encircling its time-honored walls. It is supposed to have been built in the first half of the last century by Colonel John Vassal, who died in 1747, and whose ashes repose



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"THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS."

in the church-yard at Cambridge under a freestone tablet, on which are sculptured the words *Vas-soi*, and the emblems a goblet and sun. He left a son John, who lived into Revolutionary times, and was a royalist, as many of the rich colonists were. The house passed from his hands (for a suitable consideration, let us hope) and came into the hands of the provincial government, who allotted it to General Washington as his head-quarters after the battle of Bunker Hill. Its next occupant was a certain Mr. Thomas Tracy, of whom tradition says that he was very rich, and that his servants drank his costly wines from carved pitchers. He appears to have sent out privateers to scour the seas in the East and West Indies, and to worry the commerce of England and Spain; though why he should include the galleons of Spain in his free-booting voyages is not clear. He failed one day and the hundred guests who had been accustomed to sit down at the banquets of Vassal house, were compelled to find other hosts. Bankrupt Tracy was succeeded by Andrew Craigie, apothecary-general of the northern provincial army, who amassed a fortune in

that office, which fortune took to itself wings, though not before it had enlarged Vassal house, and built a bridge over the Charles River connecting Cambridge with Boston and still bearing his name.

In the summer of 1837, a studious young gentleman of thirty might have been seen wending his way down the elm-shaded path which led to the Craigie house. He lifted the huge knocker, which fell with a brazen clang, and inquired for Mrs. Craigie. The parlor door was thrown open, and a tall, erect figure, crowned with a turban, stood before him. It was the relict of Andrew Craigie, whilom apothecary-general of the dead and gone northern provincial army. The young gentleman inquired if there was a room vacant in her house.

"I lodge students no longer," she answered gravely.

"But I am not a student," he remarked.

"I am a professor in the University."

"A professor?" she inquired, as if she associated learning with age.

"Professor Longfellow," said the would-be lodger.

"Ah! that is different. I will show you what there is."

She then proceeded to show him several rooms, saying as she closed the door of each, "You cannot have that." At last she opened the door of the south-east corner room of the second story, and said that he could have it. "This was General Washington's chamber." So Professor Longfellow became a resident of this old historic house, which had been occupied before him by Edward Everett and Jared Sparks, and which was occupied with him by Joseph E. Worcester, the lexicographer. Truly, his lines had fallen in pleasant places.

Professor Longfellow's collegiate duties left him leisure for literary pursuits, and he turned it to advantage by writing a paper on "Frithiof's Saga," and another on the "Twice-told Tales" of his fellow-collegian, Hawthorne, whose rare excellence he was among the first to perceive. These papers were published in the "North American Review," in 1837. They were followed during the next year by other papers: among them one on "Anglo-Saxon Literature," and another on "Paris in the Seventeenth Century," which were contributions to the same periodical. If they are good reading after the lapse of forty years, they must have been better reading when they were first published; for, without vaunting ourselves on our knowledge of other literatures than our own,



THE REAR LAWN, LOOKING TOWARD LONGFELLOW'S HOUSE. (ALL THIS PART OF THE LAWN IS COVERED WITH GIGANTIC ELM-TREES. THE HOUSE IS NEARLY HIDDEN BY THE TREES AND LILAC BUSHES.)

it is certain that our ancestors knew much less about them than we do; and it is equally certain, as we shall soon see, that our earliest knowledge of German literature—or, at any rate, of German poetry—is largely due to the writings of Mr. Longfellow. His first volume introduced his countrymen to Spanish poetry, as represented by Don Jorge Manrique, Lope de Vega, Francisco de Aldana, and Francisco de Medrano. "Outre-Mer" introduced them to French poetry, in the paper on "The Trouvères," and to ancient Spanish ballads in the paper on that subject. Bryant had perhaps preceded him as a translator from the Spanish poets; but his translations were not of a kind to be popular.

The papers that I have mentioned, or some of them, were written in the chamber which Washington had occupied, as well as a series of papers of which European travel in Germany and Switzerland, and European experience and legend, were the chief themes. Through these, like a silken string through a rosary of beads, ran a slight personal narrative which may have been real, and may have been imaginary, but which was probably both. This narrative concerned itself with the life-history of Paul Flemming, a tender-hearted and rather

shadowy young gentleman who had lost the friend of his youth, and who had gone abroad that the sea might be between him and the grave. "Alas, between him and his sorrow there could be no sea, but that of time!" He wandered from place to place,—noting what struck his sensitive fancy and discoursing of men and books,—student at once and pilgrim. The hand that penned "Outre-Mer" was visible on every page of "Hyperion," but the hand had grown firmer in the Craigie house than it was at Brunswick; and the scholarly sympathies of the writer had embraced a richer literature than that of old Spain and old France. Dismissing the romantic element of "Hyperion" for what it is worth (and there must have been genuine worth in it, for it was the cause of its immediate popularity), the chief and permanent value of the book lay in the new element which it introduced into American literature—the element of German fantasy and romanticism. It would have come in time, no doubt, but to Mr. Longfellow belongs the honor of having hastened the time, and ushered in the dawn. He was the herald of German poetry in the New World. The second book of "Hyperion" contains Mr. Longfellow's first published translation from

the German poets—the “Whither?” of Müller (“I heard a brooklet gushing”); the third book contains the “Song of the Bell” (“Bell, thou soundest merrily!”); “The Black Knight” (“’Twas Pentecost, the Feast of Gladness”); “The Castle by the Sea” (“Hast thou seen that lordly castle?”); “The Song of the Silent Land” (“Into the Silent Land”), and “Beware!” (“I know a maiden fair to see”). Besides these translations in verse, there is, in the first book, a dissertation or chapter on “Jean Paul, the Only One,” and in the second book a chapter on “Goethe,” whom, Mr. Paul Flemming, by the way, does not greatly admire. His friend the Baron defends the old heathen by saying that he is an artist and copies nature. “So did the artists who made the bronze lamps of Pompeii. Would you hang one of those in your hall? To say that a man is an artist and copies nature is not enough. There are two great schools of art, the imitative and the imaginative. The latter is the more noble and the more enduring.”

The dignity of the literary profession was earnestly maintained by Mr. Longfellow. “I do not see,” remarked the Baron in one of his conversations with Paul Flemming, “I do not see why a successful book is not as great an event as a successful campaign, only different in kind, and not easily compared.” The lives of literary men are melancholy pictures of man’s strength and weakness, and, on that very account, he thought were profitable for encouragement, consolation and warning. “The lesson of such lives,” continued Flemming, “is told in a single word—wait! Therefore should every man wait—should bide his time. Not in listless idleness, not in useless pastime, not in querulous dejection; but in constant, steady, cheerful endeavors, always willing and fulfilling and accomplishing his task, that, when the occasion comes, he may be equal to the occasion. And if it never comes, what matters it? What matters it to the world whether I or you or another man did such a deed, or wrote such a book, so that the deed and book were well done? It is the part of an indiscreet and troublesome ambition to care too much about fame—about what the world says of us; to be always looking in the faces of others for approval; to be always anxious for the effect of what we do and say; to be always shouting, to hear the echo of our own voices.” “Believe me,” he concluded, “the talent of success is noth-

ing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do, without a thought of fame. If it come at all, it will come because it is deserved, and not because it is sought after. And, moreover, there will be no misgivings, no disappointment, no hasty, feverish, exhausting excitement.”

If fame comes because it is deserved, it certainly comes to some men much sooner than to others; why, their contemporaries and rivals do not perceive as clearly as those who come after them. Mr. Edgar Allan Poe, for example, could never understand why Mr. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was a more successful writer than himself. He might have discovered the reason, however, if he had chosen to look for it, for it lay upon the surface of the American character. Our taste was not profound forty years ago, nor is it very profound now. But then, as now, we knew what we wanted in literature, and we could distinguish what was new from what was old. There was nothing new in Mr. Longfellow’s early poems, which were rather promises than performances, but when he began to publish his “Voices of the Night” (in the “Knickerbocker Magazine,” I think), we felt that poetry had undergone a change into something rich and strange.

We had taken the measure (so to speak) of the American poets and knew what to expect from them. Bryant’s poetry was calm, meditative, philosophical; Willis’s poetry, when not elegantly Scriptural, was light and airy; Halleck’s poetry was spirited and martial; Pierpont’s poetry was occasional and moral,—a few epithets described all our singers that were worthy of the name. We recognized their excellence, but it by no means exhausted our admiration and capacity for enjoyment. There was room for a new poet,—there is always room for a new poet, though old poets and old critics and old readers are sometimes slow to admit the fact. There were gardens which yielded our elder singers no flowers,—gardens in which no seed of theirs had ever been sown. It remained for a fresh singer to cultivate them. I hardly know how to characterize the seed which Mr. Longfellow began to sow in “The Voices of the Night.” Romanticism does not describe it, for there is nothing romantic in “The Hymn to the Night,” nor does morality describe it, except, perhaps, as it bourgeoned in “A Psalm of Life.” The lesson of the poem last named and of “The Light of Stars,” was the lesson of endurance and



patience and cheerfulness. It had been taught by other poets, but not as this one taught it, not in verse that set itself to music in the memory of thousands, and in words that were pictures. The young man who wrote "A Psalm of Life" possessed the art of saying rememberable things, and a very rare art it is. Shakspeare possessed it in a supreme degree, and Pope and Gray in a greater measure than greater poets. Merciless critics have pointed out flaws in the literary workmanship of "A Psalm of Life," but its readers never saw them, or, seeing them, never cared for them. They found it a hopeful, helpful poem.

to work to discover what corresponds, or can be made to correspond, with them spiritually. If he is skillful, he constructs an ingenious poem, of doubtful intellectual value. "Midnight Mass for the Dying Year" is a medley of mediæval suggestion and Shakspearean remembrance, which demands a large and imaginative appreciation. The Shakspearean element strikes me as somewhat out of place, though it adds to the impressiveness and effectiveness as a whole. It is a medley, however, as I have said, and it must be judged by its own fantastic laws. Whatever faults disfigured "The Voices of the Night" were lost sight



WEST SIDE OF LONGFELLOW'S HOUSE. (TAKEN FROM A POINT NEAR THE OLD WILLOW.)

"Footsteps of Angels" is to me the most satisfactory of all these "Voices of the Night." There is an indescribable tenderness in it, and the vision of the poet's dead wife gliding into his chamber with noiseless footsteps, taking a vacant chair beside him, and laying her hand in his, is very pathetic. "The Beleaguered City" is a product of poetic artifice of which there are but few examples in English poetry. It appears to have been compounded after a recipe which called for equal parts of outward fact and inward meaning. Given a material city, a river, a fog, and so on, the poet sets his wits

of or forgiven for the sake of their beauties and the admirable poetic spirit which they displayed. A healthful poet was singing, and his song had many tones.

"Hyperion" and "The Voices of the Night," which were published in the same year (1839), established the reputation of Mr. Longfellow as a graceful prose writer, and a poet who resembled no poet of the time, either in America or England. His scholarship was evident in both, and was not among the least of the charms which they exercised over their readers.

Mr. Bryant was the only American poet

of any note who had enriched the literature of his native land with translations. They showed his familiarity with other languages, and were well thought of by scholars, but they added nothing to his fame, for famous he was from the day he published "Thanatopsis." It was otherwise with the trans-

lations of Mr. Longfellow is to say that they read like original poems. The most felicitous among them are "The Castle by the Sea," "Whither?" "The Bird and the Ship," and the exquisite fragment entitled "The Happiest Land." Nearly forty years have passed since they were collected in



THE AVENUE NORTH OF THE HOUSE.

lations of Mr. Longfellow, which brought him many laurels, and were in as great demand as his original poems. There were twenty-three of them in the little volume which contained "The Voices of the Night," culled from "Hyperion," "Outre-Mer," his review articles, not forgetting the great ode of Don Jorge Manrique, and they represented six different languages. They were well chosen, with the exception of the two versions from the French, the subjects being in themselves poetical, and the words in which they were clothed, characteristic of the originals. The highest compliment that

"The Voices of the Night," and these years have seen no translator equal to Mr. Longfellow.

Mr. Longfellow's second poetical venture, "Ballads and Other Poems," determined his character as a poet. It was more mature, not to say more robust, than "The Voices of the Night," and its readers felt sure of its author hereafter, for he felt sure of himself. The opening ballad, "The Skeleton in Armor," was the most vigorous poem that he had yet written,—a striking conception embodied in picturesque language, and in a measure which had fallen into disuse for more

than two centuries—the measure of Drayton's "Ballad of Agincourt." I do not see that a line or a word could be spared. There were two elements in this collection not previously seen in Mr. Longfellow's poetry, one being the power of beautifying common things, the other, the often renewed experiment of hexameter verse. What I mean by beautifying common things is the making a village blacksmith a theme, and a legitimate theme, too, for poetry. Mr. Longfellow has certainly done this, I do not quite see how, and has drawn a lesson likewise, for which, however, I care nothing. More purely poetical than "The Village Blacksmith" is "Endymion" and "Maidenhood." The sentiment of the last is very refined and spirited. "It is not always May," "The Rainy Day," and "God's Acre," are each perfect of its kind, and the kinds are very different. "The Rainy Day," for instance, is in the manner of "The Beleaguered City," which for once has produced a good poem,—I suspect, because it is a short one. "To the River Charles" is a pleasant glimpse of Mr. Longfellow's early Cambridge life, and the art of it is perfect.

The most popular poem in Mr. Longfellow's second collection—"Excelsior"—has more moral than poetical value. The conception of a young man carrying a banner up a mountain, suggests a set scene in a drama, and the end of this imaginary person does not affect us as it should, his attempt to excel being so fool-hardy. That he would be frozen to death was a foregone conclusion. The most important of the translations here (all of which are excellent) was "The Children of the Lord's Supper," from the

when he translated the description of Frithiof's ancestral estate at Framnäs into this measure. The poets and poetasters of the Elizabethan era tried in vain to revive it. Gabriel Harvey, the friend of Spenser, projected a reform of English poetry,—a reform which, if it had succeeded, would have caused "a general surceasing of rhyme" and a return to certain, or uncertain, rules of quantity. "Spenser suffered himself to be drawn into this foolish scheme," says Professor Child, "and for a year worked away at hexameters and iambic trimeters quite seriously." (The year in question, I take it, was 1580.) Harvey's project was taken up with zeal by a coterie over which Sidney and Dyer presided; but the wits, notably Nash, ridiculed it, the latter saying (in substance) that the hexameter was a gentleman of an ancient house, but that the English language was too craggy for him to run his long plow in it. And Ascham wrote of it, about fifteen years before, that it rather trotted and hobbled than ran smoothly "in our English tong." So thought not Master Abraham Fraunce, who, in 1587, published a translation of the "Aminta" of Tasso, in hexameters, and in the following year a work entitled "Lawier's Logicke," wherein he stowed away a version of Virgil's Eclogue of Alexis, in the same measure. Less than a century from this date, Edward Phillips, the nephew of Milton, paid his respects and disrespects to the ancient and modern poets in his "Theatrum Poetarum" (1675),—a curious little book, which is thought to reflect the opinions of his illustrious uncle. He sums up the unlucky translator of Tasso in a few lines: "Abraham Fraunce, a ver-



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Swedish of Tegnér. It renewed, as I have said, the often baffled attempt to naturalize hexameters in English poetry,—an attempt which Mr. Longfellow had made four years before, in his paper on "Frithiof's Saga,"

sifier of Queen Elizabeth's time, who, imitating Latin measure in English verse, wrote his 'Ivy Church' and some other things in hexameter, some also in hexameter and pentameter; nor was he altogether singular in

this way of writing, for Sir Philip Sidney, in the pastoral interludes of his 'Arcadia,' uses not only these, but all other sorts of Latin measure, in which no wonder he is followed by so few, since they neither become the English nor any other modern language." Winstanley expressed the same unfavorable opinion of Fraunce's hexameters twelve years later (1687), cribbing the very words of Phillips for that purpose.

Langbaine, in his "Account of the English Dramatick Poets" (1691), adds four

we style heroic verse, is most in use." The next attempt to revive hexameters on any scale was made by that metrical experimentalist, Southey, in his "Vision of Judgment," in 1821,—a piece of obsequious profanity which richly deserved the ridicule that Byron cast upon it. Such, so far as I know, is the history of this alien measure in English poetry. Mr. Longfellow thought well of it, as we have seen, and was justified in so thinking by the excellence of his own practice therein. "The Children of



VIEW FROM THE REAR PIAZZA. (THE OPEN GATE-WAY LEADS TO THE LAWN, A BROAD AND SPLENDID STRETCH RUNNING TOWARD THE NORTH.)

separate works, not mentioned by Winstanley and Phillips to the list of Fraunce's productions (all in hexameters), and records the disuse of quantitative experiments in English versification. "Notwithstanding Mr. Chapman in his translation of Homer, and Sir Philip Sydney in his Eclogues, have practiced this way of writing, yet this way of imitating the Latin measures of verses, particularly the hexameter, is now laid aside, and the verse of ten syllables, which

the Lord's Supper" is a charming poem to which its antique setting is very becoming.

Mr. Longfellow made a third voyage to Europe after publishing his "Ballads and other Poems," and passed the summer on the Rhine. He returned after a few months, bringing with him a number of poems which were written at sea, and in which he expressed his detestation of slavery. "Poems on Slavery" were published in 1843, and dedicated to W. E. Channing, who did not

live to read the poet's admiration of his character and his work. This dedication, which is spirited, contains a noble stanza:

"Well done! Thy words are great and bold;  
At times they seem to me  
Like Luther's, in the days of old,  
Half battles for the free."

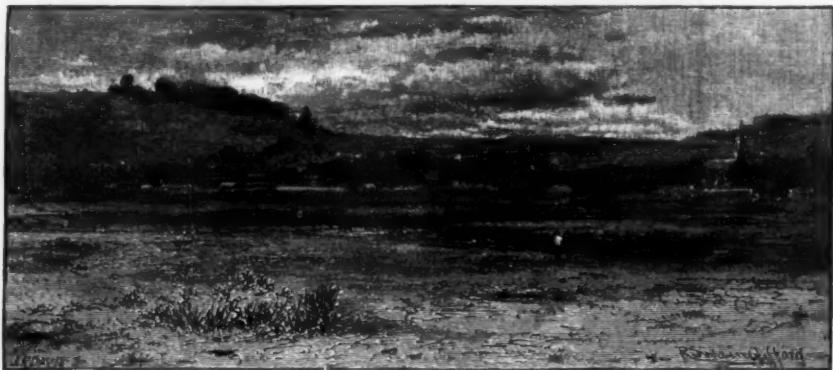
"The Slave's Dream" is one of the few rememberable poems of which the "peculiar institution" was the inspiration. It is exceedingly picturesque, and its versification is masterly. The harmony of sound and sense,—the movement of the fourth stanza is very fine:

"And then at furious speed he rode  
Along the Niger's bank,  
His bridle-reins were golden chains,  
And, with a martial clank,  
At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel  
Smiting his stallion's flank."

The fertility of Mr. Longfellow's mind, and the variety of his powers, were manifested in his thirty-sixth year, when he published the "Poems on Slavery," of which I have just spoken, and "The Spanish Student,"—a dramatic poem, the actors in which were the antipodes of the dusky figures which preceded them. Judged by the laws of its construction, and by the intention of its creator, "The Spanish Student" is a beautiful production. It should be read for what it is,—a poem, and without the slightest thought of the stage, which was not in the mind of the author when he wrote it. So read, it will

higher walks of serious poetic comedy. The characters of the different actors in this little closet play are sketched with sufficient distinctness, and the conversation, which is lively and bustling, is suited to the speakers and their station in life. The gypsy dancing girl, Preciosa, is a lovely creation of the poet's fancy.

In 1843, Mr. Longfellow was married for the second time, and became the possessor of the Craigie house. Three years later he published "The Belfry of Bruges and other Poems." Traces of his early manner, as unsuccessfully manifested in "The Beleaguered City," appear in "Carillon," the prologue to the volume, and in "The Arrow and the Song," which is perhaps the most perfect of all his smaller pieces. "The Belfry of Bruges" is a picturesque description of that quaint old city, as seen from the belfry tower in the market-place one summer morning, and an imaginative remembrance of its past history, which passes like a pageant before the eyes of the poet. Everything is clearly conceived and in orderly succession, and in no poem that he had previously written had the hand of the artist been so firm. "Nuremberg," a companion-piece in the same measure, is distinguished by the same precision of touch and the same broad excellence. There is an indescribable charm, a grace allied to melancholy, in "A Gleam of Sunshine," which is one of the few poems that refuse to be forgotten. "The Arsenal at Springfield"



VIEW FROM THE PIAZZA. (LOOKING SOUTH.)

be found radiant with poetry, not of a passionate or profound kind, which would be out of place; for the plot is in no sense a tragic one, but of a kind that suggests the

is in a certain sense didactic, I suppose, but I do not quite see how it could be otherwise, and be a poem at all. A poet should be a poet first, but he should also be a man,



and a man who concerns himself with the joys and sorrows of his fellow-creatures. There was a great lesson in the burnished arms at Springfield, and a lesser poet than Mr. Longfellow would not have guessed it.

"Were half the power that fills the world with terror,  
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,  
Given to redeem the human mind from error,  
There were no need of arsenals and forts:

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred,  
And every nation that should lift again  
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead  
Should wear forevermore the curse of Cain!"

Jonson wrote some lines about his first daughter, who died in infancy. Coleridge sang a serious cradle-song over his son Hartley, in "Frost at Midnight." Shelley bewailed the early death of his son William; and Leigh Hunt, most tuneful of all, celebrated two of his children in two characteristic poems, the most natural of which he inscribed to his son John, "A Nursery Song for a Four-Year-Old Romp." These, as I remember, are some of the best-known English poets, to whom childhood was a source of inspiration. Mr. Longfellow distanced all of them, and apparently without an effort, in the volume under consider-



THE WESTERN ENTRANCE. (FROM THE PIAZZA THERE IS A VIEW OF THE RIVER CHARLES, BRIGHTON, AND THE DISTANT HILLS.)

Nothing could be more unlike than "The Norman Baron," a study of the mediæval age, and "Rain in Summer," a fresh and off-hand description of a country shower. My feeling about the last is that it would have been better if it had been cast in a regular stanza, instead of its present form, which strikes me as being a whimsical one, and that it is not improved by the introduction, at the close, of a higher element than that of simple description. The last three sections are poetical and imaginative, but it seems to me they disturb the harmony and unity of the poem.

Not many English-writing poets, good fathers as most of them were, have addressed poems to their children. Ben

Jonson wrote some lines about his first daughter, who died in infancy. Coleridge sang a serious cradle-song over his son Hartley, in "Frost at Midnight." Shelley bewailed the early death of his son William; and Leigh Hunt, most tuneful of all, celebrated two of his children in two characteristic poems, the most natural of which he inscribed to his son John, "A Nursery Song for a Four-Year-Old Romp." These, as I remember, are some of the best-known English poets, to whom childhood was a source of inspiration. Mr. Longfellow distanced all of them, and apparently without an effort, in the volume under consider-

"The lady with the gay macaw,  
The dancing-girl, the grave bashaw  
With bearded lip and chin;  
And, leaning idly o'er his gate,  
Beneath the imperial fan of state  
The Chinese mandarin."

The child shakes his coral rattle with its silver bells, and is content for the moment with its merry tune. The poet listens to

other bells than these, and they tell him that the coral was growing thousands of years in the Indian seas, and that the bells once reposed as shapeless ore in darksome mines, beneath the base of Chimborazo or the overhanging pines of Potosi.

"And thus for thee, O little child,  
Through many a danger and escape,  
The tall ships passed the stormy cape;  
For thee in foreign lands remote,  
Beneath a burning, tropic clime,  
The Indian peasant, chasing the wild goat,  
Himself as swift and wild,  
In falling, clutched the frail arbut, the  
The fibers of whose shallow root,  
Uplifted from the soil, betrayed  
The silver veins beneath it laid  
The buried treasures of the miser Time."

He turns from the child to the memory of one who formerly dwelt within the walls of his historic mansion:

"Up and down these echoing stairs  
Heavy with the weight of cares,  
Sounded his majestic tread:  
Yes, within this very room  
Sat he in those hours of gloom,  
Weary both in heart and head."

These grave thoughts are succeeded by pictures of the child at play, now in the orchard and now in the garden-walks, where his little carriage-wheels efface whole villages of sand-roofed tents that rise above the secret homes of nomadic tribes of ants. But, tired already, he comes back to parley with repose, and, seated with his father on a rustic seat in an old apple-tree, they see the waters of the river, and a sailless vessel dropping down the stream:

"And like it, to a sea as wide and deep,  
Thou driftest gently down the tides of sleep."

The poet speculates gravely on the future of his child, and bids him remember that if his fate is an untoward one, even in the perilous hour,

"When most afflicted and oppressed  
From labor there shall come forth rest."

In this poem, and in "The Occultation of Orion," Mr. Longfellow has reached a table-land of imagination not hitherto attained by his Muse. "The Bridge" is a revelation of his personality, and a phase of his genius which has never ceased to charm the majority of his readers. The train of thought which it suggests is not new, but what thought that embraces mankind is new? Enough that it is natural, and sympathetic, and tender. The lines to

"The Driving Cloud" are an admirable specimen of hexameters, and a valuable addition to our scanty store of aboriginal poetry—the forerunner of an immortal contribution not yet transmuted into verse.

Under the head of "Songs" we have eight poems, two of which are modeled after a fashion that Mr. Longfellow had succeeded in making his own. I refer to "Sea-weed" and "The Arrow and the Song," two charming fantasies in which the doctrine of poetic correspondence (if I may be allowed the phrase) works out a triumphant excuse for its being. "The Day is Done" belongs to a class of poems which depend for their success upon the human element they contain, or suggest, and to which they appeal. "The Old Clock on the Stairs" is an illustration of what I mean and as good a one as can be found in the writings of any modern poet. The humanities (to adapt a phrase) were never long absent from Mr. Longfellow's thoughts. We feel their presence in "The Old Clock on the Stairs," in "The Bridge," and in the unrhymed stanzas "To an Old Danish Song-book":

"Once in Elsinore,  
At the court of old King Hamlet,  
Yorick and his boon companions  
Sang these ditties.

Once Prince Frederick's guard  
Sang them in their smoky barracks;—  
Suddenly the English cannon  
Joined the chorus!"

This volume introduced Mr. Longfellow in a species of composition in which we have not hitherto seen him—the sonnet, of which there are three specimens here, neither of the strictest Italian form; the best, perhaps, being the one on "Dante," of whom, by the way, we had three translations, all from the "Purgatorio," in the "Voices of the Night." One feature of his poetry, and not its strongest (*me judice*), was the first which his imitators seized upon and sought to transfer to their own rhymes. I allude to his habit of comparing one thing with another thing—an outward fact with an inward experience, or *vice versa*. An example or two will illustrate what I mean:

"Before him, like a blood-red flag  
The bright flamingoes flew."

"And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums,  
Through the triumph of his dream."

"Through the closed blinds the golden sun  
Poured in a dusky beam.  
Like the celestial ladder seen  
By Jacob in his dream."

"And the night shall be filled with music,  
And the cares, that infest the day,  
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,  
And as silently steal away."

It was the fancy of Mr. Longfellow, and not his imagination, which commended his poetry to our poetasters of both sexes, and what was excellent in him—and is excellent in itself, when restrained within due bounds—became absurd in them, it was carried to such excesses.

Mr. Longfellow's next volume was, in a certain sense, the gift of Hawthorne, to whom he was indebted for its theme. It is stated briefly in the first volume of his "American Note-books," in a cluster of memoranda written between October 24th, 1838, and January 4th, 1839. *Voilà*: "H. L. C—— heard from a French Canadian a story of a young couple in Acadie. On their marriage day, all the men of the province were summoned to assemble in the church to hear a proclamation. When assembled, they were all seized and shipped off to be distributed through New England, among them the new bridegroom. His bride set off in search of him, wandered about New England all her life-time, and at last, when she was old, she found her bridegroom on his death-bed. The shock was so great that it killed her likewise." This forcible deportation of a whole people occurred in 1755, when the French, to the extent of eighteen thousand souls, were seized by the English, in the manner stated. History, which excuses so much, has perhaps excused the act; but humanity never can. It is as indefensible as the Inquisition.

"Evangeline," which was published in 1847, disputed the palm with "The Princess," which was published in the same year. The two volumes are so unlike that no comparison can, or should, be made between them. Each shows its writer at his best, as a story-teller, and if the mediæval medley surpasses the modern pastoral in richness of coloring, it is surpassed, in turn, by the tender human interest of the latter. I should no more think of telling the story of Evangeline than I should think of telling the story of Ruth. It is what the critics had been so long clamoring for,—an American poem,—and it is narrated with commendable simplicity. Poetry, as poetry, is kept in the background; the descriptions, even when they appear exuberant, are subordinated to the main purpose of the poem, out of which they rise naturally; the characters are clearly drawn, and the landscapes through which

they move are thoroughly characteristic of the New World. It is the French village of Grand-Pré which we behold; it is the colonial Louisiana and the remote West—not the fairy-land which Campbell imagined for himself when he wrote "Gertrude of Wyoming," with its shepherd swains tending their flocks on green declivities and skimming the lake with light canoes, while lovely maidens danced in brown forests to the music of timbrels! Evangeline, loving, patient, sorrowful wanderer, has taken a permanent place, I think, among the heroines of English song; but, whether the picturesque hexameters in which her pathetic story is told will hereafter rank among the standard measures of the language, can only be conjectured. That the poets have fancied them is certain, for the year after the publication of "Evangeline" saw Clough writing them in "The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich," and ten years later saw Kingsley writing them in his "Andromeda." Matthew Arnold maintains that the hexameter is the only proper measure in which to translate Homer; and already two versions of the Iliad in this measure have been made, one by Herschel (1866) and another by Cochrane (1867).

Two years before the publication of "Evangeline" (1845), Mr. Longfellow conferred a scholarly obligation upon the admirers of foreign poetry by editing "The Poets of Europe," a closely printed octavo of nearly eight hundred pages, containing specimens of European poets in ten different languages, representing the labors of upward of one hundred translators, including himself. Four years later (1849), he published a tale, entitled "Kavanagh." It has no plot to speak of, but its sketches of character are bright and amusing, and its glimpses of New England village life are pleasantly authentic. One of the personages of the book is more than a being of the mind. I refer to Mr. Hathaway, whom all our authors have met, and whose nonsense about a national literature they have listened to with as much patience as they were blessed with. He waits upon Mr. Churchill (the readers of "Kavanagh" will remember), and that gentle genius ventures to differ with him in language which, I am sure, expresses the opinion of his scholarly creator. "Nationality is a good thing to a certain extent; but universality is better. All that is best in the great poets of all countries is not what is national in them, but what is universal. Their roots are in their native soil; but their branches wave in the unpatriotic air that

speaks the same language unto all men, and their leaves shine with the illimitable light that pervades all lands. Let us throw all the windows open; let us admit the light and air on all sides, that we may look to-

in which he was perpetually discovering new possibilities. There are twenty-three poems in "The Seaside and the Fireside" (including the dedication and the translations), no two of which are alike, though



VIEW ACROSS THE LAWN, NORTH-WEST OF THE HOUSE.

ward the four corners of the heavens, and not always in the same direction." The curious thing about this national literature is (Mr. Churchill might have added), that few nations really know when they possess it, their knowledge depending upon the prior discovery of alien nations. If the English had not so settled it, would we ever have found out for ourselves what great national poets we have in Mr. Walt Whitman and Mr. Joaquin Miller? Do our critical cousins know what an inspired singer they have in Poet Close?

What impresses me in reading Mr. Longfellow's poetry is the extent of his poetic sympathies, and the apparent ease with which he passes from one class of subjects to another. His instincts are sure in his choice of all his subjects, and his perception of their poetic capacities is keen. They translate themselves readily into his mind, and he clothes them in their singing-robes when the spirit moves him. The five years which included the publication of the next three volumes of his poetical writings,—*"The Seaside and the Fireside"* (1850), *"The Golden Legend"* (1851), and *"The Song of Hiawatha"* (1855),—added largely to his reputation as a man of varied attainments, to whom poetry was an art

they all disclose the skillful hand by which they were wrought. The most important of them, as a work of art, is the best poem, of which Schiller's *"Song of the Bell"* was the model—*"The Building of the Ship."* I may be singular in my opinion, but my opinion is that it is a better poem than Schiller's, in which I have never been able to interest myself, possibly because all the English translations of it are so indifferent. Its theme is better adapted to poetic treatment than Schiller's, partly, no doubt, because it is more tangible to the imagination, and capable, therefore, of more definite presentation before the eye of the mind; but largely, I think, because its associations are not attached to so many memories as cluster about the ringing of a bell. Its unity is in its self-concentration.

*"The Golden Legend"* transports us back to the Middle Ages, of which we have had transitory gleams in the earlier writings of Mr. Longfellow. The poetic atmosphere of that remote period envelops a lovely story, which turns, like that of *"Evangeline,"* upon the love and devotion of woman, that in this instance is happily rewarded.

The figure of Elsie, the peasant girl, who determines to sacrifice her life to restore her prince to happiness, is worthy of an exalted

place in any poet's dream of fair women. The charm of the poem, apart from its poetry, is the thorough and easy scholarship of the writer, who contrives to conceal the evidences of his reading,—an art which few poets have possessed in an equal degree, and which Moore did not possess at all. If the opinion of an unlettered man is worth anything, the miracle-play of "The Nativity," is conceived in the very spirit of those archaic entertainments which cleric pens devised for the edification of the laity. It had no prototype, so far as I know, in modern English poetry, and has had no successor at all worthy of it, except Mr. Swinburne's "Masque of Queen Bersabe." Mr. Ruskin reflected, I think, the judgment of most scholarly readers of this poem, when he wrote in his "Modern Painters" that its author had entered more closely into the temper of the monk, for good and for evil, than ever yet theological writer or historian, though they may have given their life's labor to the analysis.

Poets are distinguished from writers of verse not only by superiority of genius, but superiority of knowledge. The versifier gropes about in search of poetical subjects, while the poet goes to them instinctively, and often finds them when others have sought for them in vain. That there was a poetic element in the North American Indian several American poets had believed, and, so believing, had striven to quicken their verse with its creative energies. Sands and Eastburn wrote together the ponderous poem of "Yamoyden." Hoffman wrote a "Vigil of Faith;" Seba Smith a "Powhattan"; Street a "Frontenac," and others, I dare say, other aboriginal poems, whose names I have forgotten. They were unanimous in one thing,—they all failed to interest their readers. The cause of this was not far to seek, we can see, since success has been achieved, but it demanded a vision which was not theirs, and which, it seemed, only one American poet had. He saw that the Indian himself, as he figures in our history, was not capable of being made a poetic hero, but he saw that there might be a poetic side to him, and that it existed in his legends, if he had any. That he had many, and that they were remarkable for a certain primitive imagination, was well known. They were brought to light by the late Henry R. Schoolcraft, who heard of their existence among the Odjibwa Nation, inhabiting the region about Lake Superior in 1822.

Specimens of these aboriginal fictions were

published by Mr. Schoolcraft in his "Travels in the Central Portions of the Mississippi Valley" (1825), and his "Narrative of the Expedition to Itaska Lake" (1834), but they were not given to the world in their entirety until 1839 in his "Albic Researches." They were as good as manuscript for the next sixteen years, though one American poet had mastered them thoroughly. This was Mr. Longfellow, who, in 1855, turned this Indian Edda, as he happily called it, into "The Song of Hiawatha." The great and immediate success of this poem, and the increase of reputation which it brought its author, recalled the early years of the present century when Scott and Byron were sure of thousands of readers whenever it pleased them to write a metrical romance. It was eagerly read by all classes, who suddenly found themselves interested in the era of flint arrow-heads, earthen pots, and skin clothes, and in its elemental inhabitants, who, dead centuries ago, if they ever existed, were now living the everlasting life of poetry. Everybody read "The Song of Hiawatha," which passed through many editions, here and in England, and elsewhere in the Old World in other languages. Its intellectual value was universally admitted, but its form was questioned, as all new forms are sure to be. For the form was new to most readers, though not to scholars in the literatures of Northern Europe. It is original with Mr. Longfellow, his friends declared. No, his enemies answered, he has borrowed it from the Finnish epic, "The Kalewala." The quarrel, which was acrimonious, interested the critics, who are often entertained by trifles, but nobody else cared a button about it. The temporary novelty of its form led to innumerable parodies, but to nothing serious, that I remember; which I take to be a silent verdict against its permanency in English versification.

Mr. Longfellow added, three years later, to the laurels he had won by "Evangeline," by a second narrative poem in hexameters,—"The Courtship of Miles Standish." It lacks the pathetic interest which is the charm of the earlier poem, but it possesses the same merit of picturesqueness, and a firmer power of delineating character. Priscilla is a very vital little Puritan maiden, who sees no impropriety in asking the man she loves why he does not speak for himself, and not for Miles Standish, who might find time to attend to his own wooing. The Puritan atmosphere here is as perfect of its kind as



the Catholic atmosphere of "Evangeline," and is thoroughly in keeping with the grim old days in which the story is laid. The versification of the poem is more vigorous than that of the sister poem, the hexameters having a sort of martial movement about them.

I do not see that the poetry of Mr. Longfellow has changed much in the last twenty years, except that it has become graver in its tone and more serious in its purpose. Its technical excellence has steadily increased. He has more than held his own against all English-writing poets, and in no walk of poetry so positively as that of telling a story. In an age of story-tellers he stands at their head, not only in the narrative poems I have mentioned, but in the lesser stories included in his "Tales of a Wayside Inn," for which he has laid all the literatures of the world under contribution. He preceded by several years the voluminous poet of "The Earthly Paradise," who has no fitting sense of the value of time, and no suspicion that there may be too much of a good thing. I would rather praise his long narratives in verse than read them, which is but another way of saying that I prefer short poems to long ones. About the only piece of criticism of Poe's to which I can assent without qualification is that long poems are mistakes. A poem proper should produce a unity of impression which can only be obtained within a reasonable time; it should never weary its readers into closing the book. This is very destructive criticism, but I am inclined to think there is something in it, though it is not respectful to the memory of Milton. Mr. Longfellow's stories can all be read at a single sitting, which insures the unity of impression which they ought to create and which they do create beyond any modern poems with which I am acquainted. Mr. Longfellow had always shown great taste in the selection of his subjects, and it was a foregone conclusion that he would delight his admirers in his "Tales of a Wayside Inn." Every tale in that collection was worth a new version, even "The Falcon of Sir Federigo," which the young Barry Cornwall sang when Mr. Longfellow was a school-boy.

Mr. Longfellow's method of telling a story will compare favorably, I think, with any of the recognized masters of English narrative verse, from the days of Chaucer down. His heroics are as easy as those of

Hunt and Keats, whose mannerisms and affectations he has avoided. They remind me of the heroics of no other English or American poet, and—unlike some of Mr. Longfellow's early poems—are without any manner of their own. They as certainly attain a pure poetic style as the prose of Hawthorne attains a pure prose style.

The most distinctive of Mr. Longfellow's poems are probably those which he entitles "Birds of Passage," and which he has from time to time published as portions of separate volumes. They were inspired by many literatures, and are in many measures, among which, however, that of "The Song of Hiawatha" does not re-appear, though the hexameter does, and as recently as in his last collection ("Keramos, and other Poems"), published in the present year. What first impresses me, in reading them, is the multifarious reading of their writer, who seems to have no favorite authors, but to read for the delight that he takes in letters. He has the art of finding unwritten poems in the most out-of-the-way books, and in every-day occurrences. A great man dies,—the Duke of Wellington, for example,—and he hymns his departure in "The Warden of the Cinque Ports," which many prefer to the Laureate's scholarly ode. His good friend Hawthorne dies, and he embalms his memory and his unfinished romance in imperishable verse:

"Ah! who shall lift that wand of magic power,  
And the lost clew regain?  
The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower  
Unfinished must remain!"

Summer dies, and he drops a melodious tear upon his grave:

"Were a star quenched on high,  
For ages would its light,  
Still traveling downward from the sky,  
Shine on our mortal sight.

"So, when a great man dies,  
For years beyond our ken,  
The light he leaves behind him lies  
Upon the paths of men."

And again he bids him farewell in a touching sonnet, with a pathetic and unexpected ending:

"Good-night! good-night! as we so oft have  
said  
Beneath this roof at midnight, in the days  
That are no more, and shall no more return.  
Thou hast but taken thy lamp and gone to bed:  
I stay a little longer, as one stays  
To cover up the embers that still burn."

A child is born to him, and his friend Lowell's wife dies on the same night, and

he commemorates both in "The Two Angels," which has always seemed to me one of his perfect poems.

Mr. Longfellow published few translations while he was writing his more important works, such as the "Tales of a Wayside Inn" and "The Story of Hiawatha." That he had not forgotten his cunning, however, was evident in his "Three Books of Song" (1872), where he printed several translations of Eastern Songs, and in "Keramos, and other Poems," which contains two hexameter translations from Virgil and Ovid, and twelve translations from French, German and Italian poets. The volume last mentioned is remarkable in many ways. It not only shows no diminution of mental vigor, which one might naturally expect in a poet whose years have exceeded the allotted age of man, but it recalls the young poet who wrote "The Skeleton in Armor," and "The Slave's Dream." I know not where to look for more fire than I find in "The Leap of Roushan Beg," nor more delicious picturesqueness than in "Castles in Spain." "Keramos" belongs to the same class of poems as "The Building of the Ship," and is as perfect a piece of poetic art as that exquisite poem. That the making of pottery could be so effectively handled in verse reminds me of what Stella said of Swift, viz., that he could write beautifully about a broom-stick.

Mr. Longfellow's friendliness, not to say generosity, to his brother authors, is not the least among his poetic virtues. He sends a greeting to Lowell in "The Herons of Elmwood," and honors the memory of Irving in a tender sonnet, "In the Churchyard at Tarrytown." In "The Three Silences of Molinos" (which are those of Speech, Desire and Thought), he recognizes the excellence of the poet whom New England delights to honor next to himself:

"O thou, whose daily life anticipates  
The world to come, and in whose thought and  
word  
The spiritual world preponderates,  
Hermit of Amesbury! thou too hast heard  
Voices and melodies from beyond the gates,  
And speakest only when thy soul is stirred."

If there was any doubt before that Mr. Longfellow was the first of living sonnetiers it is settled by "A Book of Sonnets" in this collection, the workmanship of which is simply perfect.

I have not left myself room in which to speak of Mr. Longfellow's translation of the "Divina Commedia," which is highly thought

of by scholarly readers. I state, however, as a fact, that he was not engaged upon it over twenty-five years, as we are told in the "Life and Letters of George Ticknor"; nor more than thirty years, as we are told in Richardson's "Primer of American Literature." It was executed in less than two years.

It has not been given to many poets to carry out the ideal of a poetic life as he has done, and to win a great reputation at an early age,—a reputation which has not lessened or suffered from any fluctuation of public taste. The singer of "Keramos" addresses a different public from the one that welcomed "The Voices of the Night," but he holds it nevertheless. In looking back upon his long literary career, I can see that he has been true to himself as he was manifested to us in his early prose and verse; that he has fulfilled his scholarly intentions; and that he has created and satisfied a taste for a literature which did not exist in this country until he began to write,—a literature drawn from the different languages of Europe, now in the shape of direct translation, and now in the shape of suggestions, alien to the mass of English and American readers, but gladly received by both as new intellectual possessions. He has broadened our culture in completing his own, and has enlarged our sympathies until they embrace other peoples than ours,—the sturdy Norseman, the simple Swede, the patient Acadian, and the marvel-believing red man of prehistoric times.

Cardinal Wiseman delivered a lecture some years ago on the "Home Education of the Poor." In the course of this lecture he commented upon the fact that England has no poet who is to its laboring classes what Goethe is to the peasant of Germany, and said: "There is one writer who approaches nearer than any other to this standard, and he has already gained such a hold on our hearts that it is almost unnecessary for me to mention his name. Our hemisphere cannot claim the honor of having brought him forth, but he still belongs to us, for his works have become as household words wherever the English language is spoken. And whether we are charmed by his imagery, or soothed by his melodious versification, or elevated by the high moral teachings of his pure muse, or follow with sympathetic hearts the wanderings of Evangeline, I am sure that all who hear my voice will join with me in the tribute I desire to pay to the genius of Longfellow."

## FALCONBERG.

BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## INGRID.

THE document which had aroused so much indignation among the pastor's adherents in Hardanger was, if the truth must be told, not Norderud's own composition. He had even persistently opposed it, until Mr. Bingham, a clever young man from Maine, who had no objection to becoming United States Senator, had touched his tender spot in accusing him of Old-World sleepiness and ignorance of the American way of doing business. Mr. Bingham was one of those gentlemen who was vaguely known as an agent, being ever ready to negotiate a sale for anything under the sun, from real estate and insurance policies to subscription books and patent boot-blackening. He was understood to have followed the star of empire on its westward way, because he firmly believed in the future of his country, and was, moreover, convinced that those benighted western immigrants whose voting power made them still more worthy of pity needed a guide and counselor of his own caliber. He was usually referred to in the corner groceries as "darned smart," and those disaffected political critics who sit on boxes in front of grog-shops and indulge with equal languidness in profanity and bad cigars, were frequently heard to prophesy the most brilliant future for him. If there were political bones "lying around loose," he would be sure before long to have his finger on them. "The Citizen," when it was once well started, and with proper management, Mr. Bingham did not fail to see, would be a powerful agency for the accomplishment of his own ends, and he at length succeeded in persuading Norderud to sell him two of his own shares, giving him his note for the amount.

It was, as already intimated, this brilliant young gentleman who had supplied the high-sounding phraseology of the advertisement, and Norderud, whose habitual taciturnity could ill brook the other's deluge of words, had at last submitted with an impatient growl.

It was the third day of January, and the first number of the paper had just appeared.

Einar sat at his editorial table in his well-furnished office in the Norderud block, contemplating with affectionate interest the still damp sheet of "The Hardanger Citizen," which lay spread out before him. He had never before aspired to authorial honors, and to see his thoughts which he had hitherto scattered broadcast, heedless of their value, thus immortalized, filled his breast with proud contentment. The language, he thought, was remarkably well-sounding, and one stately phrase came marching along after another with a majestic tread and a fine Ciceronian roll. He read his leader aloud with oratorical flourishes of his hands and dwelling with impressive emphasis upon r's and l's, as if he stood in the presence of an admiring audience. The sentiments, he was then quite inclined to forget, were more than half Norderud's and the doctor's, but their outward garb had undeniably been furnished by the editor. The clippings were judicious, the typographical errors reduced to a minimum, the page neither too much spread out nor too crowded, and even the advertisements were arranged with an eye to symmetry and beauty.

Einar had never been more agreeably conscious of his own importance; he had suddenly, and for the first time in his life, got a valuable stake in existence. He was sure "The Citizen" would draw the eyes of the nation upon it; that it would, in time, be within its own unmetropolitan sphere a model newspaper, and, perhaps, raise its editor to dignity and power. But at this moment some sudden memory disturbed the serenity of his countenance, and he arose and began to march excitedly up and down the floor. With an unwonted vehemence he ran his hand through his hair, and a vivid pain distorted his handsome features. Now, here was the prospect of beginning a clean life, unsullied even by the memory of hidden evil. Alas! but if he had the courage to tear the veil of concealment from his own past, would not that life of purity and usefulness of which he dreamed pitilessly close before him, leaving him standing on the threshold, forever knocking and forever turned away? He flung himself once more into his chair, leaning over the desk and resting his fore-

head on the palms of both hands; and thus he sat, he knew not how long, dimly wrestling with fitful and impetuous thoughts,—thoughts strong enough to cause an agony of pain and still too weak to lift him above mere contemplation into a decisive deed. Then there was a gentle tap on the door, and some one was heard entering. Einar turned quickly around, only too happy to have some external impression push the dismal struggle into the background of his mind.

"Ah," he exclaimed, with friendly eagerness, seeing that his visitor was Ingrid Norderud, "how kind of you, Miss Ingrid, to come and visit me in my editorial solitude!"

"Mr. Finnson," said Ingrid, with a little quivering of her lips,—for she had evidently something serious on her mind,—"I only wanted to ask you—but you must excuse my boldness—I only didn't know——"

Ingrid had plunged boldly into her subject, but she now found that she had not strength enough to sustain her. Her lips again trembled and she laid hold of the door-knob, and stood, with her face half averted, glancing timidly at Einar with eyes of moist brightness. The school-books which she held in her arm fell upon the floor and she stooped down to pick them up, but he with precipitous politeness had anticipated her, and thus it happened that she bumped her forehead gently against his, and found a welcome excuse for giving vent to her long-restrained tears.

"But my dear Miss Ingrid," cried he, in a tone of sincere regret, "a thousand times I beg your pardon. I am very sorry if I have hurt you. Come and sit down and let me see if I can do anything for you."

And only remembering for the moment that she was weeping, and that he was the cause, he yielded to the overwhelming tenderness which rose within him, laid his arm gently, almost reverently, about her waist and led her to a seat; and she submitted unreflectingly as a weak creature submits to the guidance of a stronger will, feeling all the while a timid happiness under his caressing touch.

To him she was, with her short dress, her long yellow braids and the baby-like roundness of her features, only a sweet child and his own pupil, who had sought his aid in some childish and, as he imagined, easily soothed affliction.

"And has anybody been unkind to you, little Ingrid?" asked he, leaning over

toward her and gazing into her blushing face while her convulsive sobs were gradually subsiding.

"Yes," answered the girl, catching for breath and drying her tears with her handkerchief. "You promised that you would teach me, and now you don't do it any more. We haven't seen you for a whole week, and I have studied the lesson you gave me, about the subjunctive mood, and written the exercises, but you never came to look at them."

"But, my dear girl," said he, still in the soothing tone in which one speaks to an aggrieved child, "how could I teach you when I have had the paper to attend to and have scarcely had a single moment to myself? Your father would hardly like it, if I were to neglect the paper. Now you must be a reasonable little girl and not demand of me what you know I cannot do."

Ingrid looked up appealingly and again the tears gathered in the innocent blue eyes. It required more than human strength to resist their silent entreaty; and Einar was intensely human in this moment, and had, moreover, that peculiarly masculine weakness to be constitutionally powerless against a woman's tears. Still, although knowing that he should in the end surrender, he felt that he ought to persist in his tender remonstrance. It gave him such an agreeable sense of his own strength, not to say superiority, to be thus pleading with a fair young girl against her own irrational weakness.

"You will certainly understand," he went on, "that I cannot be in two places at once, and as long as I have no assistant and have to keep the office open all day, I cannot attend to my pupils. And, yesterday, I sent around notices to all of them except you, because I expected to see you personally before long. Don't you think that is quite reasonable?"

"Yes; but I don't see why you couldn't go on and give me a lesson now and then," responded Ingrid, with tearful pertinacity. And she met his eyes with a sweet little resolute pout, as if she thought she had presented an irrefutable argument. Einar drank in the sight of the fair face and his heart went out with an irresistible force toward this young, inexperienced girl who valued his poor instruction so far beyond its actual merits. All the masculine fibers of his nature were deeply stirred, and it seemed impossible not to stoop down and kiss those pure, delicately curved lips which were still turned up toward him with their

child-like pout, tempting him beyond endurance. But he violently roused himself, and with the same winning smile which had unconsciously beguiled Ingrid's unfortified heart into a willing surrender, he seized her hand and said:

"Well, Miss Ingrid, since you think so much of my poor teaching, I will try if I can't find an evening once or twice a week to devote to you."

The girl's face brightened as if a sudden breeze had blown away the traces of her recent sorrow.

"Thank you, thank you," she cried, pressing his hand with frank cordiality. "I am ever so much obliged to you, Mr. Finnson. And my father will be so very glad, too; for, when I asked him he said that he could not dispose of your time, but I should have to ask you and you would know best what to do."

This visit of Ingrid to the office of "The Hardanger Citizen" was no hasty whim, but the result of a long chain of resolutions and counter-resolutions. She had first tried all her arts to persuade her father to use his influence with Einar to continue the lessons. But this Norderud had refused to do; he was very well aware of the value of his own services to his *protégé*, but his sense of fairness, if not a still finer instinct, forbade him to ask a favor in return, where he felt that a suggestion was equivalent to a demand. As for the daughter, she could hardly appreciate this complexity of motives; she only knew that she admired Mr. Finnson immensely, and that she was conscious of a tremulous happiness in his presence which she felt nowhere else. She made marvelous progress in French and German under his instruction, as she was anxious to gain his good opinion and to appear to advantage before him. He had come into her life like a beautiful, hitherto unsuspected vista in a familiar landscape. A man had to her, before his arrival, meant a rather unattractive combination of awkward angularities, draped in loosely fitting attire, and enveloped in the mixed odors of grocery stores and stables; but here was a being of the same sex whose appearance and personal attributes seemed to lift him above the earth he was treading and make him akin to creatures of a higher and nobler order, whose features seemed to be cast in a finer mold, whose manners seemed but the spontaneous expression of a gentle and refined nature, and whose clothes, without being either obtrusively fashionable or the

contrary, still had a kind of quiet elegance of their own. As for his moral character, it hardly occurred to her to inquire into it. How could a man who was so irresistibly handsome be anything but good? Ingrid, you see, had read no French novels and could not go into ecstasy over picturesque wickedness. She had quietly resolved that her future lover should be good and noble-minded, and as Einar appeared to her very desirable in this capacity it inevitably followed that he must be a man of unstained virtue. It was on her part a pure school-girl's enthusiasm, and as charmingly irrational, innocent and unselfish as such enthusiasms are apt to be.

Four days after the first publication of "The Citizen" there was a small sewing circle gathered in Mrs. Raven's parlor. Helga, whose unemployed affections naturally expended themselves in harmless charities, had early in the autumn formed a society, consisting of Ingrid, Ida Ramsdale (an American friend), and herself, whose object it should be to look up the worthy poor of the village and supply them with warm under-clothing for the winter. Mrs. Norderud, although she privately believed that it was a more meritorious act in the eyes of the Almighty to clothe a needy Norwegian than a Yankee or an Irishman, had allowed them to draw upon her for funds and had at the start furnished them with a limited stock of flannels, cotton-cloths and sewing materials. Helga was very much in earnest with this project of hers, and she had firmly determined that their society was not to be what such societies frequently are—a mere excuse for social gossip and flirtation. There was no coffee and sandwiches, and the gentlemen were not invited to witness the making of the shirts, at the moderate price of ten or twenty-five cents, and to lend excitement to the occasion by their presence and their jocular criticisms. In spite of these precautions, however, the first shirt which the society produced it would have been a severe affliction even for a pauper to wear, and Helga's ardor had been considerably dampened by the sullen manner with which it was received by the Irishwoman who had been selected as the first recipient of their favors. In fact paupers were very scarce in Hardanger, as labor was abundant and wages were very high, and of really worthy objects of charity the village hardly contained a single one. These were hard facts to cope with for a charitable association, but Helga and her



co-laborers were not easily daunted, and they persevered in the face of all difficulties.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, on the day indicated, that the three ladies were seated around the mahogany table in Mrs. Raven's parlor, fitting together detached pieces of a flannel under-garment. A large genial monster of a stove kept up a low, uninterrupted murmur which fell pleasantly upon the ear, while the burning birch-logs snapped and crackled within and sent forth a steady stream of cheerful warmth and comfort. A fresh odor of salted rose-leaves (a reminiscence of Norway to which Mrs. Raven was greatly attached) pervaded the room, and lent to the bloomless flower-pots in the window a faint illusion of summer. The keen wintry day-light, unrelieved by the remotest suffusion of color, fell with a frosty sheen through the white lace curtains and the jingle of sleigh-bells without and the creaking of the snow under the feet of a chance passer-by heightened the sense of comfort and serenity within.

They formed a very charming group, these three young girls, as they sat with bended heads around the mahogany table absorbed in their charitable industry,—Helga, with all the splendor of her eyes and tresses looking like a fair *Valkyria* of the North, Ida Ramsdale with her slim fragile form and features, capable of intenser expression, and Ingrid, with her American birth and Norse parentage, impressing one as a feebleness variation of the former type or an ineffectual approach toward the latter.

Miss Ramsdale was small of stature, quick of speech and agile in her motions; her mouth and chin were well chiseled, and her mouth of good modeling, although somewhat vague in outline. In fact, all her features were admirable in their design; but the design seemed to have been but indifferently carried out, and the result, somehow, lacked finish. Her character, too, evinced the same curious incompleteness; Nature had started with some very fine intentions, but at the critical moment had lost its patience and finished with a makeshift. The consequence was that Miss Ida, in spite of her apparent shallowness, instinctively recognized fine qualities in others, and felt strongly drawn toward those who stood intellectually above her. Her gray eyes, which fairly brimmed over with suppressed merriment, and the nervous twitching of her lips gave one the impression that she was forcibly restraining all

her pent-up, imprisoned laughter, which threatened any moment to explode. Her father had emigrated from Ohio, some five years since, and was now the owner of several large saw-mills in the neighborhood of the village. He was a man of narrow notions, rigidly upright, but, for all that, very difficult to deal with. His principal sphere of activity he found in the Methodist Church, of which he was a very zealous and prominent member. Nature, however, did not seem to have destined the daughter for a conspicuous career in the religious community. Her native cheerfulness made the gloom of her home oppressive to her, and she gladly seized the opportunity to escape into the sunnier atmosphere which reigned in her friend's dwelling. The deep repose of Helga's presence gave her a certain luxurious sense of rest, and soothed her own restlessness. As for Helga, her life had not been too rich in love, and she felt a woman's need of giving as well as receiving affection; therefore, the ardent homage of this impetuous, nervous little woman was very grateful to her. She did not love her as she loved Ingrid, but she had a tender regard for her which was sincere and unaffected. Her devotion for Ingrid, on the other hand, was a long and steady growth, dating back to the earliest days of their acquaintance. While Ingrid was yet a little girl, Helga had appeared to her the ideal of all that was beautiful, adorable and worthy of imitation. She still looked up to her with an admiration not unlike that with which a generous-minded duck, conscious of her own clumsiness, may be supposed to regard a swan,—as the complete carrying out of all the fine intentions which Nature in herself had left unfulfilled,—as the idealization of her own species.

The three young ladies had been discussing, not without severity, some of their male acquaintances, and Ida had had the misfortune to select Dr. Van Flint as the object of her good-natured ridicule. She was quite startled at the vehemence with which both her companions sprang to the doctor's defense.

"Why is it," she asked in a meditative tone, which sounded like recitative on a high key, "that if three women, not from Massachusetts, come together, they will in the end get to quarreling about some man?"

"I suppose," suggested Ingrid, timidly, "that it is because a little disagreement makes conversation more animated. And if they were to talk only about one another

there would hardly be much room for disagreement."

"Ah, I don't know about that," responded Miss Ramsdale, raising her eyebrows archly. "I rather think that the reason lies deeper. In my opinion, it is very unfair on the part of Providence, that it has invested men with a certain unaccountable fascination in the eyes of women, something quite independent of their personal merits, and, if my experience goes for anything, I should say, that it is the stronger, the more unreasonable it is."

"Your experience must have been a very strange one, then," said Helga, looking up from her sewing with large, serious eyes. "I am sure I could never become fascinated with a man who had no other claims to my admiration than a handsome exterior."

"Neither could I," echoed Ingrid, softly.

"Ah, don't you be too sure of that, my dear," exclaimed Ida, smiling with a sort of caressing superiority. "A girl is a very contrary kind of creature, and is apt to do the very thing she is determined not to do."

"The man whom I could admire," said Helga, dropping her sewing in her lap and gazing out before her with reflective radiance, "must have a strong will, to which everything and everybody instinctively yield, and a lofty purpose. It would matter little to me whether his head was bald and he was small."

"And he had a light, straggling mustache and wore horn spectacles," added Ida, with an explosive little laugh.

"Mere superficial brilliancy," continued the other, blushing crimson (for she readily recognized the picture her friend had in mind), "could hardly for any length of time satisfy a woman's need. If there is anything I cordially detest it is a smooth-faced, smooth-mannered man, whose every word and motion show that he is conscious of his own attractions, who wastes his energy in agreeable talk and is incapable of any kind of heroism, either good or bad."

"Well, since you have made your confession," said Ida, fixing her needle in the bosom of her dress and throwing a flannel sleeve on the table, "I feel inclined to be equally candid. I am afraid I should be very apt to marry the kind of man whom you say you detest. Heroism is a very uneasy, uncomfortable sort of thing, and will never do for every-day wear. I like a steady, easy-going man, who is no whit better and not much worse than myself, a man who will say pleasant things to me

when I am out of humor and not vex me by any high moral criticism, and by telling me what I ought to do, which I am about as likely to know as he. And now, Ingrid, it is your turn to unbosom yourself. Imagine that I am your father confessor and that this is the confessional," she added, with her merry laugh.

And she flung her arms around the young girl's waist and whirled her toward the recess at the nearest window, where she disappeared behind the curtains.

"Now you may commence," she said. "I am silent as the grave."

"I don't think that is quite fair," began Ingrid, hesitatingly, as she returned to her seat. "I have no objection to telling you what I think, but you needn't make so much ado about it."

"That was the introduction," cried Ida, from behind the curtain. "I wait and listen."

"Well, the man whom I should like to marry," said Ingrid, blushing, "must have light curly hair and blue eyes. He must be tall, and have a fine figure and elegant manners."

Here Helga, who had resumed her sewing, sent a quick glance of alarm across the table; but Ingrid was too much absorbed in her subject to note the warning look, and with the same clear, child-like voice she continued:

"He must dress like a gentleman, not too showily, and not wear blue or green neckties. He must be able to speak well and interestingly, and be kind and good-natured toward me, and not expect me to be any better than I am. I don't care much what his position is——"

"But you would prefer to have him an editor," prompted the voice behind the curtain.

The pink blush spread over Ingrid's neck and face, her lips began to quiver pitifully, and two big tears fell down over her cheek.

"Why, my dear little girl," exclaimed Ida, with sudden repentance, springing forward from the window and laying her arms caressingly about Ingrid's neck, "you will not be angry with me, will you? It was very naughty of me to say such things. Indeed, I didn't mean it at all. I only wanted to tease you a little."

After a few sobs, the tears ceased to flow and harmony was once more restored. But the little scene, insignificant though it seemed, left long vibrations in their memories, and conversation seemed

but a hollow device to simulate interest in uninteresting topics. It was therefore a relief to all when, an hour later, they separated with mutual protestations of confidence.

## CHAPTER IX.

## NORSE REPUBLICANISM.

IN one of his lyrical monologues, flavored with gentle pessimism and fragrant Havanas, the doctor had frequently given vent to a sentiment which I shall take the liberty to quote, because it comes very apropos at the present point of my narrative.

"The barren, neutral background of our lives," said the doctor, "in these western communities, like the dead gold ground of a pre-Raphaelite painting, makes our poor unpicturesque selves stand out unrelieved in all their native nakedness. It lends no kindly drapery of inherited history or sentiment to round off our glaring un-plastic angularities and gather the uncouth, colorless details of our existence under a charitable semblance of beauty. Now, in the Old World it is very different; there the rich accessories of life, and its deep, warm historical setting, give even to the poorest existence a picturesque or pathetic interest. Here a man has to be something very considerable in order to be anything at all,—in order to escape from being a discordant and unpleasant fact in the great universal world harmony. I never felt more keenly my own culpability in this respect—my own failings in point of picturesqueness—than when I landed for the first time in England. And the worst of it all is that some of us are born with a dim consciousness of our own short-comings, with vague æsthetic cravings which make our lives at times utterly wretched. In Europe we are unhappy because we love our own land better than all the things we imagine we prize more highly, and at home we are haunted by a lingering regret and a yearning for what we have abandoned, which we know beforehand would cause us still greater misery if satisfied."

It is needless to say that there were very few, if any, of the citizens of Hardanger who were capable of viewing themselves and their thriving community from the doctor's æsthetic point of view. They were all very proud of their village and had all a sense of personal proprietorship in it, which immediately raised it above the possibility of

adverse criticism. The more enterprising among them had vivid visions of a future when the trade of the whole western continent should center here, and they looked with ill-disguised contempt upon the aspirations of any neighboring town whose local press had betrayed that it cherished similar expectations. Mr. G. W. Bingham, for instance, could demonstrate by incontrovertible figures that if the village continued to grow at the present rate (and there was no conceivable reason why it should not) it would within twenty years become the natural metropolis of the West. The undeveloped resources of the vast continent toward the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific opened up such a charming prospect for the commercial imagination, and this probability, which almost amounted to a certainty, of future greatness imparted a youthful strength and buoyancy to the business life of the village. Hardanger, you see, was a typical Western town; it modestly regarded itself as a prodigy of intellectual and commercial enterprise; it saw no reason for doubting that the hidden treasures of the Pacific El Dorado would in the end be lodged in its pockets, and it chid and ridiculed its neighbors for entertaining similar illusions. The average citizen admired his own pluck and "smartness," and was well content with his own lot, because it had large stakes in the future. He believed himself about as indispensable in the cosmic economy as any mortal on the face of the earth, and, having a fine sense of humor, would cheerfully have tarred and feathered any man who dared to insinuate anything to the contrary. Van Flint, therefore, had valid reasons for keeping his theory of western civilization within the four walls of his cottage; but for all that, although somewhat superlatively stated, it had a large measure of truth in it, and will in some degree account for the absence of romantic accessories in the present narrative.

"The Hardanger Citizen" was managed, as such concerns usually are, by an executive committee elected by vote among the stockholders, and Norderud, holding a controlling interest in the stock, had, as a matter of course, been made chairman of the committee. The paper had started with a subscription list of about six hundred, which did not go very far toward paying its expenses, but at the end of the second month the number had risen to a thousand and the prospects were constantly brightening. Einar labored untiringly from early morn-

ing till late in the night, and the doctor still continued to read the proof before it went to press and was ever ready with his kindly criticism and assistance. After the indolent, uneasy drifting of former years, when one day followed another in dim, purposeless monotony, this fresh and healthful excitement of useful labor was a most novel and withal grateful experience. Einar felt as if he had made a sudden plunge into the thick of life; all his latent ambition was roused, and every fresh emergency called out new and hitherto unsuspected resources in his nature. For a definite and honorable calling is like the girdle of Thor, the thunder-god,—the tighter you buckle it, the stronger you grow. Your capacity for labor, within human limits, is in direct proportion to the strength of your purpose.

Einar had accepted the ready-made platform of his paper without much reflection. It had at first been merely a matter of dollars and cents to him; he had neither the necessary experience to make it, nor the right to unmake it. But the fact that his friend, the doctor, had approved of it assured him that it was also worthy of his support. Now, however, he had fully fathomed its meaning and become morally convinced of its excellence. "The Hardanger Citizen" was primarily the organ of the Scandinavian immigrants; it contained weekly reports of the political and social news from the mother countries, but in its editorial comments it assumed a distinctly American point of view and was throughout its columns strictly loyal to the institutions of the grand republic. Its first aim was not to keep up the immigrant's connection with his old fatherland, but to make him an intelligent voter, and a useful American citizen. This was, indeed, a work great enough to sanctify a thousand honest failures, great enough to make martyrdom sweet, and success the perfection of happiness. The harvest was rich; thousands of immigrants would draw inspiration from one strong and manly voice, and as Einar, week after week, sent forth his words of warning, counsel and cheer to his toiling countrymen, he felt as if it were strong enough to reach to the farthest limits of this broad continent.

One day, in the middle of March, Norderud was sitting in the office of "The Citizen," glancing over some long strips of manuscript which Einar had placed on the desk before him.

"That is very good, Mr. Finnson," said he, in a tone of profound satisfaction,—*"that*

*about the ecclesiastical tyranny of the Old World. Our own ecclesiastical tyrant will find that a hard bit to swallow. The clerical digestion is said to be equal to almost anything, but I shouldn't wonder if this would prove a little too much even for an evangelical Lutheran stomach."*

"I meant no special insinuation against Mr. Falconberg," replied the editor, sticking a colored pencil behind his ear as he glanced up from his proof-sheets. "But the Norwegian clergy in this country seem to me to represent the senselessly stubborn, conservative element, which regards America merely as a land of temporary Egyptian exile, and its institutions as sheer barbarism and every way inferior to those of the Old World."

"You have hit the nail on the head there, sir," said Norderud, rubbing his hands and chuckling with pleasure; "and of all the slow-witted, pig-headed prelates which Norway has sent over here to torment us, our own is the most dangerous, because he's got most fight in him. I don't think he would be afraid to venture a partnership with the devil himself, if he thought he could beat me by his assistance. But let him wait awhile, and we shall make it hot for him."

Here the door of the office was flung open and revealed the crooked and twisted form of Magnus Fisherman, who had by this time recovered from his chronic attacks of the fever and ague. The old man, with his black, piercing eyes and hooked, vulture nose, came hobbling in on two sticks, threw his hat respectfully on the floor, and seated himself on a bench near the door.

"Good-morning, Magnus," said Norderud, with the frank cordiality with which one greets an old comrade. "I haven't had time to come and see you of late; but I sent my little wench down to inquire, the other day, if you might possibly need anything, and she told me you were not at home; so I concluded you must be all right."

"Oh yes, yes, Nils," began Magnus, in his shrill, plaintive tenor; "you are a stanch old chap, you are. And that I have always said to Annie Lisbeth, too,—'Nils Norderud is a steady old craft,' I have said, 'straight and sure both fore and aft.' We should have been in a fine fix, Annie Lisbeth and I, by this time, if it hadn't been for you, Nils, for you are not——"

"Yes, yes, I know all that, Magnus,"

interrupted the farmer, with a smile of good-natured indulgence. "But what I wanted to know when I sent for you was whether those crooked old sticks of yours, which I am afraid never will be good for much, are strong enough now to allow you to do some work. We need another messenger here in the office, and I have proposed to Mr. Finnson that we should engage you, if you will promise to attend to your duties regularly and not run off on a wild-goose chase whenever the fancy happens to strike you."

"I guess it is a pretty poor opinion you have of me, Nils," responded the old man, dolefully. "But it was my bad luck that my mother—God be merciful to her soul!—brought me into the world, like any other water-rat, in a herring-yacht; but, for all that, I shouldn't wonder if I can hobble about with them newspapers of yours, as they aint very heavy, and as I have always said to Annie Lisbeth——"

"Very well, then, you will come here tomorrow morning, and Mr. Finnson will tell you what you have to do. But, by the way, I suppose you are all right in your politics, Magnus,—a good, straight Republican, eh?"

"Republican! Ah yes! I have been a pretty straight old chap, ready to stand up early and late for my king and my country,—and to risk a blow, too, if that were necessary——"

"King and country! Are you dreaming, man?" And Norderud straightened himself up in his chair and brought his broad hand down upon the desk with loud emphasis. "Don't you know that you are living in a free country, where one man is as good as another, and where the law shields rich and poor alike?"

"Sure enough, Nils Norderud, you never uttered a truer word than that. But if God Almighty had cared to make me a gentleman, he would have done it, king or no king. And as he didn't choose to make a gentleman out of me, it wont be of no use for me trying to alter the will of God Almighty. And you can't make me say that I am as good a man as you are, because I know well enough that I aint, for I aint got more than an old ax and a fishing-rod as don't belong to you or to somebody else."

"Good gracious!" cried Norderud, this time unable to control his impatience. "Here you have been living in a republican country for twelve years, and probably never once made use of your vote. Pos-

sibly you haven't even taken out your naturalization papers?"

"I guess you aint quite right there, Nils," retorted Magnus, in a tone of cheery protest. "It is some years ago now as two chaps come to my house in a buggy and took me out of my bed, for I was down quite bad with the dumb ague. And they drove off with me and gave me a scrap of paper and told me to vote for Honest Old Abe. And as I didn't know anything bad against Honest Old Abe, I got out of the buggy to put the scrap of paper into the box. But then some chap there flew right at me, and said, 'You aint a United States citizen, sir.' 'Old fellow,' say I, 'you aint got no right to shake your fist at me.' 'You aint got no papers,' says he; 'you aint no citizen.' 'Paper?' says I, 'I have got this paper here, and I am a-goin' to put it in the box for Old Abe, as these gentlemen here have told me to do.' 'That is all right,' says he, 'but you aint swore off your old king and your old country.' 'Swore off my king and my country!' cried I, for now I got real mad; 'you wont catch me up to no such tricks. The king aint done me no harm, so I don't see why I should swear him off.' Then the fellow dragged me off, and two or three others helped him, and I kicked and scratched all I was good for; but they took me and locked me up, and didn't let me out for three days, all because I wouldn't swear off my king and my country."

Norderud sat quietly listening to this recital with an expression of mingled amusement and vexation. He did not care much whether Magnus voted or not; but while the resigned fatalism of his social creed had something irresistibly comical in it, it was, on the other hand, to a man who built all his hopes of political advancement on the enlightenment and intelligence of his countrymen, exceedingly discouraging to discover that his boasted race could produce such hopeless subjects for republicanism as the garrulous old blockhead with whom he was talking.

"Well, well, Magnus," he said, at last, with a sigh of resignation, "we wont dispute any more about politics. Only come here to-morrow morning, and if you can manage to hobble around for a couple of hours and distribute the papers, I will pay you handsomely for it."

As soon as Magnus had departed, Einar broke into a hearty laugh, and he and Norderud had some serious talk together about



the approaching campaign, each devising ingenious schemes for the political education of his countrymen.

#### CHAPTER X.

##### THE MAY FESTIVAL.

It may be difficult to estimate with any degree of certainty how much of the largeness and cheerful liberality which characterize the present constitution of Norway may be owing to the influences of the season which gave it birth. From internal evidence, however, I should be inclined to believe that the spring of the year 1814 was exceptionally bright and genial, and displayed none of those morose moods with which even the month of May is apt to surprise us in northern latitudes. I seem to hear the lark warbling his melodious prophecies of summer through the open windows of that Eidsvold mansion where the constitution of the Norsemen was framed, filling the legislative hearts with a cheerful trust in Him who, holding the political seasons in his hands, would surely now send forth his summer of liberty over the land, after four centuries of wintry thralldom. Perhaps, too, the swallow, that swift-winged bird of promise, had just returned from her exile, with a few lingering notes of the warm south still re-echoing in her shrill song. The Norsemen, with all their native sturdiness, have always been keenly sensitive to these æsthetic influences of the seasons, and although the theory has never before been advanced, I venture to assert that the sanguine, genial May co-operated faithfully with the stern legislators, lifting her bright voice of spring in the council halls, and impressing her sunny signature with those of Rein, Krog and Nordahl Brun upon the constitutional parchment. Whether consciously or not, the Norwegians of to-day certainly recognize this fact, and there is, to my mind, an especial appropriateness in their celebrating the return of liberty and the return of spring on the same day—the seventeenth of May.

It argues no blame to them, no disloyalty to the institutions of their adopted fatherland, that whenever two or three of the Viking race are gathered together on that day, at home or abroad, they unfurl their national banner, and rejoice with all the enthusiasm of their honest northern blood in the event which, more than half a cent-

ury ago placed them once more in the ranks of free and self-governing nations.

In the Hardanger calendar the seventeenth of May had been set down as a holiday of equal importance with Christmas and Easter, since the earliest days of the settlement. During the primitive period, when Norderud still lived in a log-cabin, pervaded with the odors of the adjoining cow-stables, he had been in the habit of calling together at noon his family and servant-girls, and saying, with impressive solemnity: "Boys" (including both males and females under that common appellation), "this is the day when our country gained her freedom. We shall do no more work to-day;" whereupon he would fill a footless wine-glass with brandy, and present it in turn to each one present, from the oldest to the very youngest. The women, of course, had to be urged before they could be induced to take a sip, and sneezed and made wry faces afterward; but it was a tribute which every one had to pay to the festal occasion, and a refusal would have argued disloyalty and a reprehensible indifference to the blessings of liberty. Later on, when the district had become more populous, when the log-cabin had given way to a comfortable frame house, and the Norse conservatism to the American spirit of progress, a tumbler was substituted for the old broken wine-glass, and the more dignified address, "Fellow-citizens," for the old, informal "Boys." But through all the manifold changes from pioneer life to more advanced civilization, the seventeenth of May had ever remained a day set apart from the week-day toil for bread, a day hallowed by great memories,—all the greater, perhaps, to the multitude, for being so vaguely understood.

Among the plans conceived by Einar and Norderud in common for rousing their countrymen from their political apathy was the formation of a Scandinavian club for political debate and discussion. The project, when broached by the latter at a meeting called by him, had been received with more than the expected enthusiasm, and when he had modestly refused the presidency, Einar had been unanimously chosen. It was this club which had now taken it in hand to arrange the programme for the festival of liberty. Before Einar's arrival the pastor had been the self-appointed orator on all such occasions, but as Mr. Falconberg's oratory was of an antiquated and very unrepubli- can kind, consisting chiefly of moral maxims and exhortations

to humility and submission to the God-given authorities, and as, moreover, the public had an opportunity of being edified by him at least fifty times in the year, the club thought it might safely venture a breach upon tradition and confer the honor of the speakership upon its own president. The appointment was accordingly made, and Einar, who believed all the world as generous and fair-dealing as he was himself, could see no reason why he should not accept. He had unlimited confidence in his eloquence (and what youth has not?) and thought himself fully capable of delivering a stirring oration. Moreover, his brief editorial experience had filled his heart to overflowing with things of vital importance which he wished to say to his countrymen, and now the opportunity had been providentially afforded him for saying them.

Aurora, to use an Homeric simile, rose from Tithonus's couch in the east, wrapped in an airy *négligé* of fog. The hills around the town shone with a misty radiance, and the outline of the leaf-forest, with its fresh, young foliage, stood softly defined against the blue horizon. In spite of the mists, which were slowly dispersing before the rising sun, the air was buoyant and invigorating. Down at the little pier at the end of the lake lay two small steam tug-boats, gayly adorned for the occasion with Norwegian and American flags and streamers. They seemed so much like animated things, as they lay there in their festal attire, rumbling and groaning and sending out from time to time exultant little shrieks, as if they shared in the general hilarity. The moment of departure was drawing near, and members of the committee of arrangements, with badges of red, white and blue in their button-holes, were running busily to and fro, carrying luncheon baskets, ladies' shawls, muskets of ancient and modern pattern, and a multitude of other articles more or less essential to the festivity of the occasion. Then began the exciting process of helping the ladies down the steeply sloping gangways which connected the boats with the pier, the nervous little screams of real or affected timidity, the soothing assurances that there was no danger, the usual masculine assumption of protecting superiority and display of agility or unintentional awkwardness. It was a scene deeply interesting to an ethnologist or a social philosopher. The mingled interjections of Anglo-Saxon and Norse speech,—the latter in all imaginable shades of dialect; the few

and vanishing reminiscences of Old-World costume, the subtly-graded types of countenance and facial expression, showing the gradual adaptation of the old type to the new soil, were all easily legible characteristics of a society which is still in the process of formation,—a society in which two struggling civilizations meet, and slowly blend together, forming a new and hitherto unknown unit. There were women of all degrees of rusticity, some intensely conscious of their bonnets, and belonging manifestly to that order which has but one dress for week-day and one for holiday wear; there were others who had just begun to make the first uneasy discoveries of their own social deficiencies, and whose attire displayed ineffectual and often grotesque aspirations toward ladyhood, and there were again others whose costume and bearing had that instinctive grace, that soft tranquillity which is the gift of birth and is but slowly acquired. But all these people were grouped about on the pier in a very democratic fashion, and talked, laughed and exchanged familiar greetings with an ease and abandonment which gave emphatic evidence of the equalizing influences of pioneer life and American democracy.

Since the disagreement about the umbrella, Einar had preserved a studied indifference toward Miss Raven, and devoted himself with increased assiduity to Miss Norderud's instruction; but now the inspiration of the great day pervaded his being like a warm glow, and all petty feelings were drowned in the strong current of patriotism. The sense of a common origin which is always so powerful a motive in a foreign land seemed ten times intensified on this day; a great common memory stirred every generous fiber in the Norsemen's bosoms, drove personal animosities out of sight and made them but remember that they were all Goths,—that they had all sprung from the strong, fair, broad-breasted, mountain-guarded Saga-land beyond the sea.

As the gangways were hauled in and both steamers glided out upon the lake, the whole multitude, as with one impulse, joined their voices in the national song, "Sons of Old Norway." The mist still lingered in the air, although it was half transparent, and lay upon the water like a thin, white veil; and the song floated away and mingled with the mist, and they rose together up into the joyous spring sunshine. At last there was neither mist nor song; for a brief moment all was silence.

"What a glorious day this is!" said Helga to Einar. They were sitting together on camp-stools in the prow of one of the steamers, she clad in a soft gray dress, which, like everything that was hers, seemed a wonder of grace and simplicity, he, arrayed as the occasion required, in a dress-coat, with a white neck-tie, and with a black, shining cylinder on his head.

"It is a tradition we have in Norway," answered he, "that the seventeenth of May must be as fair as God can make it, and I should suspect that the patriotism of my countrymen here was on the decline if they departed from the old tradition."

"Tell me something about Norway," said she, after a brief pause. "You know I am one of those unfortunate creatures who really belong nowhere. I was carried away from Norway before I had fairly struck root there, but when I was still too old to become thoroughly domesticated in the new soil into which I was transplanted. I am too much of an American, I imagine, to be perfectly happy in Norway, and yet too much of a Norwegian to feel perfectly at home here."

"You have stated very pointedly the great problem of an immigrant's existence," replied Einar, with animation. "And since you have to make the best of your present situation, and remain where you are, I should be doing you a very poor service, if I were to call to life the dormant longings for your native land. It is far better to suppress them. Let us not forget that we are all Norsemen, but if we are not forever to remain exiles, let us first of all remember that we are also, or ought to be, Americans. That is the lesson I am going to preach to my countrymen and countrywomen to-day, and if I shall but succeed in pleasing one among them whom I have in mind, I shall be the happiest man the sun ever shone upon."

"You mean Mr. Norderud," said Helga, innocently. "Yes, a great deal depends upon your pleasing him. But then, you know, he is always ready to be pleased at what you do and say; so I should have no fears on that score."

"The person I refer to is far more difficult to please than Mr. Norderud."

Here a member of the committee of arrangements whispered something in Einar's ear, and he arose hurriedly, and excused himself. A minute later his fine tenor was heard in the double quartette, sustaining, with a clear, soft precision, the difficult solo

in Kjerulf's "The Wedding Party on the Hardanger Fjord." Helga sat listening with rapt attention, but still vaguely wondering to whom his words alluded and hoping that it might be Ingrid. Now one song followed another in rapid succession, until the whole party, at about ten o'clock, landed on an improvised pier at the foot of a deep ravine, where a large tent was raised and preparations had been previously made for their reception. The place had evidently been chosen because the scenery was supposed to suggest Norway; although to an æsthetic eye the resemblance must have been very remote. It was one of those broad, forest-clad gorges which at every third or fourth mile break the monotony of the landscape around the lakes of Minnesota and central New York. In the midst of gently sloping, fertile plains a yawning abyss, with huge chaotic upheavals and a primeval wildness of aspect, opens abruptly at your feet, as if Nature, conscious of her deficiency in point of picturesqueness, had had a sudden attack of waywardness, only to show that her early strength had not quite forsaken her. The bottom of the ravine was covered with sprouting maples and birches, and here and there with patches of fine, light grass. A small stream broke over the edge of the rock and dashed in a series of cascades toward the lower plain, winding thence onward over a broad, pebbly bed and descending with ever gentler murmur to the glittering lake.

As soon as the passengers had disembarked, the steamers started once more for the town and returned toward noon with a second load, the greater part of whom were business men, both Norse and American. Einar then ascended the rostrum, which was appropriately adorned with the combined colors of Norway and the United States, and, with a wildly palpitating heart, stood listening to the cheers of the multitude. And when at last the noise subsided, he broke out with a clear, youthful ring in his voice:

"Norsemen, fellow-citizens."

"Oh, how handsome he is!" whispered Ingrid, who stood leaning on Helga's arm some twenty or thirty steps from the platform.

"Hush, dear!" whispered Helga, in response, and pressed Ingrid's hand more closely in hers. There was a great surging and eddying motion in the throng; all pressed nearer to the speaker, and stood with expectant, upturned faces.

"There was a time, now centuries ago, when a strong arm and an unbending spirit were the greatest inheritances a father could bequeath to his son. In those days our forefathers roamed over the wide world, holding the destinies of nations in their hands; for our forefathers were strong; they knew not fear; their joy was war; their pathway went from victory to victory; their glory was to conquer and to die. How often did the domes of cathedrals re-echo in those days with the cry: 'Deliver us, O God, from the fury of the Norsemen!' In Normandy, in England, in Italy, and even in the far East our fathers have left the imperishable tracks of their conquering march. The Anglo-Saxons of to-day count it an honor to be able to trace their blood back to the conquerors of the North. The proud aristocracy of England boast that it is our blood which flows in their veins. But the time when rude physical strength was a people's chief claim to glory is now happily past. And did our glory perish with that age? To a superficial vision which does not penetrate beneath the appearances of things it certainly seems as if it did. The voice of Norway is now but feebly heard in the councils of nations; our sword and our war-cry do no longer strike terror to the hearts of our enemies; no prayers for deliverance from us rise toward the throne of God, for no one fears us. It is an undeniable truth, bitter as it may seem, that we have retired from the visible arena of the world's history. But the great event which we celebrate this day loudly proclaims that our power has not yet perished, that there is yet health and strength in us to regain what we have lost,—regain it, not with the sword, but with the gentler and yet potent agencies which an advanced civilization has placed in our hands.

"This strange movement which we call emigration, and over which theorists and social philosophers have pondered in vain, is one of these agencies, and perhaps the most important of all. Once, nearly nine centuries ago, we planted our foot upon the virgin soil of Vineland,\* and still the glory of its discovery does not belong to us. Once more in the present age we have returned to our lost heritage, not to conquer it with force, but to share peacefully with other nations in the abundance of its blessings. Here in this wondrous land a new

and great people is being born; a new and great civilization, superior to any the world has ever seen, is in the process of formation. It would be a foolish and ineffectual labor if we were to try to preserve our nationality intact, if we were to cling to our inherited language and traditional prejudices, and endeavor to remain a small isolated tribe, forming no organic part of this great people with which our lot is cast. For one generation we may appear to succeed, but the success would be a very tragical one and hardly worth the labor. And our children and grandchildren, yielding unconsciously to the tide which irresistibly sweeps them onward, would soon unlearn what we had taught them and undo what we had accomplished. But even if we abandon these external claims to distinctness, Norsedom, however dear they may seem to us, we shall retain those deeper and unextinguishable traits which truly constitute our nationality, and these our children will inherit, and they will be ingrafted upon the new stock and mingle with the warm heart-blood of the nation which is being born, and it will be the greater and the stronger for what it shall owe to us. The best productions of our art and our literature will become known and will exert a quiet, gradual influence upon the art and literature of those among whom we live, until, at last, by a silent process of organic absorption they will pervade with a thousand other influences the grand civilization which the future hides in its bosom. Our children, feeling themselves no longer as strangers but as heirs to the soil, will exert their power in the various walks of life, and the sturdy Gothic qualities inherent in our blood will survive in our American descendants and will add strength to the future race.

"No doubt many of you, in whose ears the loud deeds of our ancestors are still echoing, will think this an humble destiny for a people once so proud as ours. But let us fearlessly open our eyes to the modes of working which God employs for the advancement of the race. The far-resonant conquests of our fathers which our bards are still commemorating in song and story,—what traces have they left behind them, except these silent and invisible ones, these decisive and yet half imperceptible modifications of the character, life and society of the succeeding ages? Is Norse speech ever heard to-day in England or in Normandy? The Norse songs and traditions which Duke Rollo and his followers brought

\* The name given by the Norse discoverers to the American continent.

with them from their home, did they remain distinct and intact, asserting their nationality against all foreign encroachments? No; they mingled with the life-blood of the conquered nation. They did not perish; they modified the future; they are alive, though invisibly and silently alive, unto this day. Therefore, my countrymen, let us not foolishly and stubbornly cling to the semblances of nationality, and lose its reality, its deeper essence. Let us not transplant that which is accidental and evanescent in our old life upon the new soil. Let us be alive to the larger needs of the day in which we live, asserting ourselves fearlessly as Norsemen, still ever remembering that if our lives are not to be spent in vain, we must first of all be Americans."

A feeble and scattered cheer here interrupted the orator, and a few groans were heard from the outskirts of the crowd. Norderud, who was sitting on a bench at the foot of the platform, then raised his voice in a mighty hurrah which awakened a more general response, and the groans which seemed to come from a party of young men who had gathered around the pastor were silenced. Ingrid was quivering with sympathetic excitement; she clung more closely to Helga while her eyes hung upon the face of the speaker with irresistible fascination. Einar, who during the pause had quickly scanned his audience, caught her eye, and the sight of the eager young face sent a sudden warm thrill through him and strengthened his waning courage. He went on in a tone of calm confidence strangely at variance with his inward agitation; defined in brief, incisive sentences the historical significance of the day, and reviewed elo-

quently the great memories which clustered around it. Here he struck skillfully those national chords which never fail to vibrate even to the gentlest touch. Great shouts of applause shook the air; a smile of intense satisfaction illuminated Norderud's square-cut features, and Ingrid breathed freely, as if a great burden had been lifted from her bosom. The constitution of the seventeenth of May, Einar said, embodied a principle which was closely akin to that which the Americans had announced in their Declaration of Independence. If the Norsemen of the United States helped to carry out in its true spirit this declaration, remaining ever faithful to the honesty and lofty self-dependence which they had imbibed with their mother's milk, they would be celebrating in the highest sense their own day of liberty. He now spoke with a happy freedom and earnestness which stirred the deepest depth of his listeners' nature. He chose his metaphors from the life which moved daily under their very eyes, and his warm appeals went straight to their hearts. When he descended from the rostrum the members of the Scandinavian Club, in spite of his protests, raised him upon their shoulders amid the wild cheering of the multitude. That was too much for Ingrid; the long-restrained agitation overpowered her, and she burst into tears. But happily no one noticed her, and Helga hurried her up through the ravine, where the trees soon hid them both from sight.

Einar's speech was published the next day verbatim in "The Citizen," and Norderud, who found here a clear and eloquent statement of his own political creed, had it afterward printed in pamphlet form and liberally distributed among friends and enemies.

(To be continued.)

## BEETHOVEN.

If God speaks anywhere, in any voice,  
To us his creatures, surely here and now  
We hear him, while the great chords seem to bow  
Our heads, and all the symphony's breathless noise  
Breaks over us, with challenge to our souls!  
Beethoven's music! From the mountain peaks  
The strong, divine, compelling thunder rolls;  
And, "Come up higher, come!" the words it speaks,  
"Out of your darkened valleys of despair;  
Behold, I lift you upon mighty wings  
Into Hope's living, reconciling air!  
Breathe, and forget your life's perpetual stings,—  
Dream, folded on the breast of Patience sweet,  
Some pulse of pitying love for you may beat!"



## JOHNNY REB AT PLAY.



SNOW-BALLING.

Now that the party lines which have for so long indicated the political geography of the country are being wiped out by the operation of the presidential "policy," it is high time that certain misapprehensions—consequences, as they were also causes, of "the late unpleasantness"—should also be explained away. It is but an evidence of the human nature in which mankind so abounds, that some bitterness should tinge the after consideration of any issue which has been determined by force of arms, on the part of the losing side; it has naturally resulted, therefore, that the subject of this memoir has come to figure as a melodramatic, not to say tragic, character. There could be no greater mistake. In the easy intercourse of his more familiar relations, he was in the largest sense a humorist; but—following the time-honored usage of his section—he kept the best of his native product for home consumption; and being, moreover, a somewhat diffident fellow and reticent withal, his late antagonists can lay claim to little more than a business acquaintance with him. Now, so long as fighting was the order of the day, Johnny was remarkable for a studious application to the matter in

hand, for, as he himself would have put it, he "come for the purpose, and wa'n't arter no foolin'." Collectively, when charging a breastwork or a battery, with his characteristic yell, he was a formidable figure enough; though even here much of his ferocity of aspect was purely adventitious, and dependent in no slight degree upon his long hair and the physical effects of hard service and scanty rations. Off duty, not Lambro's self was a milder mannered man than he. "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*" was an article of his creed, certainly; but he also held it no breach of decorum and equally *dulce* to *desipere in loco*, and this faith he abundantly illustrated in his works.

There were three classes of men whom Johnny especially regarded as fair game when his frugal mind was on pleasure bent: civilians, the non-combatant staff and cavalry-men; for, despite that well-known foible of his character which consisted in the claim to Cavalier descent, the typical Johnny was essentially a man of his legs. To "devil" a "cit," a trooper, or a quartermaster, was as the breath of his nostrils. Any solecism, as he considered, of dress or equipage, was fit subject for his diversion.

The investment of several hundred dollars of pay was perhaps the least of the pains or penalties attaching to the possession of a pair of jack-boots; the dandy wearer had need of moral courage of no mean order to withstand the reproach of having gone prematurely into winter quarters, coupled with vociferous invitations to "git r-i-t-e outen 'em." But a stove-pipe hat was a treasure-trove. Woe betide the heedless lord of the soil who ventured into Johnny's presence, crowned with well-saved *ante bellum* beaver! Queries as to its uses alternated with injunctions founded upon the theory that it might upon occasion serve for purposes of concealment, and the victim was warned of the futility of any attempt in the direction last indicated by the reminder that his legs were hanging out and plainly visible. Not uncommonly the obnoxious head-gear would be misconceived as a camp-kettle, and the wearer pathetically entreated to part with it, because the "ridgiment" was "powerful bad off fur cookin' tools." It was worse than useless to show temper under this rude *badinage*; that was the very cream of the joke to Johnny, who hastened to proffer such dubious comfort as might lie in the admonition: "Mister, *don't* you mind them boys; they

ar' all the time a-hollerin' arter some durned fool or nuther!"

But the fortune of war is varied, and an instance is recorded in which our facetious friend was hoist with his own petard. A dignified old gentleman, sporting a long-napped, black-bombazined, white tile of antique pattern, had been proof against all the stock pleasantries. Even the proposal to swap hats evoked no response. Johnny was almost at the end of his resources when he was seized with an inspiration.

"O, mister!" he inquired, "what made ye put the churn in mo'nin'? Is the cows all dead?"

"I should think they were, by the way the calves are bleating," was the ready retort.

Johnny was too old a soldier not to know when he was beaten; but he retreated in good order, firing, as he went, this Parthian shot:

"Well, mister, you kin hev my hat, anyhow; but I reely *did* want that ar one o' yourn to w'ar this evenin' on dress-parade."

As serving to illustrate how Johnny "whilom was wont his leagues to cheer" with a stray trooper, a personal experience may be worth recounting. In this instance a pair of Mexican spurs, with rowels measuring several inches in diameter, were provocative of critical comment. Thus appointed, the writer happened to be detained one day upon the road by an infantry column at a halt, and immediately became the focal point of a cross-fire of remarks, called forth by his unlucky gaffs. The blocking of the road by the stacked muskets and recumbent men forbade all hope of escape, and there was nothing for it but to face the situation with as good a grace as might be. "Mister, how *old* does ye hev ter git afore they comes out that long on ye?" "Don't them things keep ye 'wake o' nights?" were among the observations vouchsafed. With an assumption of the gravest interest, one fellow—the self-constituted fogleman of the regiment for the nonce—inquired if they were "Yankee" spurs, and being answered in the negative, rejoined, "Well, ye've tuk a load off'n my mind, fur I *reely* wouldn't like ter fight nobody with sich things on 'em." Another exclaimed, "This hyar must be the hoss-artillery; don't ye see hit's got *wheels*?" At last, in the vain hope of riding myself of an interest which had become oppressive, I unbuckled one spur and held it aloft, in full view of all. This proceeding called forth the remonstrance: "Mister, fur the Lord's sake, *don't* turn that thing loose;



WEARING A "KUNFEDRIT WATCH."



"DON'T TURN THAT THING LOOSE, HIT'S DANGEROUS."

thar's a chance o' people in this hyar road, an' hit's dangerous!"

The foregoing are specimens of Johnny's off-hand practice, and in this department he excelled; his best shots being invariably made "on the wing." There was no march so long or so toilsome, no occasion so serious, that it could quite dull the edge of his humor. The exceptionally hard service and many privations of his lot were one huge joke to him, upon which he was wont to ring changes without end. But,—like other people in their season of prosperity,—Johnny, when in winter quarters, was sometimes afflicted with *ennui*, and, in default of other antagonist, was forced into systematic devices for the killing of time. Snow-ball battles, between whole brigades, arrayed in line, and with colors flying, were frequent; occasionally too, he played "chermany," the Southern equivalent of base-ball, and when the weather barred his indulgence in these sports, he sometimes resorted to the distraction of amateur theatricals.

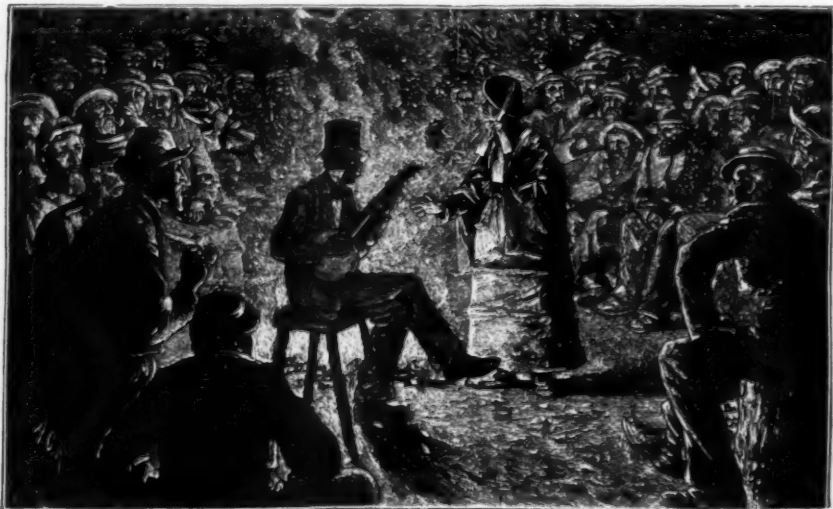
The survivors of Hill's Light Division, who wintered at "Camp Gregg" during that dreary mud-bound interval between Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, will recall to mind the "Kimbomikin." The

derivation of the above term has never transpired: possibly it may have been a corruption of *harmonicon*, as rendered by some veteran freshly returned from furlough, and the attractions of Richmond tasted on the way, which may also have suggested the features of the entertainment itself. The Kimbomikin was a circular pen, hedged all round with pine brush, sloped inward, as a winter shelter for cattle is usually constructed in the South. A "lightwood" fire in the center did duty as general illuminator, and in the arena surrounding this was the stage, the audience finding what accommodation they could about its circumference. Naturally there was no dressing-room for the performers, who vanished into the outer darkness whenever any change of attire became necessary—the "assistance" being kept in good humor meanwhile by a vocal solo with banjo accompaniment, or a little "light clog business." The most fastidious purist could not have excepted to the *mise en scène* as disturbing the emotion called forth by the music; the attendants of locality, etc., were announced with a frankness quite flattering to the imagination, and recalling forcibly to mind the old placards serving a similar purpose on the

primitive English stage. With a little indulgence from the house, the difficulty of compassing feminine attire was triumphantly solved. A number of barrel-hoops, strung together, made a sufficiently proper crinoline, which was draped with a shelter-tent and an army blanket, supported at the waist by a cartridge belt, and doing duty as petticoat and overskirt respectively; while a wide-brimmed slouch hat, tied on by a band passing over the crown, was the approved thing in bonnets. The broken angular folds of a silk mantilla were symbolized in an oil-cloth poncho,—quite as accurately, by the way, as are some of the fabrics offered to our credulity on more pretentious boards. The entertainment consisted mainly of what the variety theaters style “character delineations”—Irish and negro—with a good deal of extemporization worked in. The performance often included the bulk of the attendance, when some criticism would provoke a retort from the stage; and popular choruses would be taken up *con amore*, as is custom elsewhere among “the gods.” Refreshments were quite in order; a perpetual incense of pipe-smoke went up from the outer circle, while apples, ginger (?) cakes and “goobers” (peanuts), met with ready demand at figures which would have been significant of speedy wealth to the dealers in these dainties, had they but represented a *par* value in the circulating medium; for with the prodigality distinctive

of his section, Johnny never considered his pay as anything more than pocket-money.

But, as is too often the case with bright boys, Johnny, it must be avowed, was occasionally a naughty one, though his offenses seemed rather the outcome of error in judgment than of deliberate and conscious iniquity. As touching matters of subsistence, he leaned toward communism,—or it may be that his deficiency in Latin rendered the distinction between *meum* and *tuum* somewhat obscure to his sense. He was further addicted to truancy, which he facetiously styled “running the *block*,” and through his over confidence in the elastic properties of a furlough, he sometimes came to be reported “absent without leave.” When such escapades brought upon him their legitimate consequences in the shape of punishment, Johnny’s humor was as constant in this as in more honorable adversity. Mounted aloft upon a wooden horse, “very grievous to bestride,” he has been known to inquire of the men below if they “didn’t want to jine the cavalry;” the writer also once heard him when taunted with his ball-and-chain appendage, reply out of the hardness of his heart—“Haint you uns never seed the new Kurfedrit watches—which ye w’ars the chain around yer leg?” He would gamble too, and for every species of stake conceivable,—for rations when in camp, or even to decide upon whom should devolve the duty of



THE KIMBOMIKIN.

going upon a detail under fire when in line of battle.

The writer once assisted (in the Gallic sense) at a game of "seven-up," which was played under conditions somewhat peculiar. A canteen of "apple-jack" had been procured, and the stipulation entered into that the winners of each game should be entitled to a drink, the opposing pair being permitted the consolation of a *smell*. By some freak of fortune, it befell that the canteen was nearly empty, with two of the party as thirsty as when they sat down. But at this stage the victors relented, and the luckless ones were permitted to imbibe.

But Johnny's fertility of resource was by no means limited to such demands as would consist in the mere inventing of stakes; it



"IF YOU WANT TO HAVE A GOOD TIME, JUST JINE THE CAVALRY."

was sufficient also for the devising of novel and strange methods for the indulgence of his besetting propensity.

Shortly after a payment of the troops, some complaint came to the ears of General Archer, commanding the Tennessee Brigade of the Light Division, that his boys in homespun were wasting their substance

in the riotous ways of "old sledge" and "chuck-a-luck." A special order was accordingly promulgated, forbidding "all games of cards or dice for money," within the limits of the brigade camp. Johnny was equal to the occasion, and, for perhaps the first time, it was suggested to his mind that his entomological studies might be turned to some practical account. From personal observations of daily recurrence and of the most scrutinizing character, he had been led to remark the active habits of that form of insect life which Pope and Burns deemed worthy of their verse, and these investigations developed the game bearing the significant title of *scratch*. A rubber cloth was spread, wrong side up, upon the ground, and two concentric circles roughly traced in charcoal upon the linen surface. Around this the players seated themselves, and a pool was formed of the sum of their contributions to "come in." The *starters* were placed within the inner ring, and the one first clearing the line of the outside limit entitled its fortunate owner to the stakes. But it is to be deplored that a spirit of jockeying should have invaded the precincts of this noble sport; in course of time, as favorites arose, the system of handicapping was adopted, and odds were given and taken with a nicety of judgment which would not have disgraced the quarter-stretch at Long Branch or Saratoga.

The ultimate destiny of so versatile a genius would be difficult to predict; but it is safe to assume that, with increase of years, Johnny has become not only a sadder but a wiser man; for the propensities which characterized him when in the heyday of his youth, subdued and directed by his later experience, cannot fail to tell in the long run. As evidence that he has outgrown certain extravagant notions, it may be mentioned that more recent advices speak of his having accepted a "situation" involving multifarious duties of the most serious and practical kind, and that in the performance of these he is acquitting himself with credit. His incapacity for *work* has long ago been recognized as a delusion, even by those lately arrayed in arms against him, else small glory had been theirs. It is none the less gratifying, however, to the friends of his early years when they are thus assured of his application to work of a different sort. But as all work and no play would have made Johnny a dull boy, it is still lawful to express the hope that it may ever be recorded of him, as here—"a was a merry man."



## THE SPELLING BEE AT ANGEL'S.

REPORTED BY TRUTHFUL JAMES.



"THAR'S A NEW GAME DOWN IN FRISCO."

WALTZ in, waltz in, ye little kids, and gather round my knee,  
 And drop them books and first pot-hooks, and hear a yarn from me.  
 I kin not sling a fairy tale of Jinny's\* fierce and wild,  
 For I hold it is unchristian to deceive a simple child;  
 But as from school yer driftin' by I thowt ye'd like to hear  
 Of a "Spellin' Bee" at Angel's that we organized last year.  
 It warn't made up of gentle kids—of pretty kids—like you,  
 But gents ez hed their reg'lar growth, and some enough for two.  
 There woz Lanky Jim of Sutter's Fork and Bilson of Lagrange,  
 And "Pistol Bob," who wore that day a knife by way of change.  
 You start, you little kids, you think these are not pretty names,  
 But each had a man behind it, and—my name is Truthful James.

Thar was Poker Dick from Whisky Flat and Smith of Shooter's Bend,  
 And Brown of Calaveras—which I want no better friend.  
 Three-fingered Jack—yes, pretty dears—three fingers—you have five.  
 Clapp cut off two—it's sing'lar too, that Clapp aint now alive.  
 'Twas very wrong, indeed, my déars, and Clapp was much to blame;  
 Likewise was Jack, in after years, for shootin' of that same.

The nights was kinder lengthenin' out, the rains had jest begun,  
 When all the camp came up to Pete's to have their usual fun;  
 But we all sot kinder sad-like around the bar-room stove  
 Till Smith got up, permiskiss-like, and this remark he hove:  
 "Thar's a new game down in Frisco, thet ez far ez I kin see,  
 Beats euchre, poker and van-toon, they calls the 'Spellin' Bee.'"

\* Qy. Genii.

Then Brown of Calaveras simply hitched his chair and spake:  
 "Poker is good enough for me," and Lanky Jim sez, "Shake!"  
 And Bob allowed he warn't proud, but he "must say right thar  
 That the man who tackled euchre hed his education sqar."  
 This brought up Lenny Fairchild, the school-master, who said,  
 He knew the game and he would give instructions on that head.

"For instance, take some simple word," sez he, "like 'separate,'  
 Now who can spell it?" Dog my skin, ef thar was one in eight.  
 This set the boys all wild at once. The chairs was put in row,  
 And at the head was Lanky Jim, and at the foot was Joe,  
 And high upon the bar itself the school-master was raised,  
 And the bar-keep put his glasses down, and sat and silent gazed.

The first word out was "parallel," and seven let it be,  
 Till Joe waltzed in his double "l" betwixt the "a" and "e";  
 For, since he drilled them Mexicans in San Jacinto's fight,  
 Thar warn't no prouder man got up than Pistol Joe that night,—  
 Till "rhythm" came! He tried to smile, then said, "they had him there,"  
 And Lanky Jim, with one long stride got up and took his chair.

O little kids! my pretty kids, 'twas touchin' to survey  
 These bearded men, with weppings on, like school-boys at their play.  
 They'd laugh with glee, and shout to see each other lead the van,  
 And Bob sat up as monitor with a cue for a rattan,  
 Till the chair gave out "incinerate," and Brown said he'd be durned  
 If any such blamed word as that in school was ever learned.

When "phthisis" came they all sprang up, and vowed the man who rung  
 Another blamed Greek word on them be taken out and hung.  
 As they sat down again I saw in Bilson's eye a flash,  
 And Brown of Calaveras was a-twistin' his mustache,  
 And when at last Brown slipped on "gneiss" and Bilson took his chair,  
 He dropped some casual words about some folks who dyed their hair.

And then the Chair grew very white, and the Chair said he'd adjourn,  
 But Poker Dick remarked that *he* would wait and get his turn;  
 Then with a tremblin' voice and hand, and with a wanderin' eye,  
 The Chair next offered "eider-duck," and Dick began with "I,"  
 And Bilson smiled—then Bilson shrieked! Just how the fight begun  
 I never knowed, for Bilson dropped and Dick he moved up one.

Then certain gents arose and said "they'd business down in camp,"  
 And "ez the road was rather dark, and ez the night was damp,  
 They'd"—here got up Three-fingered Jack and locked the door and yelled:  
 "No, not one mother's son goes out till that thar word is spelled!"  
 But while the words were on his lips, he groaned and sank in pain,  
 And sank with Webster on his chest and Worcester on his brain.

Below the bar dodged Poker Dick, and tried to look ez he  
 Was huntin' up authorities thet no one else could see;  
 And Brown got down behind the stove allowin' he "was cold,"  
 Till it upshot and down his legs the cinders freely rolled,  
 And several gents called "Order!" till in his simple way  
 Poor Smith began with "O" "R"—"or"—and *he* was dragged away.

O, little kids, my pretty kids, down on your knees and pray!  
 You've got your eddication in a peaceful sort of way;

And bear in mind thar may be sharps ez slings their spellin' square,  
But likewise slings their bowie-knives without a thought or care—  
You wants to know the rest, my dears? 'Thet's all! In me you see  
The only gent that lived to tell about thet Spellin' Bee!"

He ceased and passed, that truthful man; the children went their way  
With downcast heads and downcast hearts—but not to sport or play,  
For when at eve the lamps were lit, and supperless to bed  
Each child was sent, with tasks undone and lessons all unsaid,  
No man might know the awful woe that thrilled their youthful frames,  
As they dreamed of Angel's Spelling Bee and thought of Truthful James.



PICTURESQUE ASPECTS OF FARM LIFE IN NEW YORK.



GATHERING BUTTER.

MANY of the early settlers of New York were from New England, Connecticut perhaps sending out the most; but the state

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early had one element introduced into its rural and farm life not found farther East, namely the Holland Dutch. These gave

features more or less picturesque to the country that are not observable in New England. The Dutch took root at various points along the Hudson, and about Albany and in the Mohawk valley, and remnants of their rural and domestic architecture may still be seen in these sections of the state. A Dutch barn became proverbial. "As broad as a Dutch barn" was a phrase that when applied to the person of a man or woman, left room for little more to be said. The main feature of these barns was their enormous expansion of roof. It was a comfort to look at them, they suggested such shelter and protection. The eaves were very low and the ridge-pole very high. Long rafters and short posts gave them a quaint, short-waisted, grandmotherly look. They were nearly square and stood very broad upon the ground. Their form was doubtless suggested by the damper climate of the Old World, where the grain and hay, instead of being packed in deep solid mows, used to be spread upon poles and exposed to the currents of air under the roof. Surface and not cubic capacity is more important in these matters in Holland than in this country. Our farmers have found that in a climate where there is so much weather as with us the less roof you have the better. Roofs will leak, and cured hay will keep sweet in a mow of any depth and size in our dry atmosphere.

The Dutch barn was the most picturesque barn that has been built, especially when thatched with straw, as they nearly all were, and forming one side of an inclosure of lower roofs or sheds also of straw, beneath which the cattle took refuge from the winter storms. Its immense, unpainted gable, cut with holes for the swallows, was like a section of a respectable sized hill and its roof like its slope. Its great doors always had a hood projecting over them, and the doors themselves were divided horizontally into upper and lower halves; the upper halves very frequently being left open, through which you caught a glimpse of the mows of hay or the twinkle of flails when the grain was being threshed.

The old Dutch farm-houses, too, were always pleasing to look upon. They were low, often made of stone, with deep window jambs and great family fire-places. The outside door, like that of the barn, was always divided into upper and lower halves. When the weather permitted the upper half could stand open, giving light and air without the cold draught over the floor where the

children were playing, that our wide-swung doors admit. This feature of the Dutch house and barn certainly merits preservation in our modern buildings.

The large, unpainted timber barns that succeeded the first Yankee settlers' log stables were also picturesque, especially when a lean-to for the cow-stable was added and the roof carried down with a long sweep over it also; or when the barn was flanked by an open shed with a hay-loft above it, where the hens cackled and hid their nests, and from the open window of which the hay was always hanging.

Then the great timbers of these barns and the Dutch barn, hewn from maple or birch or oak trees from the primitive woods, and put in place by the combined strength of all the brawny arms in the neighborhood, when the barn was raised,—timbers strong enough and heavy enough for docks and quays, and that have absorbed the odors of the hay and grain until they look ripe and mellow and full of the pleasing sentiment of the great, sturdy, bountiful interior! The "big beam" has become smooth and polished from the hay that has been pitched over it and the sweaty, sturdy forms that have crossed it. One feels that he would like furniture—a chair, or a table, or a writing-desk, a bedstead, or a wainscoting made from these long-seasoned, long-tried, richly toned timbers of the old barn. But the smart-painted, natty barn that follows the humbler structure, with its glazed windows, its ornamented ventilator and gilded weather vane—who cares to contemplate it? The wise human eye loves modesty and humility, loves plain, simple structures, loves the unpainted barn that took no thought of itself, or the dwelling that looks inward and not outward; is offended when the farm buildings get above their business and aspire to be something on their own account, suggesting not cattle and crops and plain living, but the vanities of the town and the pride of dress and equipage.

Indeed, the picturesque in human affairs and occupations is always born of love and humility, as it is in art or literature; and it quickly takes to itself wings and flies away at the advent of pride, or any selfish or unworthy motive. The more directly the farm savors of the farmer, the more the fields and buildings are redolent of human care and toil, without any thought of the passer-by—the more we delight in the contemplation of it.

It is unquestionably true that farm life and farm scenes in this country are less pictur-



esque than they were fifty or one hundred years ago. This is owing partly to the advent of machinery, which enables the farmer to do so much of his work by proxy and hence removes him further from the soil, and partly to the growing distaste for the occupation among our people. The old settlers—our fathers and grandfathers—loved the farm, and had no thoughts above it; but the later generations are looking to the town and its fashions, and only waiting for a chance to flee thither. Then pioneer life is always more or less picturesque; there is no room for vain and foolish thoughts; it is a hard battle, and the people have no time to think about appearances. When my grandfather and grandmother came into the country where they reared their family and passed their days, they cut a road through the woods and brought all their worldly gear on a sled drawn by a yoke of oxen. Their neighbors helped them build a house of logs, with a roof of black ash bark and a floor of hewn white ash plank. A great stone chimney and fire-place—the mortar of red clay—gave light and warmth, and cooked the meat and baked the bread, when there was any to cook or to bake. Here they lived and reared their family, and found life sweet. Their unworthy descendant, yielding to the inher-

ited love of the soil, flees the city and its artificial ways, and gets some acres in the country, where he proposes to engage in the pursuit supposed to be free to every American citizen—the pursuit of happiness. The humble old farm-house is discarded, and a smart, modern country-house put up. Walks and roads are made and graveled; trees and hedges are planted; the rustic old barn is combed and barbered and tailored; and, after it is all fixed, the uneasy proprietor stands off and looks, and calculates by how much he has missed the picturesque, at which he aimed. Our new houses undoubtedly have greater comforts and conveniences than the old, and if we could keep our pride and vanity in abeyance and forget that all the world is looking on, they might have beauty also.

The man that forgets himself, he is the man we like, and the dwelling that forgets itself in its purpose to shelter and protect its inmates and make them feel at home in it, is the dwelling that fills the eye. When you see one of the great cathedrals, you know that it was not pride that animated these builders, but fear and worship; but when you see the house of the rich farmer or of the millionaire from the city, you see the pride of money and the insolence of social power.



Strawberry pickers



MILKING-TIME.

Machinery, I say, has taken away some of the picturesque features of farm life. How much soever we may admire machinery and the faculty of mechanical invention, there is no machine like a man; and the work done directly by his hands, the things made or fashioned by them, have a virtue and a quality that cannot be imparted by machinery. The line of mowers in the meadows, with the straight swaths behind them, are more picturesque than the "Clipper" or "Buck-eye" mower, with its team and driver. So are the flails of the threshers, chasing each other through the air, more pleasing to the eye and the ear than the machine, with its uproar, its choking clouds of dust, and its general hurly-burly.

Sometimes the threshing was done in the open air, upon a broad rock, or a smooth, dry plat of green sward, and it is occasionally done there yet, especially the threshing of the buckwheat crop, by a farmer who has not a good barn floor, or who cannot afford to hire the machine. The flail makes a louder *thud* in the fields than you would imagine; and in the splendid October wea-

ther it is a pleasing spectacle to behold the gathering of the ruddy crop and three or four lithe figures beating out the grain with their flail in some sheltered nook, or some grassy lane lined with cedars. When there are three flails beating together it makes lively music; and when there are four they follow each other so fast that it is a continuous roll of sound, and it requires a very steady stroke not to hit or get hit by the others. There is just room and time to get your blow in, and that is all. When one flail is upon the straw, another has just left it, another is half-way down, and the fourth is high and straight in the air. It is like a swiftly revolving wheel that delivers four blows at each revolution. Threshing, like mowing, goes much easier in company than when alone; yet many a farmer or laborer spends nearly all the late fall and winter days shut in the barn, pounding doggedly upon the endless sheaves of oats and rye.

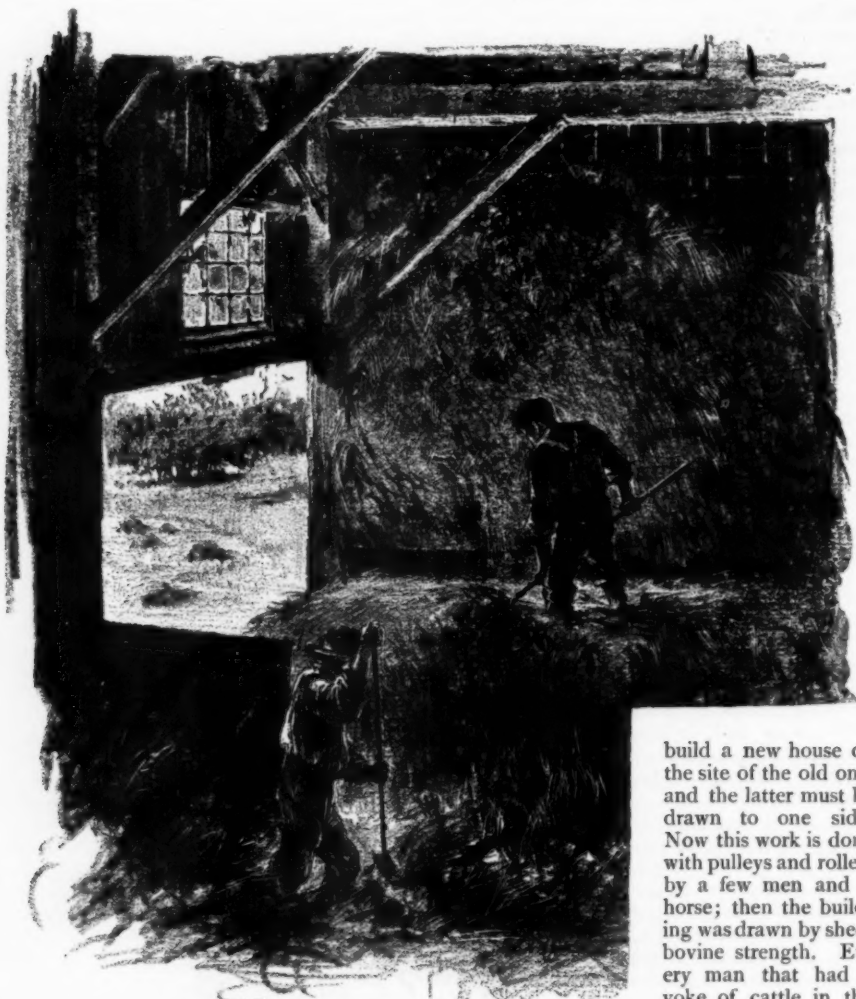
When the farmers made "bees," as they did a generation or two ago much more than they do now, a picturesque element was added. There was the stone bee, the

husking bee, the "raising," the "moving," etc. When the carpenters had got the timbers of the house or barn ready, and the foundation was prepared, then the neighbors for miles about were invited to come to the "raisin'". The afternoon was the time chosen. The forenoon was occupied by the carpenter and farm hands, in putting the sills and "sleepers" in place ("sleepers," what a good name for those rude hewn timbers that lie under the floor in the darkness and silence!). When the hands arrived the great beams and posts and joists and braces, were carried to their place on the platform, and the first "bent," as it was called was put together and pinned by oak pins that the boys brought. Then pike poles are distributed, the men, fifteen or twenty of them, arranged in a line abreast of the bent; the boss carpenter steadies and guides the corner post and gives the word of command, "Take holt, boys!" "Now, set her up!" "Up with her!" "Up she goes!" When it gets shoulder high it becomes heavy, and there is a pause. The pikes are brought into requisition, every man gets a good hold and braces himself, and waits for the words, "All together now;" shouts the captain, "Heave her up!" "He-o-he!" (heave-all,—heave), "he-o-he," at the top of his voice, every man doing his best. Slowly the great timbers go up; louder grows the word of command, till the bent is up.



UPPER DOOR OF A SIDE-HILL BARN.

Then it is plumed and stay-lathed, and another is put together and raised in the same way till they are all up. Then comes the putting on the great plates—timbers that run lengthwise of the building and match the sills below. Then, if there is time, the putting up of the rafters. In every neighborhood there was always some man who was especially useful at "raisin's." He was bold and strong and quick. He helped guide and superintend the work. He was the



PITCHING OFF A LOAD OF HAY

first one up on the bent, catching a pin or a brace and putting it in place. He walked the lofty and perilous plate, with the great beetle in hand; put the pins in the holes, and swinging the heavy instrument through the air, drove the pins home. He was as much at home up there as a squirrel.

Now that balloon frames are mainly used for houses, and lighter sawed timbers for barns, the old-fashioned raising is rarely witnessed.

Then the moving was an event, too. A farmer had a barn to move, or wanted to

build a new house on the site of the old one, and the latter must be drawn to one side. Now this work is done with pulleys and rollers by a few men and a horse; then the building was drawn by sheer bovine strength. Every man that had a yoke of cattle in the country round about was invited to assist. The barn or house was pried up and great runners, cut in the woods, placed under it, and under the runners were placed skids. To these runners it was securely chained and pinned; then the cattle—stags, steers and oxen, in two long lines, one at each runner—were hitched fast, and while men and boys aided with great levers, the word to go was given. Slowly the two lines of bulky cattle straightened and settled into their bows; the big chains that wrapt the runners tightened, a dozen or more "gads" were flourished, a dozen or

more lusty throats urged their teams at the top of their voices, when there was a creak or a groan as the building stirred. Then the drivers redoubled their efforts; there was a perfect Babel of discordant sounds; the oxen bent to the work, their eyes bulged, their nostrils distended; the lookers-on cheered and away went the old house or barn as nimbly as a boy on a hand-sled. Not always, however; sometimes the chains would break, or one runner strike a rock, or bury itself in the earth. There were generally enough mishaps or delays to make it interesting.

In the section of the state of which I write flax used to be grown, and cloth for shirts and trowsers, and towels and sheets, etc., woven from it. It was no laughing matter for the farm-boy to break in his shirt or trowsers those days. The hair shirts in which the old monks used to mortify the flesh could not have been much before them in this mortifying particular. But after the bits of shives and sticks were subdued and the knots humbled by use and the wash-board, they were good garments. If you lost your hold in a tree and your shirt caught on a knot or limb, it would save you.

But when has any one seen a crackle, or a swingling-knife, or a hetchel, or a distaff, and where can one get some tow for strings or for gun-wadding, or some swingling-tow for a bonfire? The quill-wheel, and the spinning-wheel, and the loom, are heard no more among us. The last I knew of a certain hetchel it was nailed up behind the old sheep that did the churning, and when he was disposed to shirk or hang back and stop

the machine, it was always ready to spur him up in no uncertain manner. The old loom became a hen-roost in an out-building; and the crackle upon which the flax was broken, where, oh, where is it?

When the produce of the farm was taken a long distance to market—that was an event too. The carrying away of the butter in the fall, for instance, to the river, a journey that occupied both ways four days. Then the family marketing was done in a few groceries. Some cloth, new caps and boots for the boys, and a dress, or a shawl, or a cloak for the girls were brought back, besides news and adventure, strange rumors of the distant town. The farmer was days in getting ready to start, food was prepared and put in a box to stand him on the journey, and oats put up for the horses. The butter was loaded up overnight, and in the cold November morning, long before it was light, he was up and off. I can hear his wagon yet, its slow rattle over the frozen ground diminishing in the distance. On the fourth day toward night all grew expectant of his return, but it was usually dark before his wagon was heard coming down the hill, or his voice summoning a light from before the door. When the boys got big enough, one after the other accompanied him each year, until all had made the famous journey and seen the great river and the steamboats, and the thousand and one marvels of the far away town. When it came my turn to go, I was in a great state of excitement for a week beforehand, for fear my clothes would not be ready, or else that it would be too cold, or else that



THE HAY-WAGON AFTER THE HARVEST.



the world would come to an end before the time fixed for starting. The day previous I roamed the woods in quest of game to supply my bill of fare on the way, and was

by some local industry of one kind or another. In many of the high cold counties in the eastern center of the state, this ruling industry is hop-growing; in the western it



DRIVING SHEEP TO BE WASHED.

lucky enough to shoot a partridge and an owl, though the latter I did not take. Perched high on a "spring-board," I made the journey and saw more sights and wonders than I have ever seen on a journey since, or ever expect to again.

But now all this is changed. The railroad has found its way through or near every settlement, and marvels and wonders are cheap. Still, the essential charm of the farm remains and always will remain; the care of crops, and of cattle, and of orchards, bees, and fowls; the clearing and improving of the ground; the building of barns and houses; the direct contact with the soil, and with the elements; the watching of the clouds and of the weather; the privacies with nature, with bird, beast and plant; and the close acquaintance with the heart and virtue of the world. The farmer should be the true naturalist; the book in which it is all written is open before him night and day, and how sweet and wholesome all his knowledge is!

The predominant feature of farm life in New York as in other states, is always given

is grain and fruit-growing; in sections along the Hudson, it is small-fruit growing, as berries, currants, grapes; in other counties it is milk and butter; in others quarrying flagging-stone. I recently visited a section of Ulster County, where everybody seemed getting out hoop-poles and making hoops. The only talk was of hoops, hoops! Every team that went by had a load or was going for a load of hoops. The principal fuel was hoop-shavings or discarded hoop-poles. No man had any money until he sold his hoops. When a farmer went to town to get some grains, or a pair of boots, or a dress for his wife, he took a load of hoops. People stole hoops and poached for hoops, and bought, and sold, and speculated in hoops. If there was a corner it was in hoops; big hoops, little hoops, hoops for kegs, and firkins, and barrels, and hogsheads, and pipes; hickory hoops, birch hoops, ash hoops, chestnut hoops, hoops enough to go around the world. Another place it was shingle, shingle; everybody was shaving hemlock shingle.

The hop industry is an important one, and has its picturesque side. One day in

the train I saw a large number of brown country lads and lasses, with their satchels in their hands and their Sunday clothes on, merry and frolicsome as if bound for a picnic. I found they were going to the hop-growing region, about forty miles distant, to pick hops. And a pleasant excursion they must have made of it, gathering the fragrant hops and carrying them in baskets to the drying-house,—with now and then a "hop-spree" at night.

In places along the Hudson there is a similar movement of the younger population when the berry season commences. Little and big pick berries, the nimble fingers of the girls always winning in this race. It is the engrossing interest. The school stops,

just in time to see her hauling in her planks or gliding from the dock; or the captain may signal to the engineer to wait a moment, or back a little, when the crates of berries are tossed aboard over the rail and caught by the impatient "hands." It is usually the man who lives close by that is left.

In most of the eastern counties of the State the interest and profit of the farm revolve about the cow. The dairy is the one great matter,—for milk, when milk can be shipped to the New York market, and for butter when it cannot. Great barns and stables and milking-sheds, and immense meadows and cattle on a thousand hills, are the prominent agricultural features of these sections of the country. Good grass and



TWILIGHT IN THE FIELDS.

and both teacher and pupils are in the berry patch. The mother brings her baby and sets it under a bush or tree, while she fills her carries of cups or baskets near by. The berries cannot wait, and the farmer neglects his hay and grain, and the culture of his corn, to get his berries off in time. When the day's picking is done, and the berries are packed ready for shipment, there come the hurry and excitement of getting them to the boat. Sometimes the landing is several miles distant; the pickers have been kept going to the last moment, leaving barely time to reach the boat if all goes well. Somebody, however, is always late and comes whipping up his horses as he hears the warning whistle of the steamer, and is

good water are the two indispensables to successful dairying. And the two generally go together. Where there are plenty of copious cold springs there is no dearth of grass. When the cattle are compelled to browse upon weeds and various wild growths, the milk and butter will betray it in the flavor. Tender, juicy grass, the ruddy blossoming clover, or the fragrant, well-cured hay, make the delicious milk and the sweet butter. Then there is a charm about a natural pastoral country that belongs to no other. Go through Orange county in May and see the vivid emerald of the smooth fields and hills. It is a new experience of the beauty and effectiveness of simple grass. And this grass has rare virtues, too, and imparts a

flavor to the milk and butter that has made them famous.

Along all the sources of the Delaware the land flows with milk, if not with honey. The grass is excellent, except in times of protracted drought, and then the browsings in the beech and birch woods are good substitute. Butter is the staple product. Every housewife is or wants to be a famous butter maker, and Delaware county butter rivals Orange in market. It is a high, cool grazing country. The farms lie tilted up against the sides of the mountain or lapping over the hills, striped or checked with stone wall, and presenting to the eye long stretches of pasture and meadow land, alternating with plowed fields and patches of waving grain. Few of their features are picturesque; they are bare, broad and simple. The farm-house gets itself a coat of white paint, and green blinds to the windows, and the barn and wagon-house a coat of red paint with white trimmings, as soon as possible. A penstock flows by the door-way, rows of tin pans sun themselves in the yard, and the great wheel of the churning machine flanks the milk-house, or rattles behind it. The winters are severe, the snow deep. The principal fuel is still wood—beech, birch and maple. It is hauled off the mountain, in great logs when the first November or December snows come, and cut up and piled in the wood-houses and under a shed. Here the ax still rules the winter, and it may be heard all day and every day upon the wood-pile, or echoing through the frost-bound wood, the coat of the chopper hanging to a limb and his white chips strewing the snow.

Many cattle need much hay; hence in dairy sections haying is the period of "storm and stress" in the farmer's year. To get the hay in, in good condition, and before the grass gets too ripe, is a great matter. All the energies and resources of the farm are bent to this purpose. It is a thirty or forty day war, in which the farmer and his "hands" are pitted against the heat and the rain, and the legions of timothy and clover. Every thing about it has the urge, the hurry, the excitement of a battle. Outside help is procured; men flock in from adjoining counties, where the ruling industry is something else, and is less imperative; coopers, blacksmiths, and laborers of various kinds drop their tools, and take down their scythes and go in quest of a job in haying. Every man is expected to pitch his endeavors in a little higher key than at any other

kind of work. The wages are extra, and the work must correspond. The men are in the meadow by half-past four, or five, in the morning and mow an hour or two before breakfast. A good mower is proud of his skill. He does not "lop in," and his "pointing out" is perfect, and you can hardly see the ribs of his swath. He stands up to his grass and strikes level and sure. He will turn a double down through the stoutest grass, and when the hay is raked away you will not find a spear left standing. The Americans are—or were—the best mowers. A foreigner could never quite give the masterly touch. The hayfield has its code. One man must not take another's swath unless he expects to be crowded. Each expects to take his turn leading the band. The scythe may be so whet as to ring out a saucy challenge to the rest. It is not good manners to mow up too close to your neighbor, unless you are trying to keep out of the way of the man behind you. Many a race has been brought on by some one being a little indiscreet in this respect. Two men may mow all day together under the impression that each is trying to put the other through. The one that leads strikes out briskly, and the other, not to be out-done, follows close. Thus the blood of each is soon up; a little heat begets more heat, and it is fairly a race before long. It is a great ignominy to be mowed out of your swath. Hay gathering is clean, manly work all through. Young fellows work in haying who do not do another stroke on the farm the whole year. It is a gymnasium in the meadows and under the summer sky. How full of pictures, too!—the smooth slopes dotted with cocks with lengthening shadows; the great, broad-backed, soft-cheeked loads, moving along the lanes and brushing under the trees; the unfinished stack with forkfuls of hay being handed up its sides to the builder, and when finished the shape of a great pear, with a stalk in the top for the stem. May be in the fall and winter the calves and yearlings will hover around it and gnaw its base until it overhangs them and shelters them from the storm. Or the farmer will "fodder" his cows there,—one of the most picturesque scenes to be witnessed on the farm—twenty or thirty or forty milchers filing along toward the stack in the field, or clustered about it, waiting the promised bite. In great, green flakes the hay is rolled off, and distributed about in small heaps upon the unspotted snow. After the cattle have eaten, the birds—



*Old barn with cattle sheds*

snow-buntings and red-polls—come and pick up the crumbs, the seeds of the grasses and weeds. At night the fox and the owl come for mice.

What a beautiful path the cows make through the snow to the stack, or to the spring under the hill!—always more or less wayward, but uniform and firm, and carved and indented by a multitude of rounded hoofs.

In fact, the cow is the true path-finder and path-maker. She has the leisurely, deliberate movement that ensures an easy and a safe way. Follow her trail through the woods and you have the best if not the shortest course. How she beats down the brush and briers and wears away even the roots of the trees! A herd of cows left to themselves fall naturally into single file, and a hundred or more hoofs are not long in smoothing and compacting almost any surface.

Indeed, all the ways and doings of cattle are pleasant to look upon, whether grazing in the pasture, or browsing in the woods, or ruminating under the trees, or feeding in the stall, or reposing upon the knolls. There is virtue in the cow; she is full of goodness; a wholesome odor exhales from her; the whole landscape looks out of her soft eyes; the quality and the aroma of miles of meadow and pasture lands are in her presence and products. I had rather have the care of cattle than be the keeper of the great seal of the nation. Where the cow is, there

is Arcadia; so far as her influence prevails there is contentment, humility and sweet, homely life.

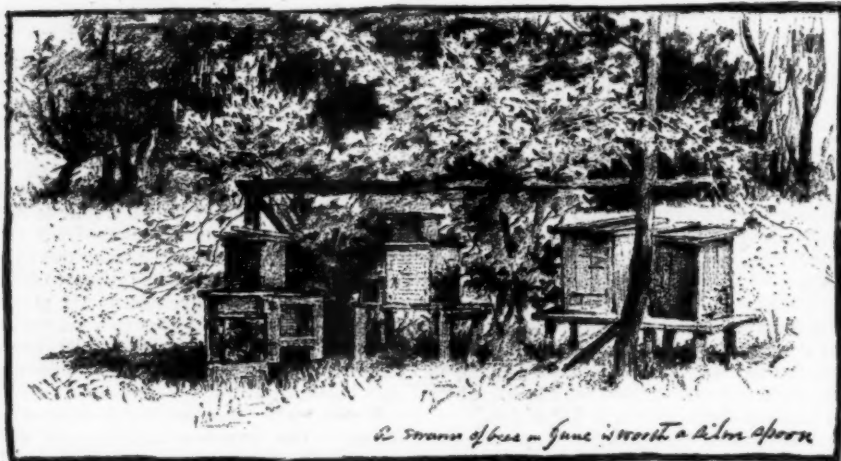
Blessed is he whose youth was passed upon the farm, and if it was a dairy farm his memories will be all the more fragrant. The driving of the cows to and from the pasture, every day and every season for years—how much of summer and of nature he got into him on these journeys! What rambles and excursions did this errand furnish the excuse for! The birds and birds' nests, the berries, the squirrels, the woodchucks, the beech woods with their treasures into which the cows loved so to wander and to browse, the fragrant winter-greens and a hundred nameless adventures all strung upon that brief journey of half a mile to and from the remote pastures. Sometimes one cow or two will be missing when the herd is brought home at night; then to hunt them up is another adventure. My grandfather went out one night to look up an absentee from the yard, when he heard something in the brush and out stepped a bear into the path before him.

Every Sunday morning the cows must be salted. The farm-boy takes a pail with three or four quarts of coarse salt and, followed by the eager herd, goes to the field and deposits the salt in handfuls upon smooth stones and rocks and upon clean places on the turf. If you want to know how good salt is, see a cow eat it. She

gives the true saline smack. How she dwells upon it and gnaws the sward and licks the stones where it has been deposited! The cow is the most delightful feeder among animals. It makes one's mouth water to see her eat pumpkins, and to see her at a pile of apples is distracting. How she sweeps off the delectable grass! The sound of her grazing is appetizing; the grass betrays all its sweetness and succulency in parting under her sickle.

The region of which I write abounds in sheep also. Sheep love high, cool, breezy lands. Their range is generally much above that of cattle. Their sharp noses will find picking where a cow would fare poorly indeed. Hence most farmers utilize their high, wild and mountain lands by keeping a small flock of sheep. But they are the outlaws of the farm and are seldom within bounds. They make many lively expeditions for the farm-boy—driving them out of mischief, hunting them up in the mountains, or salting them on the breezy hills. Then there is the annual sheep-washing in spring, when on a warm day in May or early June the whole herd is driven a mile or more to a suitable pool in the creek and one by one doused and washed and rinsed in the water. We used to wash below an old "grist mill," and it was a pleasing spectacle—the mill, the dam, the over-hang-

esque of them all, is sugar-making in the maple woods in spring. This is the first work of the season, and to the boys is more play than work. In the Old World, and in more simple and imaginative times, how such an occupation as this would have got into literature, and how many legends and associations would have clustered around it. It is woodsy, and savors of the trees; it is an encampment among the maples. Before the bud swells, before the grass springs, before the plow is started, comes the sugar harvest. It is the sequel of the bitter frost; a sap-run is the sweet good-bye of winter. It denotes a certain equipoise of the season; the heat of the day fully balances the frost of the night. In New York and New England the time of the sap hovers about the vernal equinox, beginning a week or ten days before, and continuing a week or ten days after. As the days and nights get equal, the heat and cold get equal, and the sap mounts. A day that brings the bees out of the hive will bring the sap out of the maple-tree. It is the fruit of the equal marriage of the sun and frost. When the frost is all out of the ground, and all the snow from its surface, the flow stops. The thermometer must not rise above  $38^{\circ}$  or  $40^{\circ}$  by day, or sink below  $24^{\circ}$  or  $25^{\circ}$  at night, with wind in the north-west; a relaxing south wind and the run is over for the present. Sugar



*A swarm of bees in June is worth a dollar apiece.*

ing rocks and trees, the round, deep pool and the huddled and frightened sheep.

One of the features of farm-life peculiar to this country, and one of the most pictur-

weather is crisp weather. How the tin buckets glisten in the gray woods; how the robins laugh; how the nut-hatches call; how lightly the thin blue smoke rises among





*In the Cider-cellar*

the trees The squirrels are out of their dens; the migrating water-fowls are streaming northward; the sheep and cattle look wistfully toward the bare fields; the tide of the season, in fact, is just beginning to rise.

Sap-letting does not seem to be an exhaustive process to the trees, as the trees of a sugar-bush appear to be as thrifty and as long-lived as other trees. They come to have a maternal, large-waisted look from the wounds of the ax or the auger, and that is about all.

In my sugar-making days, the sap was carried to the boiling-place in pails by the aid of a neck-yoke and stored in hogsheads, and boiled or evaporated in immense kettles or caldrons set in huge stone arches; now the hogshead goes to the trees hauled upon

a sled by a team, and the sap is evaporated in broad, shallow, sheet-iron pans—a great saving of fuel and of labor.

Many a farmer sits up all night boiling his sap, when the run has been an extra good one, and a lonely vigil he has of it amid the silent trees, and beside his wild hearth. If he has a sap-house, as is now so common, he may make himself fairly comfortable, and, if a companion, he may have a good time or a glorious wake.

Maple-sugar in its perfection is rarely seen, perhaps never seen in the market. When made in large quantities and indifferently, it is dark and coarse; but when made in small quantities—that is, quickly from the first run of sap and properly treated—it has a wild delicacy of flavor that no other sweet can match. What you smell in freshly cut maple-wood, or taste in the blossom of the tree is in it. It is then, indeed, the distilled essence of the tree. Made into syrup, it is white and clear as clover-honey, and crystallized into sugar, it is pure as the wax. The way to attain this result is to evaporate the sap on the kitchen stove in tin pans or an enameled kettle; allow it to settle half a day or more, when reduced about twelve times; then clarify with milk or the white of an egg. The product is virgin syrup, or sugar worthy the table of the gods.

Perhaps the most heavy and laborious work of the farm in the section of the state of which I write, is fence-building. But it is not unproductive labor, as in the South or West, for the fence is of stone and the capacity of the soil for grass or grain is, of course, increased by its construction. It is killing two birds with one stone: a fence is had, the best in the world, while the available area of the field is enlarged. In fact, if there are ever sermons in stones, it is when they are built into a stone-wall,—turning your hindrances into helps, shielding your crops behind the obstacles to your husbandry, making the enemies of the plow stand guard over its products. This is the kind of farming worth imitating. A stone-wall with a good rock bottom will stand as long as a man lasts. Its only enemy is the frost, and it works so gently that it is not till after many years that its effect is perceptible. An old farmer will walk with you through his fields and say, "This wall I built at such and such a time, or the first year I came on the farm, or when I owned such and such a span of horses," indicating

a period thirty, forty, or fifty years back. "This other, we built the summer so and so worked for me," and he relates some incident, or mishap, or comical adventures that the memory calls up. Every line of fence has a history; the mark of his plow or his crow-bar is upon the stones; the sweat of his early manhood put them in place; in fact, the long black line covered with lichens and in places tottering to the fall, revives long-gone scenes and events in the life of the farm.

The time for fence-building is usually between seed-time and harvest, May and June; or in the fall after the crops are gathered. The work has its picturesque features,—the prying of rocks; supple forms climbing or swinging from the end of the great levers, or the blasting of the rocks with powder; the hauling of them into position with oxen or horses, or with both; the picking of the stone from the greensward; the bending, athletic form of the wall layers; the snug new fence creeping slowly up the hill or across the field absorbing the windrow of loose stone,—and when the work is done much ground reclaimed to the plow and the grass, and a strong barrier erected.

It is a common complaint that the farm and farm life are not appreciated by our people. We long for the more elegant pursuits, or the ways and fashions of the town. But the farmer has the most sane and natural occupation, and ought to find life sweeter, if less highly seasoned, than any other. He alone, strictly speaking, has a home. How can a man take root and thrive without land? He writes his history upon his field. How many ties, how many resources he has; his friendships with his cattle, his team, his dog, his trees, the satisfaction in his growing crops, in his improved fields; his intimacy with Nature, with bird and beast, and with the quickening elemental forces; his co-operations with the cloud, the sun, the seasons, heat, wind, rain, frost. Nothing will take the various social distempers which the city and artificial life breed out of a man like farming, like direct and loving contact with the soil. It draws out the poison. It humbles him, teaches him patience and reverence, and restores the proper tone to his system.

Cling to the farm, make much of it, put yourself into it, bestow your heart and your brain upon it, so that it shall savor of you and radiate your virtue after your day's work is done!

## A WIND STORM IN THE FORESTS OF THE YUBA.

THE mountain winds, like the dew and rain, sunshine and snow, are measured and bestowed with wise love upon the forests, with reference to the development of their highest beauty and well-being. However restricted the scope of other forest influences, that of the winds is universal. The snow bends and trims the upper forests every winter, the lightning strikes a single tree here and there, while avalanches mow down thousands at a single swoop, as a gardener thins out a bed of flowers. But the winds go to every tree; not one is forgotten; the mountain pine, towering with outstretched arms upon the rugged buttresses of the Alps, the lowliest and most retiring tenant of the dells—they seek and find them all, caressing them tenderly, bending them in lusty exercise, stimulating their growth, plucking off a leaf or limb, or removing an entire tree or grove; now whispering and cooing through their branches like a dreamy child, now roaring like the ocean. The wind blessing the forest, the forest the wind, with ineffable beauty as the sure result.

After one has seen pines six feet in diameter bending like grasses before a mountain gale, and ever and anon some giant falling with a crash that shakes the hills, it seems astonishing that any, save the lowest thick-set trees, could ever have found a period sufficiently stormless to establish themselves; or, once established, that they should not, sooner or later, have been blown down. But when the storm is over, and we behold the same forests tranquil again, towering fresh and unscathed in erect majesty, and consider what centuries of storms have fallen upon them since they were first planted,—hail, to break the tender seedlings; lightning, to scorch and shatter; snow, winds, and avalanches, to crush and overwhelm,—while the manifest result of all this wild storm-culture is the glorious perfection we behold; then faith in Nature's forestry is established, and we cease to deplore the violence of her most destructive gales, or of any other storm-implement whatsoever.

There are two trees in the Sierra forests that are never blown down, so long as they continue in sound health. These are the Alpine juniper and the dwarf *Pinus albicaulis* of the summit peaks. Their stiff, crooked roots grip the storm-beaten ledges like eagles' claws, while their lithe, cord-like branches

bend round compliantly, offering but a slight hold for any wind. The other Alpine conifers,—*Pinus aristata*, the mountain pine, the two-leaved pine, and the Williamson spruce,—on account of their admirable toughness and the closeness of their growth, are never thinned out by this agent to any destructive extent. The same is, in general, true of the giants of the lower zones. The kingly sugar-pine towers aloft to a height of more than two hundred feet; offering a fine mark to storm-winds; but it is not densely foliated, and its long, horizontal arms swing round compliantly in the blast, like tresses of green, fluent algæ in a brook; while the silver firs in most places keep their ranks well together in united strength. The yellow or silver pine is more frequently overturned than any other tree on the Sierra, because its leaves and branches form the largest mass in proportion to its height, while in many places it is planted sparsely, leaving long, open lanes, through which storms may enter with full force. Furthermore, because it is distributed along the lower portion of the range, which was the first to be left bare on the breaking up of the ice-sheet at the close of the glacial winter, the soil it is growing upon has been longer exposed to post-glacial weathering, and consequently is in a more crumbling, decayed condition than the fresher soils farther up the range, and offers a less secure anchorage for the roots.

While exploring the forest zones of Mount Shasta, I discovered the path of a hurricane strewn with thousands of pines of this species. Great and small had been uprooted or wrenched off by sheer force, making a clean gap, like that made by a snow avalanche. But hurricanes capable of doing this class of work are rare in the Sierra, and when we have explored the forest belts from one extremity of the range to the other, we are compelled to believe that they are the most beautiful on the face of the earth, however we may regard the agents that have made them so.

There is always something deeply exciting, not only in the sounds of winds in the woods, which exert more or less influence over every mind, but in their varied water-like flow as manifested by the movements of the trees, especially those of the conifers. By no other are they rendered so extensively and impressively visible, not even by the



A WIND STORM IN THE CALIFORNIA FORESTS. (AFTER A SKETCH BY THE AUTHOR.)

lordly tropic palms or tree-ferns responsive to the gentlest breeze. The waving of a forest of the giant sequoias is indescribably sublime, but the pines seem to me the best interpreters of winds. They are mighty waving golden-rods, ever in tune, singing and writing wind-music all their long century lives. Little, however, of this noble tree-waving and tree-music will you see or hear in the strictly Alpine portion of the forests. The burly juniper, whose girth sometimes more than equals its height, is about as rigid as the rock on which it grows. The slender lash-like sprays of the dwarf-pine stream out in wavering ripples, but the tallest and slenderest are far too unyielding to wave even in the heaviest gales. They only shake in quick, short vibrations. The Williamson-spruce, however, and the mountain-pine, and some of the tallest thickets of the two-leaved species bow in storms with considerable scope and gracefulness. But it is only in the lower and middle zones that the meeting of winds and woods is to be seen in all its grandeur.

One of the most beautiful and exhilarating storms I ever enjoyed occurred in December, 1874, when I happened to be exploring one of the tributary valleys of the Yuba. The sky and the ground and the trees had been thoroughly rain-washed and were dry again. The day was intensely pure, one of those incomparable bits of California winter, warm and balmy and full of white sparkling sunshine, redolent of all the purest influences of the spring, and at the same time enlivened with one of the most cordial wind-storms conceivable. Instead of camping-out as I usually do, I then chanced to be stopping at the house of a friend. But when the storm began to sound, I lost no time in pushing out into the woods to enjoy it. For on such occasions nature has always something rare to show us, and the danger to life and limb is hardly greater than one would experience crouching deprecatingly beneath a roof.

It was still early morning when I found myself fairly adrift. Delicious sunshine came pouring over the hills, lighting the tops of

the pines, and setting free a steam of summery fragrance that contrasted strangely with the wild tones of the storm. The air was mottled with pine-tassels and bright green plumes, that went flashing past in the sunlight like pursued birds. But there was not the slightest dustiness,—nothing less pure than leaves, and ripe pollen, and flecks of withered bracken and moss. Trees were heard falling for hours at the rate of one every two or three minutes; some uprooted, partly on account of the loose, water-soaked condition of the ground; others broken straight across, where some weakness caused by fire had determined the spot. The gestures of the various trees made a delightful study. Young sugar-pines, light and feathery as squirrel-tails, were bowing almost to the ground; while the grand old patriarchs, whose massive boles had been tried in a hundred storms, waved solemnly above them, their long, arching branches streaming fluently on the gale, and every needle thrilling and ringing and shedding off keen lances of light like a diamond. The Douglass spruces, with long sprays drawn out in level tresses, and needles massed in a gray, shimmering glow, presented a most striking appearance as they stood in bold relief along the hill-tops, and so did the madronas in the dells with their red bark and bowed glossy leaves tilted every way, reflecting the sunshine in throbbing spangles like those one so often sees on the rippled surface of a glacier lake. But the silver-pines were now the most impressively beautiful of all. Colossal spires two hundred feet in height waved like supple golden-rods chanting and bowing low as if in worship, while the whole mass of their long, tremulous foliage was kindled into one continuous blaze of white sun-fire.

The force of the gale was such that the most steadfast monarch of them all rocked down to its roots with a motion plainly perceptible when one leaned against it. Nature was holding high festival, and every fiber of the most rigid giants thrilled with glad excitement.

I drifted on through the midst of this passionate music and motion, across many a glen, from ridge to ridge; often halting in the lee of a rock for shelter, or to gaze and listen. Even when the grand anthem had swelled to its highest pitch, I could distinctly hear the varying tones of individual trees—spruce, and fir, and pine, and leafless oak—and even the infinitely gentle rustle of the withered grasses at my feet. Each was ex-

pressing itself in its own way,—singing its own song, and making its own peculiar gestures,—manifesting a richness of variety to be found in no other forest I have yet seen. The coniferous woods of Canada, and the Carolinas, and Florida, are made up of trees that resemble one another about as nearly as blades of grass, and grow close together in much the same way. Coniferous trees, in general, seldom possess individual character, such as is manifest among oaks and elms. But the California forests are made up of a greater number of distinct species than any other in the world. And in them we find, not only a marked differentiation into special groups, but also a marked personality in almost every individual tree, giving rise to storm effects indescribably glorious.

Toward midday, after a long, tingling scramble through copes of hazel and ceanothus, I gained the summit of the highest ridge in the neighborhood; and then it occurred to me that it would be a fine thing to climb one of the trees to obtain a wider outlook and get my ear close to the Æolian music of its topmost needles. But under the circumstances the choice of a tree was a serious matter. One whose instep was not very strong seemed in danger of being blown down, or of being struck by others in case they should fall; another was branchless to a considerable height above the ground, and at the same time too large to be grasped with arms and legs in climbing; while others were not favorably situated for clear views. After thus cautiously casting about, I made choice of the tallest of a group of Douglass spruces that were growing close together like a tuft of grass, no one of which seemed likely to fall unless all the rest fell with it. Though comparatively young, they were about a hundred feet high, and their lithe, brushy tops were rocking and swirling in wild ecstasy. Being accustomed to climb trees in making botanical studies, I experienced no difficulty in reaching the top of this one, and never before did I enjoy so noble an exhilaration of motion. The slender tops fairly flapped and swished in the passionate torrent, bending and swirling backward and forward, round and round, tracing indescribable combinations of vertical and horizontal curves, while I clung with muscles firm braced, like a bobolink on a reed.

In its widest sweeps my tree-top described an arc of from twenty to thirty degrees, but I felt sure of its elastic temper, having



seen others of the same species still more severely tried,—bent almost to the ground indeed, in heavy snows without breaking a fiber. I was therefore safe and free to take the wind into my pulses and enjoy the excited forest from my grand outlook. The view from here must be extremely beautiful in any weather. Now my eye roved over the piney hills and dales as over fields of waving grain, and felt the light running in ripples and broad swelling undulations across the valleys from ridge to ridge, as the shining foliage was stirred by corresponding waves of air. Oftentimes these waves of reflected light would break up suddenly into a kind of beaten foam, and again, after chasing one another in regular order, they would seem to bend forward in concentric curves, and disappear on some hill-side, like sea-waves on a shelving shore. The quantity of light reflected from the bent needles was so great as to make whole groves appear as if covered with snow, while the black shadows beneath the trees greatly enhanced the effect of the silvery splendor.

Excepting only the shadows there was nothing somber in all this wild sea of pines. On the contrary, notwithstanding this was the winter season, the colors were remarkably beautiful. The shafts of the pine and libocedrus were brown and purple, and most of the foliage was well tinged with yellow, and the laurel groves, with the pale undersides of their leaves turned upward, made masses of gray; and then there was many a dash of chocolate color from clumps of manzanita, and jet of vivid crimson from the bark of the madronas, while the ground on the hill-sides, appearing here and there through openings between the groves, displayed masses of pale purple and brown.

The sounds of the storm corresponded gloriously with this wild exuberance of light and motion. The profound bass of the naked branches and boles booming like water-falls; the quick, tense vibrations of the pine needles, now rising to a shrill, whistling hiss, now falling to a silky murmur; the rustling of laurel groves in the dells, and the keen metallic click of leaf on leaf—all heard in easy analysis when the attention was calmly bent.

The varied gestures of the multitude were seen to fine advantage, so that one could recognize the different species at a distance of several miles by this means alone, as well as by their forms and colors, and the way they reflected the light. All

seemed strong and comfortable, as if really enjoying the storm, while responding to its most enthusiastic greetings. We hear much nowadays concerning the universal struggle for existence, but no struggle in the common meaning of the word was manifest here; no recognition of danger by any tree, no deprecation; but rather an invincible gladness as remote from exultation as from fear.

I kept my lofty perch for hours, frequently closing my eyes to enjoy the music by itself, or to feast quietly on the delicious fragrance that was streaming past. It was less marked than that produced during warm rain, when so many balsamic buds and leaves are steeped like tea; but, from the chafing of rosiny branches against one another, and the incessant attrition of myriads of needles, the gale was spiced to a very tonic degree. And besides the fragrance from these local sources there were traces of scents brought from afar. For this wind came first from the sea, rubbing against its fresh, briny waves; then distilled through the redwoods, threading rich ferny gulches, and spreading itself in broad undulating currents over many a flower-enameled ridge of the coast; then across the golden plains, up the purple foot-hills, and into these piney woods with the varied incense gathered by the way.

Winds are advertisements of all they touch, however much or little we may be able to read them; telling their wanderings even by their scents alone. Mariners detect the flowery perfume of land-winds far at sea, and sea-winds carry the fragrance of dulse and tangle far inland, where it is quickly recognized, though mingled with the scents of a thousand land-flowers. As an illustration of this, I might tell here that I breathed sea-air on the Frith of Forth, in Scotland, while a boy; then was taken inland to Wisconsin, where I remained nineteen years; then, without in all this time having breathed one breath of the sea, I walked quietly, alone, from the middle of the Mississippi Valley to the Gulf of Mexico, on a botanical excursion, and while in Florida, far from the coast, my attention wholly bent on the splendid tropical vegetation, I suddenly recognized a sea-breeze, as it came sifting through the palmettoes and blooming vine tangles, which at once awakened and set free a thousand dormant associations, and made me a boy in Scotland again, as if all the intervening years were annihilated.

Most people like to look at mountain rivers, and bear them in mind; but few care to look at the winds, though far more beautiful

and sublime, and though they become at times about as visible as flowing water. When the north winds in winter are making upward sweeps over the curving summits of the Alps, the fact is sometimes published with flying banners half a mile long. Those portions of the winds thus embodied can scarce be wholly invisible, even to the darkest imagination. And when we look around over an agitated forest, we may see something of the wind that stirs it, by its effects upon the trees. Yonder it descends in a rush of water-like ripples, and sweeps over the bending trees from hill to hill. Nearer, we see detached plumes and leaves, now speeding by on level currents, now whirled in eddies, or, escaping over the edges of the whirls, carried rapidly aloft on grand, upswelling domes of air, or tossed on flame-like crests, smooth, deep currents, cascades, falls, and swirling eddies, singing around every tree and leaf, and over all the varied topography of the region with telling changes of form, like mountain rivers conforming to the features of their channels.

After tracing the Sierra streams from their fountains to the plains, marking where they bloom white in falls, glide in crystal plumes, surge gray and foam-filled in boulder-choked gorges, and slip through the woods in long, tranquil reaches—after thus

learning their language and forms in detail, we may at length hear them chanting all together in one grand anthem, and comprehend them all in clear inner vision, covering the range like lace. But even this glorious spectacle is far less sublime and not a whit more substantial than what we may behold of these storm-streams of air in the woods.

We all travel the milky way together, trees and men; but it never occurred to me until this storm-day, while swinging in the wind, that trees are travelers, in the ordinary sense. They make many journeys, not very extensive ones, it is true; but our own little comes and goes are only little more than tree-wavings—many of them not so much.

When the storm began to abate, I dismounted and sauntered down through the calming woods. The storm-tones died away, and, turning toward the east, I beheld the countless hosts of the forests hushed and tranquil, towering above one another on the slopes of the hills like a devout audience. The setting sun filled them with amber light, and seemed to say, while they listened, "My peace I give unto you."

As I gazed on the impressive scene, all the so-called ruin of the storm was forgotten, and never before did these noble woods appear so fresh, so joyous, so immortal.

## A MODERN PLAYWRIGHT.

(EUGÈNE SCRIBE.)

RECLINING on a soft seat, relieved from the fatigue of holding a book and turning its leaves, the attention allured to steadiness by a thousand syrens (lights, music, brilliant costumes, beautiful scenery, splendid hall filled with well-dressed people), which, with roses, pelt away after-dinner torpor; the nerves excited by the influence of the audience, of which one is both part and slave; sharing their mirth and their sorrow, their admiration and their horror; spared intellectual fatigue by all sorts of ingenious devices,—minute descriptions and long narrations suppressed,—the inflections of the actors' voices, the play of their countenances, their expressive gestures, flooding the meager text with a most luminous commentary which leaves no thought, not even those rather hinted than expressed, obscure,—the lazy people who are too indo-

lent to read even a story, find theatrical performances *their* entertainments. Plays are to books what *consommés* and *purées* are to meat and vegetables.

No men ever possessed greater mastery in this delicate, difficult and wonderful art than the celebrated playwright, Eugène Scribe.

Really I cannot call Scribe a playwright. He was a great deal more and a great deal better than that. I know it is the fashion to laugh at him; to denounce him as ignorant of the art of writing, to upbraid him for having left a fortune when he might have left masterpieces; I cannot join this chorus. It is ridiculous to pretend that Scribe could not write. It might as well be said that scene-painters cannot paint because their canvas, placed in daylight side by side with some great fresco, seems mere daubing. Their canvas was not

painted to be seen by daylight, but by a light in which no color is seen with its real shade. It was not painted to be seen in a cabinet, but at a great distance, with a line of foot-lights between it and the spectator. Just so the style suited to the stage is not the style suited to the novel. The dramatist is none the less an expert writer; on the contrary, he reveals his delicate skill by adopting his style to his subject. Moreover, convincing demonstrations of Scribe's superiority to his rivals (who during his lifetime were exalted above him) have been given. Repeated attempts have been made to revive the younger Dumas's and Sardou's plays. "La Dame aux Camélias" and "Le Demi-Monde" of the former are occasionally revived successfully, simply because their subjects come home to the bosoms of everybody in Paris; everybody sees himself in the mirror presented behind the foot-light. "La Dame aux Camélias" has been popular all the world over; but not one other play by its author has been received with favor out of France. A short time since, Sardou's "Famille Benoiton," which ran more than a year upon its first appearance, was revived; it was played to empty benches after the fifth night. No manager has yet dared to revive "Patrie!"; though this is unquestionably Sardou's best play. Now, if the younger Dumas and Sardou were masters of style, their works would retain eternal youth. It is style which gives Pascal's "Lettres Provinciales" immortality, which preserves Bossuet's funeral sermons from the grocer. I am not afraid to say it is style which gives Scribe's works their vitality. Is not Sardou almost as completely master of the stage as he was? Sardou's adroitness does not save his plays from decay. Nearly all of Scribe's pieces are older than those of his rivals. Very well; there is not one of them which does not retain its hold on the public. The younger Dumas has never tried the lyric stage. Sardou's "books" of *opéras comiques* have never won public favor. If the Grand Opéra, or the Opéra Comique, or the Théâtre Lyrique revive one of Scribe's "books," it is sure to fill the house, whether the music be by Meyerbeer, or by Auber, or by Adolphe Adam. If the French Comedy brings out again one of the five-act comedies which he wrote for it (his contract with the Gymnase forbade him to bring out at any other theater works of less than five acts) the house is as full night after night as if the piece had been first played yesterday. Stranger still, the Odéon and the Gymnase have

revived his own vaudevilles, some of them played before 1820; the Odéon has discarded, the Gymnase has retained the old fashioned *couplets*; these vaudevilles are played by the third-rate actors of their companies; they are insufficiently rehearsed; nevertheless Scribe's vaudevilles fill the house. Could a mere playwright work these miracles?

Do I pretend that Scribe is one of those great authors of genius, a Shakspeare, a Molière, who will live in the admiration of the whole world? Assuredly not. Do I think Scribe faultless? No. There are in his works some (not a great many, as his enemies declare) incredible faults,—such as "An old soldier ought to know how to be *silent without murmuring*,"—which Scribe, strange to say, refused to correct when they were pointed out to him. Scribe had his idiosyncrasies. I have always thought this was one of them, and an honorable one. When Scribe completed a work he refused to let anybody touch it, even to remove blemishes, which were evidences that he himself had honestly labored, and at the same time did not pretend to infallibility. When I have considered these defects, it has always seemed to me I could hear Scribe whisper: "Hard as I have worked, I have not attained perfection; and I want young authors to see this for their encouragement." The same man, who during the rehearsals of his pieces, never spared the scissors; who nervously consulted everybody, this same man had a quiet contempt for public opinion when it busied itself with his private life. There was no end to the ridicule poured on him for keeping the splendid furniture of his house always under linen covers; his clocks and candelabra under glass, a linen cloth for a pathway over his hall and staircase carpets. When he built his house, he got an obscure, fifth-rate painter to fresco the walls. The poor artist began with the dining-room. He had the ill luck to introduce a musk-melon into the decoration. Meyerbeer, who dined frequently with Scribe, had the greatest antipathy to a musk-melon. Unless the melon were removed, Scribe could not hope to have him again for a guest. The artist refused to obliterate it. Scribe refused to pay him one cent. The artist brought suit. When it became known that Scribe had employed an unknown artist to decorate his dining-room, that the price agreed on was \$160, and that he had refused to pay even this paltry sum of money, every witling in Paris attacked him. "Philistine"

was the least harsh epithet applied to him. Scribe's conduct was inexcusable; it showed great want of tact in a man dependent on the public for his success. He was then worth \$400,000 (during his life he made in all \$1,250,000 by his pieces), and the royalty on his plays never brought him in less than \$25,000 a year besides. Another idiosyncrasy of Scribe, which did him great disservice, was to make actors pay him royalty on all of his pieces played on benefit nights (which no other author did), and though he always took a box on benefit nights, he would never pay for this box the prices charged for seats taken in advance; he would pay only the price charged at the door. By the way, this was Scribe's invariable practice. He never in his life asked for a free ticket; at the same time he would never pay the price charged; he would give only the price paid upon seats taken at the door. By this ungraciousness he made many enemies.

Scribe was nevertheless generous. His churlishness was produced by the life he had led. He never knew the anguish of feeling that there was no bread to be had, no rent paid, until he had coined pen, ink and paper into drachmas. His income from the outset of his life was \$1,000 a year—a sum of money which in 1811–20 was equal to \$3,000 to \$5,000 a year now. He was surrounded by spendthrifts, who threw away money, and who did not scruple to borrow silver (the only coin in those days) without dreaming of returning it. Scribe was revolted by the shifts to which these thriftless people were driven, by the vicissitudes of their lives, by their frauds. He saw that Fortunatus alone could satisfy all the demands made by such people and not be brought down as low, as degraded, as dependent, as they themselves. He closed his purse, and opened it only advisedly. Scribe not generous? When you show me rich bankers who, during their lives, give away—as Scribe did—\$400,000, I will agree with you that he was a churl.

As a rule, marriages in France are unions of money-bags, not of lovers and loved. Well, Scribe not only married for love, but wooed and won under most romantic circumstances. One day he was with his lawyer, when a lady was announced. Though still young, she was a widow. She was in deep mourning. Her husband, a wine merchant, had died early in life, and had left the whole business in her hands. She was inexperienced and was greatly embarrassed,

for she had many notes to meet, and had been unable to collect debts due her husband. She came to ask the lawyer to renew the notes he held for his clients; were he to insist upon their payment at maturity, she would be ruined, and her children (she had two sons) with her. She entered into particulars which proved that, were her creditors patient, she could certainly do honor to her engagements. The lawyer told her his instructions were peremptory—pay, or protest; he had no other alternative. She burst into tears. Her mute despair touched Scribe. He, by signs, bid the lawyer grant her request, motioning that he (Scribe) would pay the notes and give her all the time required. Madame Boilly made Scribe's acquaintance. The favorable first impression she had made on him deepened, and they were married. He educated her two sons, and married them (one to the daughter of his kinsman, Bayard, the dramatic author), giving each of them a handsome fortune. Béranger knew Madame Boilly before her marriage with Scribe. He exclaimed, when he heard of it: "Ah! my dear friend, you are going to lose all your excellent qualities by becoming a fine lady." Poets are soothsayers, but they are not more exempt from false prophecies than their humbler brethren of booths. She had all her life been Charity herself. She made Scribe the best of wives. He was forty-eight years old at this time.

Perhaps Scribe felt the greater sympathy for Madame Boilly because his mother had been somewhat in her circumstances. His father was a draper in Rue St. Denis; the house, the sign—*Au Chat Noir*, with an enormous black cat—are still standing. In this house, where his father did business, Scribe was born, on Christmas Day, 1791. His father died while he was still in the nurse's arms. The whole business fell upon his mother, and in those years!—just think of them!—'92, '93; the Reign of Terror; Paris depopulated; the guillotine always up in Place de la Concorde and Place du Trône; houses closed; people afraid of their shadow; mutton-chops fetching 1,500 f. (\$300) in *assignats* apiece; noble mansions in the Faubourg St. Germain bringing sixty f. (\$12) in gold! It was hard struggling for bread in those years. As soon as better times came, Scribe's mother sold the key and good-will of her husband's business, and moved to Rue St. Roch.

One day Scribe received this letter from an actress, who for years had shone as the

most brilliant star of the Gymnase, and had never been brighter than in Scribe's play, "Avant, Pendant, et Après" ("Before, Meantime, and Afterward"):

"I lack nothing, and I am happy. It has now been fifteen months since I returned to St. Louis Hospital, and I have reason to hope my admittance to the Asylum for Aged Pauper Women, through the influence of Baron Taylor and the Dramatic Artists' Association. My son is a good boy, who does all he can for me. But—but would you believe that a wild notion has got into my head to disturb my peace and quiet—one of those giddy, reckless ideas which were so familiar to me once, and I can't get rid of it? Has the spring put it into my head? Really, I can't say. But when I, a poor, infirm, bed-ridden recluse for so many years, see again the return of the sun,—may be the last return of the sun I shall ever witness,—when I watch the green leaves begin to return once more to the trees, I can't help dreaming that sunbeams beyond this hospital's walls must be warmer and more brilliant, and that boughs have a deeper green outside than inside St. Louis. Well, and so it is I have a yearning—*such* a yearning—to see myself seated once more, as in old times, in a handsome carriage—a handsome, open carriage, mind you!—giving no thought to the morrow—once more as in old times, you see!—and to ride in the country for at least two hours, and—I have not done yet!—then enjoy an excellent dinner! But my dream can't come true unless Providence lends a helping hand—and here's my hand to it! I do not know any Providence better than you. I hope you may have comprehended how such a dream entered my head; may have laughed, and then you would have excused me. I'm crazy as crazy can be, am I not? Therefore, pray grant me all your indulgence."

The following day's post brought Scribe this letter, from the same decayed actress:

"How kind-hearted you must be, to have granted my request! Oh yes, indeed! yes, indeed! I will drink to your health. I will wait, as you suggest, until the weather becomes more settled. Expectation has already many charms, now that I am sure of my happiness. I mean what I say, my happiness, for it seems to me that it is the greatest happiness I have ever enjoyed. In this you see I shall be happy *avant, pendant et après*—by recollection. May God grant you long life! Thank you, thank you from the bottom of my heart!"

He was walking in an out-of-the-way obscure street when he saw a woman long past life's noon, come out of a grocer's shop. She wore an old-fashioned bonnet, a faded shawl, a faded and patched dress, coarse and patched shoes. In one hand was a milk-pot, in the other a huge basket. He looked—looked again. Surely, he could not be mistaken. 'Twas she! 'Twas the brilliant, giddy, beautiful, graceful actress who, twenty years before, attracted all Paris to the Gymnase, where she shone *the* star, and who had all the men in town at her feet. She rolled in wealth then; Croesus disputed which one of them

should gratify her every whim. And now—her faded, threadbare, patched clothes told all; she was abandoned, poverty-stricken, faded as the garments she wore. A common—a lucky ending of Parisian beauties; for they say in Paris, that all of those garish butterflies who now wear cashmeres of India are destined to wear, a little sooner or a little later, the cashmere of willow. The great basket, which female rag-pickers carry on their back and into which they throw their gleanings, is called in Paris the cashmere of willows; because it has been worn on so many shoulders which knew only the cashmere shawl. Scribe entered the grocer's shop which that actress had just left, and emptied his purse. He ordered so much coffee, so much sugar, so many candles, so much oil, so much vinegar,—in fine, everything he could think of, so that for a year afterward she had no need to enter a grocer's shop again. She never knew that she owed it all to Scribe.

Tissot, professor of Latin prose in the Collège de France, and a member of the French Academy, was the greatest "sponger" in Paris—in Paris, the city of "spongers." This was strange, for he had one thousand dollars from his chair and several hundred more from the French Academy; moreover, he was unmarried. He was interesting because he had lived through the whole first Revolution; had been on speaking terms with all, and intimate with many of, the actors of "the sanguinary." It was always asserted that he was the man who had borne on a pike-staff the head of Princess de Lamballe about the streets of Paris. Louis Philippe took pity on him, gave him a pension from the secret service fund, and free lodgings in Luxembourg Palace. When the Revolution of '48 occurred, the provisional government ordered him out of Luxembourg Palace. He said he would not go, and had additional locks put on his door. Finding he meant what he said, one day, while he went to dine in some neighboring restaurant, the authorities made workmen put ladders on the outside of the palace and take out all the windows of poor Tissot's lodgings. The weather was cold and inclement. Tissot was then near, if indeed not past, seventy years old. He slept that night in furnished lodgings, and moved from the palace the next day. Tissot had for years levied contributions on Scribe (they were brother academicians); henceforward he looked to Scribe to pay his rent. Scribe did pay it until the latter died,—if I remember



rightly, ten or fifteen years after he was expelled from Luxembourg Palace.

Merle, the dramatic author and critic, had for years been most intimate with Scribe. The former broke with the latter, and for years attacked Scribe in the most violent and indignant manner. Merle had wasted his income every way, and especially to satisfy his gluttony. When age and disease came, he had been obliged to take refuge in a wretched garret in the outskirts of Paris. Times grew still harder as his death drew near. His wife (Mrs. Dorral) and her son-in-law, Luguët, the actor, were without engagements, for the revolution of February had just occurred, and there were riots almost daily in the streets. Deserted, diseased, dying, poor, visions of brighter days rose to him. There was scarcely one of them in which Scribe was not conspicuous. Merle felt remorse for his attacks, bitterly regretted them, and exclaimed: "How much I should like to press his hand again before I die! But he would never consent to see again the old friend who has so wronged him!" Luguët repeated this speech to Scribe. The latter instantly hastened to Merle's bedside, assured him all the past was forgiven and forgotten, except happy hours spent together, put his arms around the dying man, tenderly kissed him, did his best to rekindle hope in that despairing breast, and as he went out placed a two hundred dollar bank-note on the mantel-piece.

One morning the post brought Scribe this letter. It was post-marked Lyons, and read:

"I am an old silk-weaver, now good for nothing. I have worked hard all my life; but I have not laid by one cent; for I was too fond of going to see your pieces played. I have bought every one of them, and I still own them. I am now too old, too blind to earn my livelihood, and I have no resources unless the author of all those plays takes pity on an old life-long admirer, and out of his abundance gives a few crumbs to support a poor old weaver during the few years he has yet to live."

Scribe got a friend to make inquiries at Lyons. The correspondent proved to be really a very honest, worthy workman. Scribe paid him an annual pension until the poor fellow died, blessing the generous author who had kept him from the poor-house.

Scribe once lent \$2,000 to a friend. They met frequently, but Scribe never once alluded to the debt, nor ceased to be as cordial and as friendly as ever. This silence lasted fourteen years, and was broken only

by the friend. He entered Scribe's study, and said: "I am not quite as poor as I was, for this money is all I have as yet been able to amass; still I am delighted to have it in my power to pay what I owe you." He laid twenty bank-notes on Scribe's writing-desk. Two days afterward, Scribe sent him by a servant this note:

"I consider myself fortunate to have been able to give you a helping hand at your outset in life. You are now well on the road. Retain these \$2,000, let them be the nest-egg of your fortune, and I pray you let there be no talk about interest between us."

In this note was a certificate of French three per cent. bonds for \$2,000 which Scribe's friend had left for interest on the money borrowed.

A dramatic critic, who often attacked Scribe, asked the latter to lend him \$100, and offered his note, payable twelve months after date. He had no sooner asked than it was given. Scribe had no more courteous, cordial acquaintance all that twelvemonth than this dramatic critic. But no sooner had the note fallen due and remained unpaid, than he shunned Scribe. This lasted a month, and then Scribe ran after and overtook him and said: "Let the \$100 go, don't mention them again. I shall not regret them, unless they are going to cost me a friend; let me lose them with all my heart; keep me from losing him."

The insurrection of June, 1832, had scarcely been quelled, and Paris was still in the throes which accompany and easily follow those fearful convulsions, when a stranger entered Scribe's study. His whole appearance was unprepossessing. He was nervous, restless. His eyes were haggard, uneasy. His green frock-coat was buttoned up to the chin. He begged Scribe's pardon for venturing to call upon a gentleman with whom he was unacquainted, especially as he, who had no claim whatsoever upon him (Scribe), came to ask for money. He was goaded by necessity to discard all scruples; implicated in the insurrection, in danger of imprisonment and prosecution, his only hope of safety was flight across the frontier; the price of a ticket in the diligence was \$12. He besought Scribe to give them to him. Scribe opened his secretary, where several bags of silver were visible (there was neither gold nor paper in France in those days), gave the stranger \$20, spoke kindly to him, gave him judicious advice and bade him

God speed! That gift saved Scribe's life. His visitor (whose story was false from beginning to end) had a blood-stained dagger in his breast-pocket; was the notorious assassin Lacenaire, and confessed afterward that had he met with denial, he would have used his knife. Scribe never knew who his visitor was, had forgotten the incident until three years afterward, when he received this letter dated "Conciergerie, 24 December, 1835." The Conciergerie is one of the prisons in the Palace of Justice. The letter ran:

"You are the only person, I repeat, you are the only person to whom I feel I owe gratitude. Had I met several men like you, they would have reconciled me to the human race and the dagger would have fallen from my hands."

Lacenaire, who had been a school-fellow of Jules Janin and of several other eminent contemporaries, was, between arrest and execution, the lion of Paris. His autograph was eagerly sought by the highest people. His letter to Scribe made an immense noise. Paris is the city of beggars in broadcloth and in silk. Baron James de Rothschild used to say that if he were to grant all the applications for money made to him, he would be a beggar in thirty days. No sooner was it known that Scribe was one of those rare men who give money and ask no questions, than every post poured an avalanche of letters on him. He, of course, took no notice of them. He received a second letter from a contemptible fellow who, while pretending to be a literary man, drew most of his revenue from begging letters. He addressed Scribe in the most insolent manner and ended his impertinence with:

"What! you gave money to a Lacenaire whom you did not know, and you refuse money to me, whom you do know!"

The knave's insolence vexed Scribe, and he instantly replied:

"Sir, the very reason why I gave to Lacenaire was because I did not know him; and the very reason why I refuse to give money to you is because I do know you."

Scribe's mother destined him for the bar. He entered an attorney's office to master the intricacies of practice. The barbarous terms and the tedious tautology of the law grated harshly on ears which even then heard the still distant jingle of song; the attorney dismissed him, and branded

him "one who was good for nothing." His mother died before this dismissal. Had she lived he might have persevered in legal studies, for he was tenderly attached to her and would not have given her pain. His guardian had less influence. Scribe deserted the law school to play truant in Montmorency Woods by day and in theaters by night.

Scribe's most intimate friends in St. Barbe College were Casimir and Germain Delavigne, brothers who were destined to attain literary reputation. Casimir Delavigne was for years thought to be the greatest French poet. His nimbus paled in the effulgence which surrounded Lamartine, Victor Hugo and Alfred de Musset; but his "Louis XI." and "Les Enfants d'Edouard" still keep the stage, and the former has its place on the English, German, Hungarian and Italian stages. Germain Delavigne was Scribe's literary partner in many pieces and especially in opera-books. They began to write plays while they were at college. They wrote a play soon after they quitted St. Barbe. At that day Monsieur Dupin was the most popular vaudeville writer. Scribe and Germain Delavigne took their piece partly to get his advice and partly that his influence might open the doors of the Vaudeville to them. He received them kindly, listened to their piece, made suggestions and introduced them to the manager of the Vaudeville. The second of September, 1811, a piece by Scribe was for the first time played. It was brought out by the manager of the Vaudeville. It was a harlequinade entitled "Les Dervis," and it was damned. Monsieur Dupin said to them: "Never mind those hisses. They never yet killed anybody. Set to work—work hard. You'll soon get accustomed to the foot-lights—sooner than I was and with fewer hisses than were my lot." Scribe and Germain Delavigne—I won't say nothing discouraged, but with stout hearts—set to work again. Again their piece fell. They set to work a third time. Damned. A fourth time. Damned again. Monsieur Dupin said to them:

"May be the Vaudeville is unlucky for you. Try another theater. Suppose we all three try our luck at the Variétés?"

"Agreed."

"Have you thought of any subject?"

"Yes. We have selected 'Le Bachelier de Salamauque' as the subject of our next piece."

"That's charming. Write the piece, then

bring it to me and we will together re-write it."

Proud of the honor of writing with Monsieur Dupin, they took especial pains with "Le Bachelier de Salamanque." It was nevertheless also damned. Monsieur Dupin exclaimed:

"This is really too bad! One of you must be born under an unlucky star. We must throw him overboard."

Germain Delavigne, who has all his life long (for I think he is still alive) been modest and retiring, replied:

"I dare say 'tis I. I withdraw."

Dupin and Scribe having tossed Jonah into the sea, wrote "Barbanera, ou les Bos-sus" and carried it to the Vaudeville. It was damned with enthusiasm. The hisses had not ceased when Dupin said to Scribe:

"It is *you* who were born under an unlucky star! Adieu!"

Scribe certainly, under these circumstances, was shocked by such a bucket of cold water poured on him. He was not daunted. He soon afterward gave Guénée, a composer, a comedy-opera, "La Rédigote et la Perruque." The public found the frock-coat an ill fit, or the wig ill made.

A few days after the failure of this comedy-opera Scribe met Delestre Poirson, a dramatist, the author of several novels which, in their day, had vogue, but who, may be, is more widely and will be longer known as a successful manager of the Gymnase Théâtre than as a literary man. Scribe said to him:

"I now understand the causes of my failures. I have deserved all of those hisses. I kept in the old ruts of the dramatic highway. I copied the playwrights, but I had neither their skill nor their adroitness. If I am to be successful—and I mean to be successful—I must make in vaudevilles the resolution which Picard made in comedies. As he drove from the stage the Frontin, the Valère, the Sganarelle of the old comedies and introduced in their places his contemporaries, so I mean to expel from the stage the meaningless characters now on it and to put there my contemporaries; the officers of the empire, bankers, lawyers, notaries, public functionaries, shop-keepers, the wives, the children of all these people."

Delestre Poirson replied:

"An excellent idea! Take care you don't forget the National Guards. There is no deeper mine of amusement."

"You are right. Let our next play have them for its subject."

"Agreed."

When this conversation took place Scribe and Delestre Poirson had in rehearsal "L'Auberge, ou les Brigands sans le savoir," their joint production. It was favorably received; but their next piece played under the title, "Une Nuit de Corps Garde" was received with enthusiasm. The second night it was brought out under its original title, "Une Nuit de la Garde Nationale," which had been suppressed lest the part of National Guard, Monsieur Pigeon, might give offense to those militia men. So far from giving offense, the play, this part, Scribe, instantly became popular. Every National Guard made it a point of duty to go to see *his* play. A dry-goods shop was opened soon afterward and took for its sign, "Monsieur Pigeon"; over this legend was a life-sized picture of a National Guard. This shop and sign disappeared from Paris only five or six years since. The lease expired. Rent was increased. No dry-goods man thought he could pay so much money. An iron monger now tenants it. The young men employed in the shop were constantly called "Monsieur Pigeon;" it annoyed them very much, especially as the epithet dimpled with smiles every cheek that heard it, and they were many in the public balls. There used to be a red-headed assistant of this shop who was fond of dancing and a constant frequenter of Valentino and Mabilles. When he appeared you might have heard from a dozen lips:

"*Tiens! Monsieur Pigeon!*" a titter from twice as many lips again, which made his cheeks as high colored as his hair.

Scribe's career dates from "Une Nuit de la Garde Nationale." All of his pieces were successful. All of the dramatists—Dupin at their head—were eager to become his partners. The Vaudeville and the Variétés could not have too many of his pieces. Scribe made a revolution, not only on the stage, but in the theaters' treasury. When Scribe began to write for the stage, managers bought plays from authors, giving rarely more than a mere mess of pottage for the whole copyright. Authors starved. Managers grew rich. This deplorable system is still in vigor in the world of French publishers. French authors (there are exceptions, rich authors, who are out of the power of publishers) commonly sell the whole copyright of their books, receiving cash when the manuscript is accepted. The younger

Dumas sold the manuscript of "*La Dame aux Camélias*" for sixty dollars. Poor Mürger got only twenty dollars for "*La Vie de Bohème*." More than twenty editions of it have been published; it is still in demand. Until 1855 or '56 the majority of authors got nothing from the publishers of their plays. There was only one publisher who issued plays. He gave nothing to unknown dramatists. They were glad to give him their manuscript, partly to enjoy the pleasure all authors, and especially all young authors, find in seeing their works in print, and partly because printed plays were brought out on the provincial stages, and yielded some money to the author. This, however, was not much. The younger Dumas said, a few years after "*La Dame aux Camélias*" had been brought out, that he had never received more than twenty-five dollars in any one year from the provincial theaters which had played it. How changed all these things are! Now few authors will consent to have their pieces printed. They sell manuscript copies to provincial managers, and have sometimes organized companies to carry the play from provincial theater to provincial theater, that they (the authors) may pocket the lion's share—to which, of a truth, they are justly entitled. When Scribe began his career, dramatists got never more than six dollars for the copyright of a play; few more than five; the majority received three dollars and sixty cents. In 1817 Scribe organized the Dramatic Authors' Association, a powerful league of dramatists against managers, which obliges the latter to pay a given per centum for copyright on the gross receipts. Like all human devices it has, with its great advantages, serious disadvantages. It provides that a given per centum shall be paid when one author is on the play-bill, and a less per centum when there are two authors on the play-bill. The consequences are that no author will write less than a five-act piece, or, if he does, he will insist that no pieces but his own be played. This Messrs. Meilhac and Halévy always do; they have written pieces in one, and in two, acts; but when the latter are brought out, the whole bill is filled with pieces by these authors. Nobody writes those short pieces in one act which were the great school of dramatists, where they learned their difficult art. Managers readily accepted these short pieces, easily learned, still more easily put on the stage, and whose failure was a matter of no sort of consequence, except to the author, and even his bruises soon disappeared.

When obscurity's imperfect and hazardous work costs as much money, as many rehearsals, and as much other preparation as fame's skilled, sure work, managers wont hesitate to prefer the latter; and as fame is ever preceded by long obscurity, it has become a great deal harder than ever for the former to pierce the clouds which hide its brightness. The Dramatic Artists' Association has in this way militated against dramatic art. It has increased the obstacles in the struggling dramatist's path; it has made the successful dramatist more prosperous.

The malicious say that Scribe made a revolution in the pit, as well as in the treasury and on the stage. He organized applause as it had never before been organized. He had, about 1818, an intimate friend named Fournier. They lodged together for some years. Fournier was busy only during office hours; when released from his ministry he was at a loss to kill time. Scribe threw open the theaters to him, and made him a man of importance by giving him fifty or sixty theater tickets whenever the former brought out a new play. Fournier's friends were eager applauders, for he kept eye on them, and they wanted to come to the theater again on the same easy terms of admittance. The public readily chimed in with them, for they were not looked upon with the suspicion which always muffles the applause of the hireling enthusiasts. This was no new thing. It is human nature. Every Johnson has his Boswell; every Webster, his Peter Harvey.

In 1820, Delestre Poirson and Cerfbeer built and opened a theater, which was destined to have great influence on the destinies of the French drama. It was to be the home of true modern comedy; to bring and keep in vogue plays above the slight vaudevilles of the Variétés and Vaudeville, and free from the conventional tone and characters of the French comedy. The new theater was at first called the Théâtre de Madame, in honor of Duchess de Berry, who took it under her patronage and made it the most fashionable theater of Paris. The revolution of 1830 made it impossible for the theater to retain this unpopular name. The theater became the Gymnase. Delestre Poirson no sooner assumed management of this theater than he determined, not only to attach Scribe to it, but to secure the monopoly of his talents for the Gymnase. His plan was ingenious. He persuaded Scribe to enter into contract to give the Gymnase twelve plays annually for twelve years, and

during this period of time to give no play to any theater in Paris; furthermore, never in the course of his life to allow any secondary theater (such as the Vaudeville, the Variétés) to bring out one of his pieces; liberty was reserved to Scribe to give the Gymnase no new piece (if he so pleased) after the expiration of these twelve years. Scribe was to receive for the faithful execution of this contract his copyright on every play brought out at the Gymnase, and from and after the end of twelve years he was to receive a life annuity of \$1,200. Scribe fulfilled his contract as faithfully as he fulfilled all of his engagements; he usually gave more than twelve pieces a year, and once gave eighteen plays to the Gymnase in the course of a twelvemonth. Scribe liked this mode of remuneration (he received these \$1,200 a year until the day of his death), and when the managers of the Opéra Comique, after the great success of his comedy-opera, "*La Neige*," offered him a life annuity of \$1,200 for the privilege of playing all of the pieces anterior to this work, he at once accepted the proposal. The Dramatic Authors' Association begged Scribe to annul this agreement, which, they asserted, militated against dramatic authors' interests. Scribe instantly tore it up; although he, better than anybody else, knew the protest was dictated solely by jealousy. Rossini enjoyed a similar annuity from the Grand Opéra, and Auber received the same life annuity from the Grand Opéra, and from the Opéra Comique.

Scribe gave to the Gymnase more than a hundred and fifty pieces, between 1820 and 1837, when, from some cause or another, he ceased to write for this theater, and brought no play on there for eleven years. Scribe had no sooner begun to write for the Gymnase than he asked his old friend Germain Delavigne to join him. You know how they had parted. They had none the less continued to be warm friends. When Scribe agreed to write "*Une Nuit de la Garde Nationale*" with Delestre Poirson, he stipulated that Germain Delavigne should complete the triumvirate. When Scribe asked him to join them, he replied: "No, I have given up the stage. I have neither your perseverance, nor your stout heart. Go on without me." When Scribe renewed his request he had acquired an authority which made the success of any play by him certain; so Germain Delavigne gladly accepted Scribe's offer, and they wrote applauded plays together. Here let me

mention that Scribe rendered the greatest assistance to Casimir Delavigne in putting "*Louis XI.*" and "*Les Enfants d'Édouard*" on the stage. Perhaps it is not too much to say that if they still hold their old places in dramatic literature they owe it to Scribe.

Scribe has been censured with great acrimony for this literary co-partnership. His most malignant censors are people with whom he refused to work. Their venom was equaled by the insolent attacks he met in the French Academy. The day of his reception one Academician said, so that Scribe should hear:

"We want no stock-brokers here."

Stock-brokers are numerous, but united as one corporation, just as Scribe and his literary partners were. Another Academician said:

"That fellow ought not to have a chair; give him a bench, that he may seat all of his partners with him."

Scribe's most indignant detractors in the French Academy were much more indebted to literary partnership than he himself. Blot in Villemain's works the contributions of Addison, Chatham, Burke and the Fathers, what would remain? Are not all the authorities the historian ransacks his partners? Are no traces of Tacitus and Juvenal to be found in Gibbon's pages? Surely, if there ever was an original author, Shakspeare is the man. Nevertheless all his plays are built on some story read in the "*Palace of Pleasure*" or some chronicle. Here I touch on the very essential elements of dramatic writing which make partnership more excusable (if, indeed, excuse be necessary) in this branch of literature than in any other. No man has yet lived who had ideas, plot, power to put ideas on legs, gift of the language suited to the stage. Now all of these possessions are conditions precedent to dramatic success. Byron, Scott had, Tennyson has, ideas unnumbered; but not one other condition precedent to dramatic success. Mrs. Centlivre had no ideas, but she had all the other gifts of the dramatist. Read Scott's correspondence with Terry, and imagine that Sir Walter, instead of falling into the hands of that mere playwright (and a bungler at that), had found a Scribe for a partner! What noble additions our dramatic literature would have possessed! Would anybody have carped at the partnership to which we owe immortal plays? These (call them secondary gifts, if the qualification soothes conscience) cannot be



acquired by labor. The playwright must be born playwright, just as necessarily as the Ethiopian must be born black. George Sand is a remarkable instance of the truth of this remark. She was passionately fond of the theater, and of everything and everybody connected with it. She always had actors or actresses with her. When she was in Paris she spent every night at the theater. While at Nohant there was a play in which she bore a part, always after dinner. She wrote plays innumerable for this private theater. She was extremely ambitious to shine as a dramatist. Nevertheless, she could not build a plot; she could not put an idea on its legs; she could not speak the language of the stage. August Maquet is another striking example of the truth of that remark. He witnessed play after play, from inception to fall of curtain. He saw a singularly gifted dramatist, the elder Dumas, write plays founded on ideas which he (Maquet) suggested; he was with Dumas when the latter dramatized novels which they together had written; he attended rehearsal after rehearsal and became familiar with the arduous labors by which a play gradually becomes suited to the fierce glare of the foot-lights, and this intimacy lasted some twenty or twenty-five years; nevertheless, to this day Maquet does not know even whether to make his personages enter from back, or from right, or from left (a matter of great importance; everything connected with a play's performance is a matter of great importance), and not one of the plays he alone has written has been successful. He, like many another author, is, without his partner, as zero without a numeral. This literary partnership is by no means peculiar to France. In all of Bulwer-Lytton's plays there were three partners; one who furnished ideas and plot, one who put the ideas on legs, one gifted with language. In the "*Lady of Lyons*," ideas and plot were supplied by the "*Bellows-mender*," a French play; Macready put the ideas on legs; Bulwer supplied the language. In "*Richelieu*," ideas and plot were supplied by Alfred de Vigny's novel, "*Cinq Mars*." Macready put the ideas on legs; Bulwer supplied the language. A discussion has recently been opened upon the reasons which deterred Dickens from attempting to win success on the stage. Had he made the attempt he must have leaned on somebody's arm; for dramatic sense he had none. His works, even as novels, are singularly faulty in construction, in plot.

It is notorious that Fechter fitted "*No Thoroughfare*" for the stage; and yet, despite all of Fechter's acquaintance with the theater (which he demonstrated by the manner in which he placed "*Le Tartuffe*" and "*Hamlet*" on the stage), this piece is most unsatisfactory when seen by foot-lights; for Dickens had no dramatic sense whatsoever. The whole tendency of his mind to caricature, to the grotesque, was the intellectual turn most diametrically opposed to the dramatist's talents. Literary partnership was known in England before our day:

"I remember when I finished '*The Tender Husband*,' I told him [Addison] there was nothing I so ardently wished as that we might, some time or other, publish a work written by us both. \* \* \* When the play above mentioned was last acted, there were so many applauded strokes in it which I had from the same hand, that I thought very meanly of myself that I have never publicly acknowledged them." (Steele, "*Spectator*," No. 555.)

You see that Scribe did not introduce literary partnership to dramatic literature, and that the practice is not as blamable as some purists of art would have us believe. Moreover, it is a mistake to look upon Scribe as merely a member, a very active member, of a literary partnership. Scribe's very best pieces of every sort—his best vaudevilles, his best grand operas, his best comedy-operas, his best comedies, the works by him which are revived time and again, which have for thirty years delighted generation after generation of play-goers, which are still as free from signs of age as they were the night they were first played—Scribe's very best pieces of every sort are the pieces in which he had no partner. Again, at least one-third of all the plays in which he had a share were written by himself alone. Stress is laid on these two points to show the immense and varied talents of Scribe, his rare dramatic gifts (he had ideas, plot, power to put ideas on legs, possession of the language suited to the stage—gifts which are so rare that, as I have said above, no other modern writer has had them all), and the immense height he is above the mere playwright. Discard from his works all pieces written in partnership; there would still remain a collection of plays such as few other dramatists have left. Look at them when you hear jibbers sneer: "*Scribe might have left works; he left only gold.*" Ask for his gold in five-and-twenty years. You will not find one louis d'or of it. Ask for his works in a hundred years.

The New Zealander himself will be applauding his comedies and Samoans will be delighted by his operas. Posterity will say: Scribe left no gold, he left only works.

Literary partnership with Scribe was no such mere tradesmen's division of labor as it often is. He treated his partners after the subtler fashion of the trees, which drink in juices from cloud, air, ground,—and transform them into fruit through so many processes that their originals are forgotten. Every play which bears Scribe's name was, in its definite form, written by Scribe from beginning to end. He never, under any circumstances, would consent that his name should appear as author of a piece unless he had written it. At the monthly dinner of the standing committee of the Dramatic Authors' Association, some twenty or twenty-five years ago, a young vaudeville writer vehemently attacked Scribe, saying, among other things:

"He has, it is true, brought out three hundred pieces under his name; but I should like to know how many of them he himself has written. Is it not notorious that his share in them is absolutely insignificant; his name is his largest contribution; he is popular; his name gives success, just as the label which bears the name of a celebrated vineyard gives vogue to poor wine; he has been astute enough to admit none but adroit, experienced authors in partnership, and he engrosses all their gifts, all their fame, and the best part of their money, while he contributes next to nothing—the brand Scribe & Co."

Mons. Carmouche was present, and instantly replied:

"You are mistaken every way. I have written twelve or fifteen vaudevilles with Scribe, and I pledge you my word of honor there is not in all of those pieces one syllable by me."

There were at the dinner two or three other dramatists who had written plays with Scribe. They confirmed Mons. Carmouche's declaration.

One day Dupin brought Scribe a new piece. The latter read it and thought it detestable; still there was the germ of a good play in it. It interested him, and he worked rapidly. It was in two acts. He made it a one-act piece, added a character, changed the other characters entirely, without saying anything to Dupin, and put it in rehearsal. In three weeks it was ready for performance. The evening it was to be brought out he invited Dupin

to dinner. As they took seats at table, he said:

"Let us lose no time, my dear fellow, for I want you to go with me to the Gymnase. I have a ground-floor box, the front seats of which have been taken, so that, screened by those spectators, we shall be unseen."

Dupin exclaimed:

"Oh! is 'Michel et Christine' by you?"

"Yes."

"All alone?"

"No; there are two of us."

"Who is the other?"

"My dear fellow, let us lose no time. It is already late; the play begins early."

Dinner was merrily dispatched. They reached the Gymnase in time. The curtain soon rose. At the close of the third scene, Dupin said to Scribe:

"My dear fellow, what a charming play you have written. 'Pon my word, you have put on the stage no better characters than that soldier and that bar-maid. How fascinating they are!"

As the play went on, Dupin's delight continued to increase, and he warmly expressed it to Scribe, who archly smiled, and at last said:

"Surely you now know who wrote the piece with me?"

"I have not the remotest idea. But, I beg of you, silence. I don't want to lose one word of the piece. It is charming!"

Scribe smiled. Presently Dupin turned to him and asked:

"Do you remember the piece I carried you three weeks since? Now it seems to me this scene is somewhat like the second act of the piece I left with you. Have you read it? Do you agree with me?"

Scribe answered:

"Oh! if you think there is the least plagiarism, we will rewrite that scene."

"Heaven forbid! Men continually hit upon the same ideas. The collisions of life are constantly striking similar sparks from different flints. But you have not yet told me the name of your partner."

"Sh—! the curtain is about to fall. We shall hear his name."

Presently the curtain came down amid applause which shook the theater to its foundations. The curtain rose. The stage manager came forward to announce the authors. Dupin bent forward in eager attention.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the piece we have had the honor to play before you is by Messrs. Scribe and—Dupin."

The next instant Dupin held Scribe in his arms and embraced him. Scribe exclaimed:

"Unnatural father! does not recognize even his own flesh and blood!"

Dupin rejoined:

"I should like to know who could recognize his children when they are changed in the nurse's arms!"

This was Scribe's partnership; he made the piece his own.

The rubs of play-writing are to transform narration into action, to make the characters shun talk and act, and—you have seen a billiard-player so strike his ball as to drive it forward and make it spin back to the place it left? Well, the dramatist must do the same thing with his action. During half the plot it must go forward in such a manner as to make the spectators know it can never come back; this effect the dramatist attains by heaping many and innumerable obstacles in the way of its return. During the rest of the play, the action comes back to the point of departure, despite every obstacle in its path. Analyze any play, you will find this to be the art. Shakspeare's plays are built by a different method. They constantly carry the spectator forward till the catastrophe is reached. The mysteries were still popular in Shakspeare's day, and their rude art (they were merely *tableaux vivants*) was all the dramatic art known. Hence there is in Shakspeare's plays no plot, technically speaking. Hence they are less popular than pieces by a mere playwright who is master of his trade.

Scribe not only excelled in making his characters act and in skillful build of plot, but he never rested satisfied until he had made each piece he brought out as near perfection in these particulars as possible. During rehearsals he was all attention; not the most transient play of feature on supernumeraries' or firemen's faces escaped him. He would try to divine its meaning; if it escaped him, he would ask it in such a way it was never refused. His invariable reply to suggestions of omission was, "Cut! cut! Words blotted are never hissed." Nobody better understood the meaning of the exclamations by which stage people commonly express their ideas. Actors themselves are rarely able to clothe their thoughts in words. Here is a singular example:

When Ernest Legouvé brought out "*Louise de Lignerolles*," he gave the leading part to Mlle. Mars. In the third act Louise surprises her husband in improper company.

A most violent scene ensues between them, which ends by a reconciliation which is all the tenderer from the preceding violence. Louise exclaims, "I fear nothing; all is forgotten; we are still in our honeymoon." At this word Mlle. Mars stopped abruptly, and in her accustomed grating, harsh, impetuous voice (for all the more her stage voice was melodious music, was her ordinary voice disagreeable), she exclaimed:

"I shall not use any such expression."

"Pray why not, madam?" Legouvé asked.

"Because it is detestable."

"I really cannot agree with you. Consider the scene. Louise expresses all her confidence in the repentance and assurances of her husband; all the recent painful incidents of their married life have been banished from her mind; their wedded career is to begin again, from the honeymoon."

"Still, I shall not use any such expression. You must give me another."

"What?"

"Why, nothing is easier. I want to say—Tra la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!"

Legouvé was puzzled enough to find what she was driving at. He could get nothing else from her. At last he said to himself, "She shows me, by that elementary music with four similar notes, the rhythm and harmony she wants in the phrase that she may adequately express her delight and love." He wrote: "I forget all—I know nothing. Life begins; you for the first time say, 'I love thee!'" When he read it to Mlle. Mars, she exclaimed, "That's just what I wanted!"

It was wonderful to see how rapidly Scribe, in a like manner, understood advice, though it was given in the most unintelligible manner.

Just as Scribe was docile to the suggestions of others, so he exacted equal docility to his own wishes, especially from actors. At rehearsals he was a rigid disciplinarian. He had no confidence in "inspiration." He insisted that actors should work; should know exactly what they were going to do; the very gesture, look, tone, they would use; in fine, that they should be masters of their art, and by the same method which had given him mastership in his art—honest, hard work. One day Scribe was induced to give a brilliant part in a new comedy to a young actor, who was thought to be of great promise. But when older actors told him the traditions of the stage, he turned on them with anger and indignation. "Do

you think I am going to be a slave to your conventionalities? Do you imagine me a supple-jack, whose strings are to be pulled by old fools in their graves?"

When he was asked:

"But at least be good enough to tell us where you will stand?"

"I myself have not the least idea. I shall rely upon the inspiration of the moment. It will point out to me the best place. There I shall stand. Do you suppose for one single instant that, when Hamlet goes to speak to Polonius, that he knows beforehand whether he will stand at Polonius's right or left hand? When Macbeth enters to meet the witches, what matters it whether he enters this side or that side, whether he stands here or there, whether he leaves yonder or where I stand? My genius will guide me, not your musty, mechanical rules."

Scribe was patient for a fortnight. He then asked the young actor to put aside the manuscript and to rehearse as his comrades were doing, that he might criticise the manner in which he (the young actor) conceived his part. The young actor replied:

"Sir, I accept criticisms from nobody. I listen to no man's suggestions. I play according to my own inspiration"—whereupon Scribe withdrew the part from him.

Nothing annoyed Scribe more than the ignorance of actors. It was with the utmost difficulty that he could make them read the whole play in which they were to appear. They would read their part—nothing more. Incredible anecdotes are told of the ignorance of French actors. Imagine that Washington Irving has assembled around him, at Tarrytown, Edwin Forrest, Fenimore Cooper, Fitz-Greene Halleck, Washington Allston, W. C. Bryant. Imagine that one morning, about an hour after breakfast, Forrest enters the drawing-room, holding in his hand a scrap of waste paper. He is all enthusiasm, as he says:

"What talents there are on earth, and which disappear without attracting attention! Here I have just accidentally found a leaf from a book, which evidently fell still-born from the press, for it is wretchedly printed, and has been sold as waste paper. Yet it contains these lines, which really are quite good poetry. There is something vigorous in these verses. The scene is this. It seems to be laid in Scotland. The character is named McBeth. You smile? Is that the name of the author? Or has the piece signally failed? Laugh on, laugh on! But just listen to these lines." And imagine

Forrest declaiming as despised, unknown verses, the lines beginning,

"Is this a dagger that I see before me?"

and hearing, as soon as the guests are able to restrain their laughter, that the lines are from one of Shakspeare's most famous plays! This is just what happened to Lafontaine, the celebrated actor. George Sand had assembled around her at Nohant just as brilliant a company as I have imagined gathered around Washington Irving. Lafontaine entered the drawing-room under the circumstances mentioned, holding a leaf which contained Camille's famous imprecations in Corneille's "Horace," and held language almost identical with that which I have put into Forrest's mouth!

While Rachel was rehearsing Madame de Girardin's "Cleopatra," the former positively refused to appear in the part unless the authoress would agree to give the lover some name other than Antony, "which," said the actress, "is too horribly vulgar." Rachel was obstinate in her refusal until she was shown that Madame de Girardin had no choice.

Scribe thought for some time that Rachel was an actress after his heart. Nobody knew better than Rachel the importance of study and the value of long, patient rehearsals, which enable an actor to play a part as he conceives it, to place it before the public with all those inflections of the voice, play of physiognomy, gestures, attitudes, movements, pauses, which enchant an audience; they see nothing in an actor but his execution. Rachel was a slow worker. She was absolutely dependent upon others to comprehend, to conceive her parts. It was necessary with her to begin with the most striking "hit" of the piece, and to show how it was to be made. Once taught, she would make the hit in a manner which far surpassed her teacher's ideal. Give her nickel, she returned you gold. Strange as this may seem, it is a very common phenomenon in art. We all know how poor old Cartlitch taught Maggie Mitchell to make some of her best "hits," which he himself could never execute, for Cartlitch's voice was thick and of narrow compass, and he was cold, heavy, ungainly. We constantly see music teachers, and especially singing masters, who cannot decently execute a single piece, who yet teach pupils to play or sing most brilliantly. Rachel never left anything to inspiration. When she was to play her most familiar part, Phèdre for instance, she

always went over the part in the morning of the evening she was to appear, with her old master, Samson, and if she failed in any passage she would go over it again and again until she was mistress of it. She would get Samson to come to her dressing-room in the theater to recall some intonations, which she feared might escape, and sometimes would even get him to stand in the wings that he might, just before she went on the stage, repeat these intonations to her. Rachel's costumes, even the Grecian and Roman dress which she wore with such grace and majesty, were always arranged in those harmonious folds, which were so justly admired, by her dressing maid and kept in position by pins and stitches, so that nothing could disarrange them. Rachel never left anything to accident.

How was it that Scribe should have written nothing for Mlle. Rachel before 1849? Surely the dramatist who had written "Robert le Diable," "Les Huguenots," "Masaniello," "La Juive," could readily have built some tragedy suited to Rachel's somber genius. Scribe's modesty prevented him. He was a singularly modest man. When the Théâtre Scribe was inaugurated at Turin, he was begged to honor the ceremony with his presence. He declined from sheer modesty. He would never have written for Rachel had not the French Comedy asked him. It was not until 1848 that the request was preferred. Scribe hesitated to accept the invitation. He replied: "I dare not. It seems to me almost impious to put prose, and especially my prose, in that mouth accustomed to speak nothing but Racine's and Corneille's lines." It was Monsieur Ernest Legouvé who overcame Scribe's scruples. He said to Scribe:

"You forget Talma played 'The Stranger.' Mlle. Rachel has grace, irony, admirable diction, as well as the sterner gifts of tragedy. Put in a different frame, lay at a distant day all the gifts of Mlle. Rachel. The public will think she has undergone a metamorphosis; 'twill be but a change of costume."

Scribe replied: "Very well, would you seek the subject of a piece and write it with me?" Monsieur Legouvé consented. He read in memoirs of the last century that one evening Adrienne Lecouvreur, while playing Phèdre, went up to the stage-box where her rival, Duchess de Bouillon, was seated, and riveting her eyes on the Duchess, fiercely repeated the terrible lines of her part (now familiar even to play-goers who have never seen "Phèdre").

He went to Scribe and told him the subject he had found. Scribe threw his arms around Monsieur Legouvé, kissed both cheeks and exclaimed: "A hundred performances of \$1,200 each!" They at once wrote the play, now so well known over the whole civilized world, "Adrienne Lecouvreur." They had just finished it when the Revolution of February, 1848, occurred (by which Scribe lost \$300,000). A new manager was placed in the French Comedy. He was full of those sounding, empty phrases with which a certain class of Frenchmen delight themselves. He refused to allow "Adrienne Lecouvreur" to be played. The Republic wanted high art. France had enough of Scribe's legerdemain. Scribe's dramatic hocus-pocus was unworthy of Rachel. Another Revolution occurred. This manager disappeared; and when quieter times came "Adrienne Lecouvreur" was played.

Successful as Rachel was in that piece (she had success of costumes, success of beauty, and success of impersonation), she appeared in only one other play by Scribe. Had she lived, she probably would never have been offered another part by him. He deeply felt the failure of "La Czarine," and attributed it to her. He was at least partly right. Rachel was no fighter. She had no confidence in herself. She had no confidence in anybody, and yet, by a strange (but easily explained) anomaly, she was disturbed by the least hostile criticism, even by people beneath contempt. At rehearsal, she often was thrown into a panic. The night she first appeared in New York, she was so disturbed by the rustling of the leaves as the audience followed her, book in hand, that she came within an ace of falling into hysterics. The least incident put her out. Hence the care with which even her costume was secured against all disarrangement. Even at the height of her reputation, and when everybody who went to hear her was an enthusiastic applauder, she never could play unless all the hiring applauders were in their usual places in the pit. In vain the manager and actors told her that hundreds were nightly turned from the doors for want of seats; she insisted upon the presence of those mercenary applauders. How different she was from her great rival, Ristori! Ristori always insisted that there should be none of these hirelings in the theater when she played. She said: "I am not only irritated by their horrible, little, mechanical noise, but they hide the public from me. I



cannot follow the public feeling. Now, it is the public I want to see. It is the public with whom I would wrestle. If the public be hostile, all the better, the fight will be warmer. If the public hiss me, all the worse. I shall probably have merited those hisses. But then, on the other hand, if I win their applause, I shall be able to say to myself: "That bravo is honestly and entirely mine."

Nothing disconcerted Ristori, and she was full of pluck. She fought for author, for play, for self, all the more ardently if the audience was hostile, till the curtain fell. The second performance of a piece in Paris is quite as dangerous, if not more dangerous, than the first. If the audience of the first night be composed of critics, rivals, friends and fashionable people, and be most sensitive, the theater is filled the second night with people who have bought their seats (the majority of tickets issued the first night are free tickets), who want the worth of their money, who come to be amused, and are ready for any sort of "fun." They are fashionable people, who have, nevertheless, no interest in the dramatic world sufficient to secure seats the first night. They are frivolous and merciless. This incident occurred during the second performance of "Medea" in Paris. In the second act, Medea (Madame Ristori), after the scene with Jason, fell upon a seat, frantic with anger and grief. Her two children make their appearance, they are terrified, and, still at a distance, call their mother. As they entered, the eldest child trod on the heel of the youngest and tore off half his sandal. The youngest came hobbling forward, dragging behind him the torn moiety of his sandal. Had the audience seen him, there would have been an end of Medea for that night. Laughter would have driven away tears. That sight would have seemed ludicrous anywhere; it is irresistibly ludicrous in Paris, for that is just the way the funny fellow of "Le Courier de Lyon" \* makes his appearance. Had Rachel been Medea, she would have gone into hysterics. Ristori heard and saw the accident. Instantly she changed the settled pantomime; it required her to sit and let her children come up to her; instead of doing so, she rose, ran to them, snatched up the youngest child, put it in her arms, threw her mantle on its feet, returned to her seat with the child on her

breast, sat with the child in her lap, quietly broke both sandals and threw them under the seat. Nobody saw the accident or suspected what she had done. She did all these things without retarding the progress of the scene, without omitting one word of her part, without betraying the least agitation, or embarrassment, without ceasing those tears, those sobs which filled the audience with terror and pity. While Rachel depended on her dressing-maid for the arrangement of her costume, Ristori would take a large cloth, throw it over her shoulders and drape it during the play as suited best with her present passion, now letting it trail behind her with queenly sweep, then wrapping it around her like the cloak of a nun, or rolling it around her head like the veil which hides a broken heart and tear-scalded eyes. How admirably Guizot portrayed the characteristics of both actresses, when he said: "One is the *beau ideal* aristocratic tragic actress; the other is the *beau ideal* democratic actress." Nature oftentimes jeers man's vanity; the *beau ideal* aristocratic tragic actress was born in the kennel.

Again, Rachel excused her lukewarm success in Scribe's and other modern plays, by the peculiarities of her talents. They were great; but they were limited. Her voice had irresistible notes; its compass was narrow. She said: "Impassioned gesticulation is something beyond my reach. I can execute everything that is expressed by physiognomy, by attitude, by a sober, measured gesture; I can go no further; where great, energetic pantomime begins, my talents end."

It is greatly to be regretted that Scribe did not begin earlier to write for Rachel. We all have seen Victorien Sardou write such plays as "Patrie!" and "La Haine" (a very able and vigorous play which failed for personal reasons). What might we not have hoped from Scribe, who was so immeasurably Sardou's superior in every respect? Just consider Scribe's lyric dramas. Meyerbeer and Auber owe no small part of their success to the "books" which Scribe gave them. "Le Pardon de Ploërmel" is striking evidence of this truth. As a musical composition, it is inferior to none of Meyerbeer's works. It cannot keep possession of the stage. "Robert le Diable," "Les Huguenots," and even "Le Prophète" (despite the austere tone which reigns in it), never tire the public. At the Boston Museum, "La Juive" has been played as a

\* This play scarcely quits the playbills, especially if there be any manager menaced with bankruptcy. It draws when nothing else will.

drama, and it had a very long run. Nothing would be easier than to put "Robert le Diable" and "Les Huguenots" on the dramatic stage. When "La Dame Blanche," "Fra Diavolo," "Le Châlet," "L'Am-bassadrice," "Le Domino Noir," "Les Diamants de la Couronne," "Haidée," are played, people go as much to see the piece as to hear the music. People go to hear "Le Pardon de Ploërmel" despite the "book," which is uninteresting and tiresome. Rossini certainly never reckoned "Le Comte Ory" among his masterpieces, yet it is always heard with pleasure, while the absurd "books" of "Moïse" and "Guillaume Tell" greatly abate the pleasure the scores give. Scribe has rivals, has superiors in comedy; in "books" he has never had an equal. It is not easy to write a "book." Nothing connected with the stage is easy. I have sometimes wondered if it be not a great deal harder to write a "book" than to write a play. The "book" writer must make the subject and scenes of the work suit with the peculiar talents and turn of mind of the composer, and the strength or weakness, the good qualities and deficiencies of singers. All rhythms, all forms of verse, cannot be used indifferently; their choice is determined by the peculiarities of the composer and of the singers. Again, parts must be so distributed as to make the chorus an active, interesting, impassioned personage, all unimpersonal as it is. Then the plot must be so clear—not as a play is clear; the method is entirely different—that, were music and singers silent, still it would be understood from the mere pantomime. We all know that the sharpest ears catch only snatches of the best sung opera; hence it is all important that the eyes be able to keep the mind informed of the plot of the piece, whose melody alone reaches it through the ears. While clear to the eyes, the plot must be dramatic. How difficult it is to satisfy both of these exigencies may be understood when it is considered that a dramatic plot is fatal to a ballet. This is an axiom familiar to everybody who takes interest in the stage: a ballet with a dramatic plot will not "run." And yet a ballet must necessarily be intelligible to the eyes, for it is all pantomime. Again, it is absolutely necessary that the "book" of an opera give the scene-painter and costumer opportunity to change the landscape or the edifice (if both, all the better) and the costumes with each act. The eyes must be incessantly interested and pleased. They are the "book"-maker's

judges. Scribe fulfilled all these conditions as no other author has done. If space did not fail me, I should like to take one of Scribe's grand operas and one of his comedy operas, and, by analysis of them and by comparison with other operas, put in strong light his rare and wonderful talents.

Another very interesting study is to be found in Scribe's novels. He had subjects which he could not put on the stage; so he used them for novels. Why were they suited to novels and unsuited to the stage? The study is attractive, and throws great light on the exigencies of the theater. Two young authors thought Scribe mistaken, and put one of his novels on the stage. When they asked permission to use it, he told them it did not fit the foot-lights. They insisted. He yielded with a significant smile. Their piece failed. It is the fashion in France to decry Scribe's novels even more than his plays. I think them charming, though blotted by sensuality.

Scribe comparatively failed as a ballet-writer. He was so intensely dramatic, he saw everything only in its dramatic point of view that he made his ballets too dramatic.

It may easily be conceived that Scribe was passionately fond of the theater and of everything that touched it. He spent every night (while in town) at some theater, and was more attentive to the play than any college boy could be. He studied it, analyzed its perfections, remedied its deficiencies, strove to discover how it might be improved. He sometimes was present at the performance of his own plays which he had forgotten, and he delighted to see how he had built them. He was constantly appealed to by dramatists to help them out of embarrassment. The authors of "La Favorite" could not put the "book" on its legs; Scribe literally re-wrote the piece, and with characteristic generosity refused to have his name appear on the bills or to receive one cent of copyright. The dramatists who wrote "Les Mémoires du Diable" could not for the life of them end the piece. At last they asked Scribe to help them. He read the play, smiled when he reached the end, and said: "Ring the bell!" The authors huzzaed. When they read it to the actors their enthusiasm scarcely knew bounds. The piece ran a hundred nights consecutively, and has time and again been revived. That catastrophe is really a stroke of genius. Read the play, remember the embarrassment of the authors,

and judge for yourself. The author of "La Revolte au Sérail" could neither make it stand, nor end it. They appealed to Scribe and he fitted it for the stage. Sixty or eighty other plays or "books" might be mentioned which Scribe in many instances entirely re-wrote without receiving honor or money; for he was a most obliging man, always ready to do a favor. He had, too, such talents for dramatic composition that it had no insuperable difficulties for him. He thought of nothing but the stage. He was always on the watch for subjects of plays, for characters, for phrases, for scenes. So he was silent in company, but all ears and eyes. Subjects of plays, and indeed of all works, are suggested by objects apparently the furthest from them. Douglas Jerrold saw schoolboys playing; "Just think, those happy, careless fellows may be doomed to some termagant for life," he said, and "Mrs. Caudle's Lectures" were found. Ludovic Halévy was at a friend's wedding. The priest ended the usual address to bride and groom: "So be ye united on earth until ye be united in heaven to be no more separated." He was all attention; "'united in heaven to be no more separated,'—why, she is a widow!"—he had but to write "Madame et Monsieur Cardinal." After Webster had made his great speech in the Senate in which occurs the poetical allusion to "God Save the Queen," an intimate friend, a brother Senator, asked:

"Webster, where in the world did you get that idea? Give me its history, wont you?"

Webster archly smiled as he replied:

"It was all extempore. It came to me on the spur of the moment."

"Oh, Webster! Don't tell me that—*me*, one of the *dramatis personæ*, here in the green-room of politics!"

Webster smiled again and answered:

"To tell you the truth: I was at Halifax some years since. I was walking on the sea-beach at sunset. As the sun went down behind the landward horizon, the evening gun was fired, the flag was struck and the band played 'God Save the Queen.' These circumstances as twilight came stealing over the waters made a deep impression on me. At first, for some time, my mind was but pensive; the thought that animated it floated formless and void upon it. The thought long haunted me. At last, by oft brooding, it took shape—the shape you saw to-day. I kept it by me to use when occasion came. In this debate the occasion

offered itself and I gave the thought to you."

The mind is man's master, not his slave, and reveals its wonders only at its own hours, in its own moods. The wise watch them.

Scribe, like all great workers, was an early riser. At five o'clock in winter, at four o'clock all the rest of the year, he was at his writing desk. He quitted it only at ten, when he laid down his pen. Then he went to the theater to superintend his own rehearsals, if he had a new piece forthcoming, or to talk with managers, actors or dramatists. Presently he visited, or he drove to Bois de Boulogne; after dinner he was again at the theater. He was punctuality itself in all of his engagements, be the subject visit or play. Managers and actors used to say: "The word of Scribe & Co. is as good as their bond." As soon as the lilacs bloomed he quitted Paris. His country residence to 1852 was at Meudon, which in those days was still country. Now his park is covered with villas, and the beautiful view of the river and the great plain beyond, which extends to Bois de Boulogne, exists no longer. Houses shut out the sight of the river; villages cover the plain. He bought a considerable estate near La Ferté-sous-Jouarre (a town which exports its famous burr-stones to every mill in the world), and when he sold his novel "Piquillo Alliaga" to "La Siècle," to be published in its *feuilleton*, he bought a forest with the \$12,000 given him for the novel, called the forest, Bois de Piquillo, and added it to his estate, Château de Séricourt. A public foot-path separated the forest from the rest of the estate. It was worth \$40. Séricourt village was \$800 in debt; Scribe gave \$800 for the path. He became elected a member of the village municipal council, put the village finances in excellent order, established a reserve fund, built school-houses, and organized benevolent societies. At his death there was not a pauper in the village. This country-seat was his hobby. He annually spent a good deal of money to improve it. He made three brooks in it, one he called la Rivière de Robert le Diable; the second la Rivière des Huguenots; the third, la Rivière de la Juive. An avenue he called after "La Sirène," another after "Le Prophète," and so on until each avenue, lane, lawn, bosky, bore the name of one of his pieces. Over his road-gate was a golden pen with this motto beneath: *Inde Fortuna et Libertas*—which he had long adopted for coat-of-arms and legend.

The last years of Scribe's life were disturbed by the systematic hostility of the majority of the newspapers, and of the younger literary men. Virulent efforts were made, and too often successfully, to drive his plays from the stage. He was accused of keeping young dramatists from rising. Actors rather shrank from accepting parts in his pieces, for most personal attacks were made on them wherever they appeared in Scribe's new plays. Again, a new school of dramatic literature was established, with Émile Augier, the younger Dumas, and Victorien Sardou for its masters. Their works *seemed* to have more body in them. Crinoline was worn on the stage as well as in society. I do not pretend that with Scribe, as with other magicians, "Waverley" was not followed, in time, by "Castle Dangerous." It is the law of life. I have, however, just read Scribe's last pieces, and I have found in them the same charms which make their predecessors so attractive; not one of the old spells had lost its power. Scribe had but to consider the place he held at the Grand Opéra and at the Opéra Comique, and the sale of his printed plays,

to disregard the noise and the numerous gnats, but gnats still, that annoyed his evening. By the way, it is interesting to note the prices fetched by his manuscripts at different periods of his career. "L'Auberge" was sold in 1812 for \$20, payable in books! "Le Comte Ory" brought, in 1816, \$80. "Valérie" commanded \$600 in 1822. He got \$900 for "Bertrand et Raton" in 1833. His price, ever afterward, was \$1,000 for a five-act piece. One of his last plays, "Les Doigts de Fée," was sold to Michel Lévy for this sum of money. The bill of sale was not written. The comedy was not as successful as had been expected. The morning after the first performance, Michel Lévy called on Scribe to pay the agreed price, and to get the manuscript. He put the money on Scribe's desk. Scribe pushed it away, saying: "No, I thought I had sold you a successful piece; I was mistaken. The bargain is at an end. Besides, you have not signed the bill of sale." Michel Lévy answered: "But hands were struck, and I insist that the bargain shall be executed. Here is the money. Give me the manuscript."

#### THE APPARITION OF JO MURCH.

It is no exaggeration to say that Jotham Murch was the worst boy in Old Man Potter's school. It was a town school, and the school committee of the selectmen were often at their wits' end to provide ways and means for the government of the unruly sons of fishermen,—boys who had no paternal discipline at home, as their fathers were usually at sea nine months in the year. There was Bob Weeks, for example, whose mother was such a termagant that her husband used to say that fishing on the Grand Banks was "comfortabler than stayin' to home." But even Mrs. Weeks could not wholly beat the spirit of mischief out of Bob, who put red pepper on the school stove, nailed down the lid of the master's desk, interposed with his fists whenever Old Man Potter attempted to ferule a particularly small boy, smoked a tobacco pipe under his desk, and did many other perverse and mischievous things. Then there was Bill Bridges, who set fire to the school-house; and Sam Snowman who stole the master's thermometer, and whose mother restored it with the tearful remark that she

didn't see "what possessed Sam to run off with that air pesky monument." It is not necessary that I should tell of Joe Triford, who made squirt-guns of the hollow metal pen-handles which were in vogue in those days, and who was a mysterious squirter of ink for four days before he was found out and handsomely "ropesended" on his bare legs by the enraged master. Most of these boys, and others like them, had been to sea at least one voyage, or had had one season's experience in fishing off St. George's, Chaleur Bay, or on the Grand Banks. It is said that the merchant marine and the United States navy draw, or used to draw, their best men from the ranks of these hardy New England fishermen. Perhaps so. But in my youth, at least, no more rough, quarrelsome and thoroughly heathenish young fellows ever infested a Christian community than were the majority of the fishermen's sons around Penobscot Bay.

Still, I will say that Jotham Murch was the worst boy in the master's school of Fairport. He was a fighter. He "sarsed" the big boys and then kept out of their way;

but the little boys and he were constantly fighting. He and I were of the same age and never came to blows but once, and that was when I had interfered in behalf of his younger brother Abe, whom Jotham was pounding to a jelly. Even at this remote period, I record with mortification the fact that I got one of the worst "lickings" which a boy ever had; but I am also proud to say that Jo emerged from the conflict in a state of raggedness and ruin which was startling. The remnants of his shirt, I remember, consisted of a stout unbleached cotton binding buttoned about his neck, and one sleeve, which his forgiving brother had picked up and saved for him. But not for this, not even for being obliged to shake hands with him before the whole school, do I bear Jo Murch any malice.

Before he was fifteen, he stole seven shillings and sixpence, New England currency, from his grandmother's light-stand drawer,—a circumstance which gave him the nickname of "Seven-and-six." During that period of adolescence, too, he fixed a big cod-fish hook on the backstay of a ship lying at the wharf, in such a manner that when a poor little chap, whom he had seduced into climbing into the main-top, attempted to escape by the usual way, he was cruelly caught by the leg. He blocked up the mouth of Fred Tilden's rabbit-warren and then deliberately stoned to death four of his white rabbits. As for tying kettles to dogs' tails, bringing cats surreptitiously into the school-room, loading sticks of wood for the school stove with powder, "telling on" scholars who played truant, mutilating the books of his enemies, and borrowing books which he never returned,—Jo stood at the head of delinquents charged with such offenses. He organized and commanded expeditions to plunder the scanty apple orchards of Fairport; and once he and three other kindred spirits subsisted four days and three nights, in the depths of the spruce thickets of the Blockhouse pasture on green corn, turnips and chickens ravished from the Light-house farm. It should be added that as a liar he was fertile, picturesque and unconscionable.

At the age of seventeen, Jo disappeared from Fairport, having gone to sea with his father, who commanded a square-rigged brig, famous in those coasts for flying at her fore a burgee with *George W. Murch* on it in large letters. Jotham shipped as cabin-boy, was regularly "ropesanded" by his father, and, smarting with pain and panting

for larger liberty, he deserted the square-rigged brig in the port of Surinam. From Havana, about six months afterward, he wrote to his mother for money to pay his passage home. That indulgent parent sent the required sum, but Jo did not return to Fairport. Years went by, and only at long intervals were there any tidings of him. At last he was definitely heard of as being engaged with a thrifty former citizen of Fairport, a timber dealer, in Pascagoula, Florida. It was understood that Jo had sown his wild oats and was trying to save money for his mother, his father, in the meantime, having been lost in a gale which wrecked the square-rigged brig, off the coast of Africa. Jo gradually worked his way north, the climate of Florida not agreeing with him; and when he was about twenty-two years old he established himself in the produce and commission business in Boston. His career there was brief. After a few weeks, he absconded with the proceeds of his sales, leaving consignors and shippers only an empty store and a small lot of unpaid-for counting-room furniture by way of indemnity. Meantime, I had left Fairport, and only when I returned on my summer vacations did vague rumors of Jotham's changeful adventures reach me.

Years slipped away, and now and then, like a reminiscence out of a very distant past, would come a report of Jo Murch's being seen or heard from in some foreign land. For example, my big brother Jack, who had then just risen to the command of a fine ship, was lying at Port Mahon, island of Malta, when he heard an altercation at the door of his cabin. Stepping out to see what was the matter, he found a very ragged and dirty man trying to convince the steward that he knew the captain.

"There, now," cried he, as my brother appeared, "that's Captain Rivers. Don't you know me, Jack?"

It was Jo Murch. The steward desisted from his purpose of putting the man over the side of the ship, and gave him up to the captain with obvious surprise.

Jo was forlorn and miserable. But his usual good spirits and impudence had not deserted him. He was at Port Mahon, he said, waiting the arrival of a rich cargo of goods from somewhere. The winds had been contrary; the ship was nineteen days overdue; his expenses were heavy; he had seen Jack's ship reported, and would Jack favor him with a loan of five dollars until the *Chariot of Fame* came in? She must



be in soon with this wind, and her cargo was insured for three hundred thousand dollars.

"I'll give you the five dollars," said plain-spoken Jack, "for you know you don't intend to pay me, and you know you never will. But I don't mind giving you five dollars, just for the sake of old times. I would do that for any Fairport boy that I went to school with, if I found him in foreign parts and low down as you seem to be."

Jo accepted the rebuke with great cheerfulness, and protested that he would pay "when his ship came in." Of course that mythical craft never sailed into Port Mahon, nor did Jack lay his eyes on Jotham while he staid there. Jack was fated to meet him once more, many years afterward, during the late civil war. His ship was then lying at Liverpool, embargoed on account of being partly owned by persons living in New Orleans and presumably rebel, as that city was then closed against Union arms and authorities. Jack chafed under this long and unprofitable confinement; but, though his ship was supposed to be rebel property, he was a furious Union man. He would defend the ship with his life, but he abhorred a rebel.

One day, after a year of idle waiting had passed, who should come on board but Jo Murch. During this long interval his adventures had been various. He had commanded a Russian transport during the Crimean war. He had engaged in trading along the coast of South America. He had done a large business in smuggling cigars from Cuba to Key West, and his present business in Liverpool was to buy a cargo of goods to run the blockade of Savannah. My brother, to use the common phrase, "opened on him" for being a rebel and a renegade,—a Northern man, honestly brought up in Fairport, and now upholding secession and running the blockade! It was disgraceful, so Jack said.

Jotham was not the man he was at Port Mahon, seven years before. He was flush of money, well dressed, and prosperous. He not only defended himself, but upbraided Jack in the most abusive terms. The South was right, and it was just such chicken-hearted chaps as Jack (who was tied up with a rebel ownership) who were responsible for the injustice done to Southern people. Jack could not answer this somewhat inconsequent tirade, but he would hear no treason on his ship. If Jo did not "caulk up," he would fire him out into the dock. Jo did not "caulk up." On the

contrary, he talked on excitedly about the wrongs of the South, until Jack, who is a tremendous fellow, seized him by the collar and the ampler part of his trowsers and deliberately threw him overboard. There was a great disturbance, of course; but Jo escaped with a ducking, while my brother was hauled up before a magistrate and fined ten pounds, which he paid with satisfaction, grimly remarking that it was worth the money.

Nothing more direct than this ever reached me from Jotham. He was reputed to have made several millions by his operations during the war, but when peace returned he did not come home with it to enjoy his gains. He settled in Havana, it was said, and married the widow of a sugar-planter. Perhaps it was the necessity of furnishing labor for his sugar plantations which drove him into his next venture; for, not long after this, we heard of his being in the slave-trade off the coast of Africa. This was too horrible for belief, and I could not, somehow, connect even the rapsallion who had been my seat-mate in the Fairport school, so long ago, with the slave-trade. But the story came very straight, and, as if to make it certain, there was a later report that Jotham Murch, formerly of Fairport, Maine, was hanged in Portsmouth harbor, England, for piracy, otherwise slave-trading. That, at last, seemed to finish Jo Murch.

In the hot summer of 1872, I went one night to my work in the office of the "Morning Clarion." Mounting to the fifth story of the rickety, stived building, I stood in the narrow door-way of the editorial rooms, dripping with perspiration and trying to recover my spent breath. From the dark nook where I stood I saw my associates and subordinates grouped about a strange-looking old man. He sat at my desk, with his feet—which were covered with shabby shoes—resting on my writing-pad. His head was quite bald, save for a few wisps of hay-colored hair which fringed its lower edge, like a forgotten aftermath on the margin of a meadow. His nose was flat, and destitute of a bridge. He wore shiny black trowsers and a colorless linen duster.

About this ancient mariner—for such he seemed to be—the young gentlemen of the office hung with manifest delight. The stranger was telling them a story. To my amazement, it was a tolerably faithful narrative of a disreputable adventure in which I had been engaged during my school-days, say thirty years ago. Somewhat nettled, as

well as bewildered, I emerged from the shadow and advanced into the gas-lighted room. One of the listeners said to the ancient mariner, "This is Mr. Rivers," whereupon they all scattered to their several desks. The ancient mariner took down his feet, and, with a gesture of surprise, said:

"Why, Bill! How are you?"

He made as if he would seize me by the hand, but I coldly drew back with:

"I can't say that I know you."

The forlorn-looking old man, whom I now saw was also nearly toothless, cried, with glee:

"I thought you wouldn't know me! Why, I'm Jo Murch!"

If the spirit of my grandfather, whose grave-stone in Fairport burying-ground was mossy when I was a school-boy, had risen through the floor of the "Morning Clarion" office, I could not have been more astonished.

In my surprise, I blurted out my instant thought—"Jo Murch? Why, I thought you were hanged in Portsmouth harbor!"

"Oh no," said Jo, blithely, "that was another feller. Just like you newspapers,—always getting things wrong end first!"

"Well, Jo, I'm glad to see you, anyway." And I trust that the recording angel dropped a tear of pity for poor Jo, as he wrote down this charitable falsehood. I was not glad to see this strange apparition. Jo Murch was a handsome, bright-eyed young fellow, a favorite with the girls, and a lady-killer when he came to man's estate. This aged person did not have Jo Murch's Roman nose, nor his fresh complexion, nor his upright carriage and elastic tread. He was bald, bent, seamed, brown, and broken-nosed.

"I never should have known you, Jo."

"No, dare say not; but *you* are as handsome and rosy and well fed as ever—eh, you fat rascal!" And he punched me in the stomach with a skinny finger. "I—well—I have had adventures since you licked me so like tarnation at Old Man Potter's school."

The associate editors giggled at their several desks, and the foreign news editor interrupted us to ask if he should set Gladstone's speech in minion, leaded, with a pica head, or run it up solid, with a brevier italic.

Jo's stormy and checkered career as a blockade-runner, slave-trader, smuggler and foreign mercenary, flitted mistily through my mind, as I directed Gladstone to be set in minion lead, with a brevier italic head and minion cap under.

Jo cocked his head on one side, with a parrot-like leer, and remarked:

"Old Man Potter would be mightily tick-

led to see you bossing Gladstone's speech. Don't you remember that time the old man tore your satinet trowsers off of you, trying to get at a good place to wallop you with his ferule?"

"Do ye moind if I set it in nonparel? I fancy it would be shuparior," interrupted the foreign editor. And there was another slight snicker of laughter around the office.

"You see, Jo, I'm pretty busy at this time of night. Come up to my lodgings to-morrow, and we will talk over old times." And Jotham went away with a promise to see me in Van Tassell Place, next day, between two and four in the afternoon.

"That gentleman seems to have been a great traveler," remarked one of my associates.

"Yes, and if you have any copy ready for to-morrow morning's paper, suppose you rush it upstairs."

And so the weary burden of the night was taken up again, and Jo Murch faded out of mind.

Next day, as the yellow heat rained into the cracks of my closed blinds, in Van Tassell Place, the housemaid knocked on the door, opened it, and said: "A quare-lookin' gentleman is axin for yez at the fut of the shtair."

With that, Jo's wrinkled and yellow face appeared over her shoulder, and he said:

"And it's meself, ye purty dear, that's just forminst yez."

The indignant girl darted a flash of scorn at the intruder, let him into the room, shut the door with a bang of disapproval and clattered down-stairs, but not until Jo had put his head over the banisters and cried:

"Fetch us up a pitcher of good cold ice-water, there's a nice girl. It's hotter than blue blazes to-day."

Jo looked even more seedy and worn by the gay beams of garish day than in the gas-light. As I regarded him attentively, it was impossible to discover a trace of the boy who had sat in the same seat with me in Sunday-school, and at Old Man Potter's. He was curiously bent in the back, his nose was abnormal in shape, and even his eye had a queer squint which was not so before. But there was no mistaking the air of easy impudence with which he tossed on the table a small wooden box which he carried, stripped off his linen duster, kicked his broken shoes into a corner, and threw himself on the sofa with the manifest intention of taking things easy.

"Hand me that fan, will you, Bill?"

Thanks; this is the hottest of the hot, I guess; hotter than old Mary Ann Hot. I have not seen such a day outside of Timbuctoo. I was there in '51. Ever in Timbuctoo? No? Well, it's hotter than New York."

"How long have you been in New York, and where were you from when you came here, Jo?"

"Oh, don't ask me now. It's too long a yarn. Wait till I get cool. By the way, have you any objection to my peeling off my pants? I could cool quicker in my drawers. Blame these black cassimeres, anyhow. I have to wear 'em this hot weather by the advice of my doctor. Legs, you know,"—and here Jo struggled with his trowsers, "legs must be protected at all hazards. I had a fever when I was in Leghorn. By the way, have you got a good cigar? I've got some first chop down to my hotel, smuggled 'em myself, and I ought to know."

Jo ensconced himself again on the sofa, half undressed, with a fragrant cigar in his lips, stretched at full length, and with his indescribable legs, which bore signs of a Leghorn fever, comfortably crossed.

"Great thing, Bill, this linen spread on a sofa in summer, and such summers as they do have in New York! By the way, how do you suppose I found out where you were?"

"I give it up," somewhat ruefully.

"Well, I saw a story of yours in the 'Picknickers' Magazine.' It had several Fairport names in it, likewise some reminiscences of Fairport school-days. Oh, don't you remember that time Alf Martin and I drove the skunk into Miss Dawson's school? My! how those girls did scud! I can see Almira Dawson now, hitching up her skirts and making for the tall grass. Let me see, where was I? Mozambique. Oh, no! I was telling how I found you. Well, I went to the office of the 'Picknickers'; stiff lot they are. They wouldn't tell where I could find you. Told 'em I was an old friend and all that sort of thing, you know; no go; could only find that you lived in New York. So I went to the 'City Directory,' looked among the R's; not many Riveses; found you were in the 'Clarion' office, and here I am—just as easy."

Jo at once made himself very much at home; helped himself to cigars from a box on the table; inquired if I had anything to drink; and, when he had stretched himself again on the sofa, with a fresh cigar in his lips and a big glass of ginger ale and ice within

easy reach, he sighed comfortably, and said that this was "really very tidy."

"Let me see—where was I?" murmured Jo, between puffs of his cigar. "Oh, I told you I would tell you where I had been. Dear, dear me, to think that you and I should meet again after so many years! Say, Bill, don't you remember that time when we had that fight down to the Back Cove, how I closed up one of your eyes with blue clay, as we were making marbles on the shore? Golly! what a walloping you gave me!"

"Beg pardon, Jo, 'twas I who got the walloping; but I do remember that I tore your clothes all off of you."

"So you did—so you did, Bill; and I remember that when I went home that afternoon I had to stand with my back against the fence when I met some of the girls, I was tore so awfully behind." And Joe kicked up his crooked legs and laughed so uproariously that the street-boys passing by caught up the strain, and ran away ha-haing with a mocking chorus. Joe heard it, and suddenly growing grave, said:

"How much worse the boys are now than they used to be when we were boys! Impudent, idle, thievish vagabonds! I suppose the boys of the present generation are the worst that ever were. By the way," he continued with animation, "were you a Union man during the war?"

"Certainly I was."

"So I supposed. Your brother Jack was a hell-roaring Yank. Why, I met him in Liverpool, where he was tied up with a part-rebel ownership, and when we ventured on a little discussion about the war, he threatened to chuck me overboard if I didn't caulk up."

"He says he did throw you overboard," said I.

"He says so!" screamed Jo, sitting up on end. "He says so! Well, I never!—Well, perhaps he did; I really don't recollect, it was so long ago." And Jo calmly settled back again.

"What were you doing in Liverpool during the war?" I inquired.

"Oh yes, I must tell you about that. You see, I was United States consul at Jacmel, West Indies, when the war broke out. My sympathies were with the South, and so I went into blockade-running. My position gave me lots of advantage over the other fellows, and we did a great business. Our vessels used to run into Jacmel with a full cargo, and wait for a good time when there

was no moon and we knew where the Yankee cruisers were. Then we would run into Charleston, Savannah, Mobile, or wherever we could do best."

"You must have had a big capital to operate with, Jo."

"I should say so. Why, our books used to show a business of five million a year. And then the fun! Why, hunting bears on Great Mountain was nothing to it. Don't you remember how you and I and Dave Patchin got chased by a bear, and we had nothing but a single-barreled gun between us? But in blockade-running you are chased by a man-of-war that may blow you to kingdom come with one shot, whereas a bear—give me a light, will you? Thanks. Well, as I was saying, being United States consul, I got the hang of the thing, and was just coming money. My share was five hundred thousand dollars, all in good gold coin. Then your confounded mean old government got after me. One day a sharp-faced Yankee from Rhode Island came into my office, just as I was lying back after settling up my profits of the last cruise. He said that he had been appointed to take my place. Reports of 'irregularities' had reached the State Department, he said. 'Irregularities!' Wasn't that good? I showed fight, of course, but he showed his papers and I had to surrender. And, come to think of it, it wasn't just the thing, you see, for a United States consul to be engaged in running the blockade, was it?"

"I should say that it wasn't."

"No, of course not; but then you see I was devoted to the South, and the end justifies the means, you know, and all that sort of thing."

"Especially when you are making half a million a year," I interposed.

"Yes," said Jo, with a sigh, "but that all went."

"All went? Did you lose it, after all?"

"Every stiver of it. After I was cheated out of my consulship I went on one or two voyages myself. It was on my first to Liverpool for a cargo that I fell in with Jack, when he threw me—I mean threatened to throw me—into the dock. On my second voyage into Charleston I was chased by the *Osceola* and the *Kittywink*, two United States gun-boats. We had an assorted cargo, worth four hundred thousand dollars. Ours was a side-wheel steamer, eighteen knots an hour, painted lead color, paddle-wheels twenty-five feet in diameter; greased lightning was nothing to her

for speed. I was on the bridge when the *Osceola* hove in sight, just coming around a black point of rocks on the port bow. I laughed, for I knew the *Osceola*,—an old tub, built in East Boston; never made more than ten knots an hour. So we streaked it ahead, the Yankee just about three points on our port bow, and plunging ahead as if she would cut us off. We left her just as easy as lying, when, all of a sudden, as she had fired a couple of shots, just to show how mad her people were, out runs from the darkness another gun-boat! It was the *Kittywink*. Where she came from, the Lord only knows. I had Seth Grindle with me. You remember Seth? The same fellow that used to steal apples and hide them in the fire-buckets in the school-house when we went to Cynthia Ann Rogers's school. Well says I to Seth, 'Seth, if that's the *Kittywink*, we are done for.' But Seth was clear grit. Says he, 'We may have to throw some of the cargo overboard, but we will never be taken alive.' So I told him to get the hatches open and everything ready to throw over the cargo, and we cracked on all steam."

"It must have been exciting."

"Exciting! I should say so. You should have seen that vessel of ours fly. And abeam of us, about a two miles and a quarter away, the Yankee gun-boat darted like a flash. Tell you what! she was a regular screamer. She bore down on us, never firing a gun, still as death, without so much as a light to be seen on board. We had a straight line; the Yankee had a long oblique one. But he was light and we had a heavy cargo. The little *Adger* just fairly trembled as her tremendous wheels went round and round. The *Kittywink* seemed to gain on us: she did gain on us. Then she fired a round shot across our bow, as a polite invitation to heave to. Of course we hove to! Seventy cases of Enfield rifles, the property of the Confederacy, went overboard. Old Sumter hove in sight, the stars and bars fluttering from its ruined wall. The gun-boat gained on us, when—'bang! bang!' went a couple of guns from Sumter. The Lord was kind to the Confederacy that night; for in three minutes more we were under the guns of the fort. We slackened steam, gave three cheers and leisurely paddled up to the city, the Yankee going off as mad as a wet hen, I've no doubt."

"So that was not the time you lost your ill-gotten millions?"

"Ill-gotten millions! Well, I like that;

some folks are so prejudiced. No, that wasn't the time, but it *was*, for all that. You see I was taken down with the infernal malarial fever they have at Charleston; couldn't go back on the *Adger* when she returned, as she did soon. Perhaps it was just as well, for she was captured by the *Kittywink*—bad 'cess to her,—and was carried off as a prize to Fortress Monroe. I saw her after the peace, turned into a pleasure-yacht for the Secretary of the Navy to go junketing around with. As I was saying, my sickness prevented my going back for nearly six months; and when I got out by the way of Savannah and Nassau, my precious partners had vamosed the ranch. They had left Jacmel with every dollar of company funds, and all I had was a bill of exchange on London for five hundred pounds. I never saw one of those partners afterward, except Hernandez, a big Spanish thief. I met him in Homburg two years ago, playing the part of croupier at one of the gambling tables. 'Why,' says I, with a jump, 'it's Hernandez, the thief!' He never so much as winked but went right on with his everlasting, 'Faty voo le joo, Messers.' But it was Hernandez."

Jo lighted another cigar. Then he went on: "By the way, Bill, who do you suppose I met once in the Crimea? Why, Sidney Price! He was the worst boy at Old Man Potter's school, I do believe."

"Oh, Jo, you do yourself injustice."

Jo grinned, and replied:

"The fact is, we all overlooked Sid's fault because he was a nigger. Niggers were scarce in Fairport in our time; none there but the Prices and Leather-belly Richardson."

Here Jo broke into a long laugh, during which he fell into a fit of coughing, rolled off the lounge to the floor, where he lay choking and strangling, much to my alarm. I raised him up and tried the old-fashioned remedy of clapping him on the back. As soon as he recovered his speech, he said, angrily:

"Don't do that! You are slapping me on my old wound."

"Your old wound, Jo?" I said. "How should I know you had any?"

"Yes, that's where a Spanish devil of a count ran me through with a small-sword. I fought a duel with the dirty beggar in Seville. Every time I catch a cold, it settles on my lungs, where the darned garlic-eater's toad-sticker went through. That's what makes me cough so."

"What was the duel about, Jo?"

"About a woman, of course. What is any duel about?" replied Jo, sitting up on the floor and relighting his cigar with a match which he had carefully scratched on the rosewood frame-work of my sofa.

"Let me see, where was I?" asked Jo, as he scrambled back to his seat. "Oh, we were talking about old Rich. Don't you remember how we used to yell 'Leather-belly! Leather-belly Richardson!' at him from behind a corner? How mad he used to get! He would drop his saw and saw-horse and go for us. I recollect how he caught you once and nearly pounded the life out of you until 'Libby and Snelgro' came along. You remember we used to call Charley Grindle, 'Libby and Snelgro,' because he used to tell that awful murder story about Libby and Snelgro to us boys. Dear me! I remember one night when we were scooting through the grave-yard after we had been stealing apples out of Mark Hatch's orchard, and Charley Grindle came along and made us sit down on Captain Skinner's grave-stone while he told us that confounded story over again. That was the night Jake Norton broke his front tooth out trying to bite through an apple with a pebble punched into it. Let me see, where was I?"

"You were talking about old Richardson, and meeting Sidney Price in the Crimea. What were you doing in the Crimea, Jo?"

"Yes, yes, so I was. Dear me! how these boyish reminiscences do come over a feller once in a while. Why, one time when I was in Norway, where I was after a cargo of lumber—but let me tell you about Sid Price. I had command of a French transport in the Crimean war, *La Magicienne*, they called her,—a perfect old tub about the size of the *William and Sally*, that old Snowman used to sail out of Fairport. You remember old Snowman? He had a one-eyed boy. But, as I was saying, I was discharging a cargo of shells and fixed ammunition at Kostenika, a little one-horse port in the Crimea. The Allies were investing Sevastopol, and the Turks were in a devil of a hurry for the French to come up. The French, you know, were always behindhand with their ammunition —"

"No, I didn't know that," I interrupted.

"Well, they were, and on this occasion a big swell-headed Turk, a bashaw of some kind, came off to the barque with a remonstrance or something written in first-rate Turkish, but not a word of which could I understand. Says I, after turning the paper



upside down and t'other side up: 'You go see admiral. He's boss. I no sabe this manifest, or whatever the devil it is. Go to admiral. Sabe?' The Turkey feller looked at me mighty hard, and says he to me: 'Jo Murch, as sure's I'm a livin' sinner!' Says I to him, says I, 'Leather-belly!' It was Porter Richardson's grandson, Sid Price."

"Oh, come now, Jo, that's an old story, fixed over. Ever so many men have told that of their old comrades," I remonstrated.

Jo put on an injured air and declared that it was the truth. Moreover, he added that Sidney Price had been cast away on the coast of Tripoli, in the barque *Arethusa*, of Fairport, that he had been sold into slavery, then taken to Pera, where he saved the life of a son of the Sultan by diving into the Bosphorus where the young man was drowning in a leisurely manner, after falling from a passing craft. Once free, Jo continued, the young negro advanced very rapidly in favor with the big-wigs, and, being about half white, passed for a Turk.

"And he reflected great credit on the Fairport town school," added Jo, "although I never shall forget how he used invariably to bound the kingdom of Portugal by Norway and Sweden, wiping out half of the map of Europe at one lick. And, by the way, don't you suppose your landlady would send you up a bite of something to eat if you were to ring for it—just a snack, you know? I'm devilish hungry. Hot weather always makes me hungry—does some folks, you know. I'm peculiar about that."

I rang the bell, and Bridget, opening the door, caught one glimpse of Jo, half undressed, with his heels in the air, as he lay on the sofa. She gave a little shriek with a suppressed giggle in it, and clapped the door to. Going out, I found her blushing over the banisters.

"The likes of that!" she said severely.

Giving the needed orders, I went into the room and found Jo laughing heartily.

"Just like those Irish girls! They put on more frills—why, when I was in London once —"

But I never heard the rest of the story, for Jo's eye catching sight of a water-color sketch on the wall, he rose hastily, and shuffling across the floor, gazed at it a moment in silence, and exclaimed:

"Why, that's San José de Gautemala, by the living jingo!"

"Certainly," said I. "What of it, Jo?"

"Oh, nothing," said he, throwing himself down again on the sofa. "Nothing. When were you there—for I suppose you sketched that yourself?"

"Yes; I was there in 1867, on my way to Panama, in a coasting vessel."

"Well, I was there in sixty-six. Don't you remember that invasion they had from San Salvador, that year? Oh, my eye! such a fight I saw!" And Jo rolled back and laughed until he coughed again.

"You see, he continued, there was first a revolution,—one of those one-horse revolutions, such as they get up in the Central American states any day for the amusement of visitors. See this nose?" asked Jo, sitting up and laying his finger on that organ. "Well, this is how it came about. One bright morning while I was in Chicoroso,—that little town which, you remember, is half-way between San José and the border of San Salvador,—I was lying in bed, wondering why Dolores did not bring my chocolate. Mine was a little adobe hut, with an oiled-paper window on the left of the bed, about three feet away, and the adobe wall close on the right. I was flat on my back, watching the rats running over the cloth lining of the ceiling overhead. Suddenly I heard muskets popping away outside, as if in the plaza, as they call the hole in the middle of the village where they dump their rubbish. 'Aha! a revolution!' thinks I to myself. I began to speculate whether it would be possible for me to make anything out of it, for I had bills of credit on Dreyfus & Co. for two hundred and fifty thousand reals, and could have bought up the whole contemptible concern if there was anything in it.

"While I was a-thinking, 'bang!' came a musket-ball through the window, crashed through the bridge of my nose,—half an inch lower, and it would have been good-bye, Jo Murch!—and buried itself in the adobe wall. Here it is, you see; picked it out afterward; I keep it for luck."

And Jo showed me a battered lump of lead, bright with the constant friction which it had received by being carried in his pocket.

"A narrow escape for you, Jo," I said, handling the flattened bullet. "Was it much of a revolution?"

"No; I was the only man wounded. The general-in-chief of the insurgents, a big, bare-footed greaser, with a ragged straw hat and no clothes worth mentioning, was captured by the government ragamuffins in the first rush. The 'insurgents,' as they called them, made a raid on the shop of a

German Jew, the only foreign trader in the place, and when both contending armies had divided the plunder, the revolution simmered down. By the way, that trader's name was Snelgro. Queer, wasn't it? Do you remember whether Snelgro killed Libby, or was it Libby who killed Snelgro, down in Fairport, years and years ago? Hokey! I just remember how I and you met Charley Grindle one day, when we were out hunting squirrels with bows and arrows, and how we sat down on a flat rock in Hatch's back pasture, while he told us the whole story about how Libby killed Snelgro, or Snelgro killed Libby, I've forgotten which it was; and when he got through he said, lifting up his own, 'And that's the gun he killed him with!' Golly! how it scared me! I was younger then than I am now. That was the second time he told us that yarn. But I believe he lied. He was an awful liar, Charley Grindle was."

Somehow Jo's reminiscences of our boyhood were not so entertaining to me as those of his later adventures. I gently led him back to Guatemala.

"Oh yes! Well, you see that is how my beautiful nose got damaged. 'Tisn't so bad, though, do you think?" And Jo went to the mirror, turned around so that the light might not spare his defective nose, smirked at himself, and added: "Well, anyhow, I've been married twice since that damage was done, and that's more than a good many handsomer fellows can say."

"Why didn't you bring a bill of damages against the government, Jo?"

"Damages! government!" echoed Jo, with disdain. "Why, you might as well sue a beggar as to sue one of them Central American governments. There never is any government; and as for trade, why, a canoe load of red peppers would swamp the market any day. Speaking of peppers, did I show you my sewing-machine? Here it is," and going to the table, Jo opened the little case which I had observed in his hand when he came in. It contained a little polished brass machine, with two or three wheels and pinions, and a needle.

"Look at her! aint she a beauty? There's cords of money in that. You can't begin to think of the amount of time and thought and money I've put into it. It does the work of one of those rip-tearing, clumsy things of Grover and Wilson, and in half the time, twice as good, no fuss, no breakage or the money refunded. Any child can work it, takes up only seven and a half

cubic inches, and costs only nine dollars. Say, old fellow, you ought to buy one of 'em for your Aunt Priscilla, just for a toy curiosity, you know. It costs nothing, and seeing it's you, I'll let you have it for the net price, seven dollars, which is only thirty-three per cent. above cost at first hands. Want one?"

I told Jo that my Aunt Priscilla hated sewing-machines, and could not abide the sight of anything that saved labor.

"Well," said Jo, with a sigh, "I was carrying this up to One Hundred and Sixty-ninth street, where I have a large order pending, and it's so bloody hot to-day that I thought I would leave it on you and go up there some other day. Why, while I was getting up this machine, do you know that Grimshaw, Bagshaw and Bradshaw, the great sewing-machine monopolists, actually bribed my clerks and stole my plans and models. Oh, I was telling you about that invasion of Guatemala, wasn't I now? By the way, these are darn bad cigars. Thanks! this does look better. Let me send you a box of Pumariegas, smuggled, you know. But we Yanks do enjoy a thing more for its being a leetle, just a leetle unlawful, don't we?"

Jo settled himself comfortably and took up the thread of his discourse. Guatemala, he said, had been invaded from San Salvador, and both "armies," consisting of about fifty men each, had encamped on opposite sides of the little town of Chicoroso, just at night-fall. During the night, one of the Guatemalan sentries accidentally discharged his musket. Instantly both camps were in an uproar and the firing was incessant. In the confusion each party imagined itself attacked, and each promptly turned and ran. When morning broke, the astonished citizens of Chicoroso found themselves without defenders or assailants. Both armies had run away during the night.

"But you should have seen the reception," continued Jo. "When the victorious army of Guatemala returned to the capital, the President went out to meet them with a guard of honor,—sixteen tatterdemalions with red flannel rags on their shoulders by way of uniform. The only casualty in the victorious army was one fellow who had sprained his ankle by being chucked off of a bucking mule. He wanted to get home to his wife, but they put him on a litter and covered him over with the Guatemala flag, while the President made a speech congratulating the brave defenders of the republic

on their glorious victory, and complimenting them for their prowess. You should have seen the poor devil with the sprained ankle. Two or three times he would try to escape, groaning and swearing horribly. But his comrades held him on the litter and caulked him up by cramming the flag into his mouth while the President went on about their 'heroic wounded.' Oh, it was as funny as a rag."

"Well, Jo, some of our own politicians organize 'receptions' and parades on the same plan, you know. People are pretty much alike, wherever you find them."

"That's so! that's so!" broke in Jo, who excitedly took another cigar as he went on to state the case. "Why, Bill, I've seen pretty much all there is worth seeing in this world; been everywhere, seen all races, and there's just two things that you can set down as fixed facts. In the first place, this is a dreadful small world. When you've been round the globe once or twice, it's surprising how little it seems. Why, when I was a boy, it was further from Fairport to Boston, to me, than it is around the world now. The other thing is, that folks are pretty much of a muchness, wherever you find 'em. There's philosophy for you, Bill; but I know. I've been there."

"You mean to say that human nature is the same in all countries and under all conditions?"

"Not only that, but folks are folks, whether you find 'em in Kamschatka or under the equator. I remember how I once laid under a babo-tree in Senegambia, and watched the little niggers at play,—native Africans, understand, not the American improved patent nigger, but the original article. I swear to you, Bill, those young Africans were playing the same games we used to play on the common in Fairport, years and years ago. There was 'High-spy,' 'Long-come-on,' 'Horum-a-goram,' and all the rest; and they had a ball-game just like our old round-ball,—not the highfalutin base-ball they play in this country. Base-ball hadn't been introduced into Senegambia when I was there," Jo added, with a chuckle.

"What were you doing on the coast of Africa, Jo?"

"Carrying passengers," replied my visitor with a quiet laugh.

"Was the passenger traffic profitable?" I asked. I suddenly remembered Jo's bad reputation as a slave-trader.

"Just pass me that bottle, and I'll give

you an example. It's a long story," and here Jo took a long drink, leaned over the sofa and carefully tucked the bottle underneath, settled himself comfortably and began:

"I was commanding the *Paul Jones*, a square-rigged brig, Baltimore built, and originally as fast as chain-lightning, but rather dull then. We had three hundred and sixty passengers on board."

"Negroes?"

"Niggers. Mostly black passengers on that coast. The third day out of the mouth of the Loando, we sighted her Britannic Majesty's ship *Gorgon*, hull down, but bouncing along with a free wind and all sail set. I knew the old devil the minute we raised her fore-to'-gallan'-s's; knew their cut. I laughed and said to Scotty—Scotty was my first mate, you see, born in Dumfries and a first-class sailor. 'Scotty,' says I, that old tub is a sailer, but the *Paul Jones* will leave her so far behind, before eight bells, that you will never see that flat to'-gallan'-s's again. Now, you mind.' And I meant it. It was a stern chase, you see, Bill."

"But why should there be any chase, Jo, I don't understand."

"Well, you see on them coasts, the Britishers have everything their own way, as it were. They've made a set of laws about carrying passengers, which they enforce dreadful particular. I tell you how. They allow so many passengers to the ton; more than that, when a feller's found with too many passengers on board of him, those meddling British frigates just lay alongside and make things uncomfortable with their blasted laws. Oh, they're just pizen, I tell you. But, as I was saying, I guessed I was all hunky, so we kept right on our course, having crowded on every stitch of canvas the old brig could carry. When, just as we were widening the distance between us so that the *Gorgon* began to sink below the horizon again, we struck a dead calm! You know how the wind flies in them latitudes?—just goes and comes in streaks. Here was the *Paul Jones* in a sea like a mill-pond, scarcely a cat's-paw on the surface. And there was the cussed Britisher with a seven-knot breezer coming up hand over hand."

"And your passengers, Jo?"

"That was it. They were first-rate chaps, those passengers. When the danger of our being overhauled first dawned on them, they were so much attached to me that they actually said they'd sooner go overboard than

get me into any trouble. Fact! they did. I said that that would be a little too bad. Really, I couldn't ask it of 'em. But matters grew worse very fast; and then, to think of the ingratitude of niggers! Do you believe it! they changed their minds and said they wouldn't go overboard; no, not for no money! What could I do? Of course, I got my back up at that and they walked the plank—the whole kit and caboodle."

"You don't mean to tell me, Jo, that you threw these people overboard?"

"Why, not exactly, you see. They had agreed to go over peaceably, of their own free will and accord, man-fashion. It was their own offer. I shouldn't ever have thought of it if they hadn't suggested it first. So they went over—for'ard, as they might have been noticed going over the side, and unpleasant remarks might have been made in the frigate. But it was growing dusk, and everything was serene in an hour or two. When the calm struck the *Gorgon*, she was two miles away, and it was almost dark. She kept by us all night, and when old Fuss-and-Feathers, her commander, sent his boat alongside next morning, at day-break, I showed him my papers, my cargo of palm-oil and ivory,—just a little stock, of course, but all regular,—and he had nothing much to say."

"So you actually threw those three hundred and sixty negroes overboard, Jo?"

"Oh no, don't say that. You exaggerate," said Jo deprecatingly. "I don't think there was so many; not more than three hundred and fifty odd, I'm sure. Besides, didn't I tell you that they agreed to go of their own free will and accord? *Que voulez-vous?* as the Frenchman says."

Here Jo picked himself up in a leisurely manner, drew on his trowsers, and, looking toward the little box on the table, said:

"So you wont take one of my machines to-day?"

I told him that I really did not want it; whereupon he dressed himself in a slow, musing manner, put on his hat, took his box under his arm, told me that it was like seeing a play to meet me again after so many years, bade me adieu and went out, shutting the door after him.

I was straightening out the linen sofa-cover where he had lain, and picking up the scattered disorder of the room, when the door suddenly re-opened and Jo, with a brisk and business-like air, came back.

"Say, Bill," he said, "I find I haven't got any change about me for my car-fare. Came away and left my wallet in my other breeches. Give me a little change now, and I'll drop in on you to-night and pay you."

"All right, Jo," said I. "How much do you want?"

"Oh, I guess a couple of dollars will do."

"But isn't two dollars a good deal for car-fare?" I asked, with sudden surprise.

"Well, you see it's such a deuce of a ways, away up to One Hundred and Fiftieth street, you know," replied Jo, smiling ruefully.

"Day-day!" said he cheerily, as he put the bank-note into his pocket. "I'll drop in on you at the 'Clarion' office to-night and bring you a box of those cigars, besides. So glad I've seen you!"

He went softly down-stairs, opened the street door, looked out into the hot street, now growing yellower in the declining sunlight, looked back at me with a ghastly smile, and closed the door behind him. As I never have seen or heard of him from that day to this, or knew of anybody who saw him after I did, I am not at all certain but what this was the apparition of Jotham Murch, hanged for piracy in Portsmouth harbor.

## SONGS.

### HAY-MAKING.

DAISIED meadows, fields of clover,  
Grasses juicy, fresh and sweet;  
In a day the wild bees hover  
Over many a fragrant heap;  
Windrows all the meads do cover,  
Blossoms fall, and farmers reap;  
In a month, and all is over,—  
Stored away for winter's keep.

## AN AUTUMN PICTURE.

Sky deep, intense, and wondrous blue,  
With clouds that sail the heavens through;  
And mountain slopes so broad and fair,  
With here and there, amongst the green,  
A maple or an ash-tree seen

In glowing color, bright and rare.

Green fields, where silvery ripples fade,  
With cattle resting in the shade;  
Far mountains, touched with purple haze  
That, like a veil of morning mist,  
By gleams of golden sunlight kissed,  
Seems but a breath of by-gone days.

And clover which has bloomed anew  
Since shining scythes did cut it through,  
And corn-fields with their harvest fair,  
And golden-rod upon the hill,  
And purple asters blooming still,  
And sunlight melted into air.

## FLOWN AWAY.

ON the bare, brown boughs before me,  
In the softly falling rain,  
Rests a bluebird; now, upstarting,  
See how suddenly she's darting  
Far away across the plain.

It was but a dash of color,  
Shown against a stormy sky;  
Only two blue wings uplifted  
Where the gray clouds slowly drifted—  
But they bore a song on high.

She is lost in misty darkness;—  
Will she pierce beyond the gray?  
Will she reach the blue behind it?  
Will she pause when she shall find it?  
Will she know it? Who can say!

## THE SNOW-BIRD.

WHEN the leaves are shed,  
And the branches bare,  
When the snows are deep,  
And the flowers asleep,  
And the Autumn dead,  
And the skies are o'er us bent  
Gray and gloomy, since she went,  
And the sifting snow is drifting  
Through the air;

Then, 'mid snow-drifts white,  
Though the trees are bare,  
Comes the snow-bird, bold  
In the Winter's cold;  
Quick, and round, and bright,  
Light he steps across the snow,  
Cares he not for winds that blow,  
Though the sifting snow be drifting  
Through the air.



## A NIGHT WITH EDISON.

A DESCRIPTION of the machine of Thomas A. Edison,\* for registering and reproducing sound, the phonograph, has already been given in this magazine. It is not necessary to amplify further upon its scientific aspects, or those ingenious speculations as to its future when perfected,—for it possibly bears hardly more the relation to what it will become than that of the early daguerreotypes to the best photographs,—with which every active imagination can supply itself. Some account, from a more personal point of view, of its inventor,—who bids fair to open a new period in the world's development, not only through his own discoveries, but on account of the immense stimulus, the fresh courage, he has given to the inventive impulse everywhere, it is believed, will be a not unwelcome supplement.

The invention has a moral side, a stirring, optimistic inspiration. "If this can be done," we ask, "what is there that cannot be?" We feel that there may, after all, be a relief for all human ills in the great storehouse of nature. We are not limited to the incomplete data for solving the problem of life already given; they are to be indefinitely extended. There is an especial appropriateness, perhaps, in its occurring in a time of more than usual discontent. It is a long step in a series of modern events which give us justly, in the domain of science, wholesale credulity. At the beginning of the century, the French Academy of Sciences reported to Napoleon, as to the feasibility of steam navigation, that it was "a mad notion, a gross delusion, an absurdity." At present such a thing as skepticism hardly exists. There were those who saw in the delusive Keely the basis of a tangible millennium,—a machine of enormous force and no appreciable cost of maintenance, to do all the work of the world in a few hours of the day, and leave the remainder for improvement and recreation.

Brilliant, almost incredible, as the phonograph is, it is so simple in its construction and process—the mere dotting of a cylinder of tin-foil with indentations, which become in turn the cause of the vibrations of the mouth-piece of which they were at first the effect—that one is not immediately, from

this alone, impressed with a profound reverence for its author, as for one who has carried through a long scheme of subtle contrivances. You are inclined rather to take him for a favorite of fortune—a sort of Columbus, who has hit upon the way of making the egg stand on end, which anybody might have thought of; that is all. We shall see how just it would be to take such a position; how far the element of luck enters into the success of a man whom Professor Barker calls "a man of herculean suggestiveness; not only the greatest inventor of the age, but a discoverer as well; for when he cannot find material with the properties he requires, he reaches far out into the regions of the unknown, and brings back captive the requisites for his inventions."

Thomas Alva Edison was born at Milan, in Erie County, Ohio, February 11, 1847. An obscure canal village of the smallest size, it was not a place where the advent of a genius would be looked for, if this elusive spark had the habit of appearing anywhere according to prescribed formulas. The village of Port Huron, Michigan, to which his family removed soon after, and where the greater part of his youth was passed, would not have afforded a better prospect. His family was an average one of the humbler sort. There were no unusual talents in any of its members upon which a claim to heredity of ability could be based. Of a number of brothers and sisters, none have shown an inclination toward pursuits like the inventor's own. He may have taken from his father—who was in turn tailor, nurseryman, dealer in grain, in lumber, and in farm-lands—some of the restlessness which has impelled him to activity in so many different directions. He took, also, a good constitution. This parent, of Dutch descent—a hale old gentleman, still living at the age of seventy-four—had two immediate ancestors who survived, one to the age of one hundred and two, the other to one hundred and three. It is a point not altogether unimportant to note in passing, since it holds out the prospect, in the ordinary course of time, for the matured completion of the wonderful programme the inventor has laid out for himself already, at the comparatively youthful age of thirty-one. His mother, of Scotch parentage, though born in Massachusetts, was of

\* "The Telephone and the Phonograph," SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, April, 1878.

good education and had formerly been a school-teacher in Canada. She imparted to him about all the instruction from outside sources he ever received. Of regular schooling he had no more than two months in his life. His schoolmates of this brief period do not remember him as brilliant, nor are there preserved family records of phenomenal infantile doings. But he was a child who amused himself much alone, and doubtless, if

with the rest, and gave, as it seems, the direction to his future action. One can imagine these works. It was not a time nor a place for fastidiously elegant bindings. They were serious in aspect; perhaps an occasional half-cover gone; the leaves well yellowed and stained with brownish spots. But to a boy of ten with the omnivorous taste, a book is a book all the same. He extracts a honeyed sweetness, as he bends



PUBLICATION OFFICE OF THE "GRAND TRUNK HERALD," EN ROUTE.

his quiet plays had been noted, there would have been detected indications of the faculty in which his extraordinary future career was involved. He was in particular an omnivorous reader. He had the intense curiosity about the world we inhabit and its great names and great deeds which will be found an early trait in common in almost all the lives that have histories of their own to leave behind them. At ten, he was reading Hume's "England," Gibbon's "Rome," the "Penny Encyclopædia," and even some books of chemistry, which came in his way

over it, which has nothing to do with accidents of appearance.

At twelve he began the world—as train-boy on the Grand Trunk Railroad, of Canada and Central Michigan. To one who has noted the precocious self-possession, the flippant conversational powers and the sharp financial dealings of the young persons who for the most part abound in it, it does not seem a profession for the cultivation of a spirit of quiet research, or the most thorough acquirement of the sciences and arts. But it is fair to presume that Master

Edison at this time had no very comprehensive scheme of development prepared. It offered the most available means of a livelihood. He went into it with such a will that in course of time he became an employer of labor, having four assistants under him for the disposal of his wares. He is not averse to recur to the humors of this part of his life.

"Were you one of the kind of train-boys," he has been asked, "who sell figs in boxes with bottoms half an inch thick?"

"If I recollect right," he replied, with a merry twinkle, "the bottoms of my boxes were a good inch."

There exists a daguerreotype of the train-boy of this epoch. It shows the future celebrity as a chubby-faced fellow in a glazed cap and muffler, with papers under his arm. The face has an expansive smile,—not to put too fine a point upon it, a grin. Yet there is something honest and a little deprecating in it, instead of impudence. He was, as will be shown, an eccentricity among train-boys, and was no doubt sensible of it. He looks like a fellow whose glazed cap a brakeman would touzle over his eyes in passing, while thinking a good deal of him all the same.

His peculiarity consisted in having established in turn, in the disused smoking-section of a springless old baggage-car which served him as head-quarters for his papers, fruits and vegetable ivory,—two industries little known to train-boys in general. He surrounded himself with a quantity of bottles and some retort stands,—made in the railroad-shops in exchange for papers,—procured a copy of "Fresenius's Qualitative Analysis," and, while the car bumped rudely along, conducted the experiments of a chemist. By hanging about the office of the "Detroit Free-Press," in some spare hours, he had acquired an idea of printing. At a favorable opportunity he purchased from the office three hundred pounds of old type, and to the laboratory a printing-office was added. It seems to have been by a peculiar, good-natured, hanging-around process of his own, with his eyes extremely wide open and sure of what they wanted to see, that his practical information on so many useful subjects was obtained. He learned something of mechanics and the practical mastery of a locomotive in the railroad shops, and acquired an idea of the powers of electricity from telegraph operators. With his printing-office he published a paper—the "Grand Trunk Herald." It was a

weekly, twelve by sixteen inches, and was noticed by the "London Times," to which a copy had been shown by some traveler, as the only journal in the world printed on a railway train. The impressions were taken by the most primitive of all means, that of pressing the sheets upon the type with the hands, and were on but one side of the paper. Baggage-men and brakemen contributed the literary contents. In 1862, during the battle of Pittsburg Landing, the enterprising manager conceived the idea of telegraphing on the head-lines of his exciting news and having them pasted on bulletin-boards at the small country stations. The result was a profitable venture, and the first awakening of interest on his side in the art of telegraphing, in which he was destined to play such a remarkable part.

During this time he continued his reading with unabated industry. His train carried him into Detroit where there were advantages he had never enjoyed before. An indication of his thirst for knowledge, of a *naïve* ignoring of enormous difficulties and of the completeness with which the shaping of his career was in his own hands, is found in a project formed by him to read through the whole public library. There was no one to tell him that all of human knowledge may be found in a certain moderate number of volumes, nor to point out to him approximately what they are. Each book was in his view a distinct part of the great domain, and he meant to lose none of it. He began with the solid treatises of a dusty lower shelf and actually read, in the accomplishment of his heroic purpose, fifteen feet in a line. He omitted no book and skipped nothing in the book. The list contained among others Newton's "Principia," Ure's scientific dictionaries, and Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy."

It could hardly be expected that so many active enterprises should be carried on without mishaps. Mishaps occurred and one was especially dolorous. During the chemist's absence, a phosphorus bottle rolled upon the floor and set the ancient baggage-car on fire. A conductor rushed in in a fury, hurled all of the eccentric, painfully amassed apparatus out of the place, and, by way of rendering the abatement of the danger more complete, gave the astonished scientist, editor and merchant a thrashing.

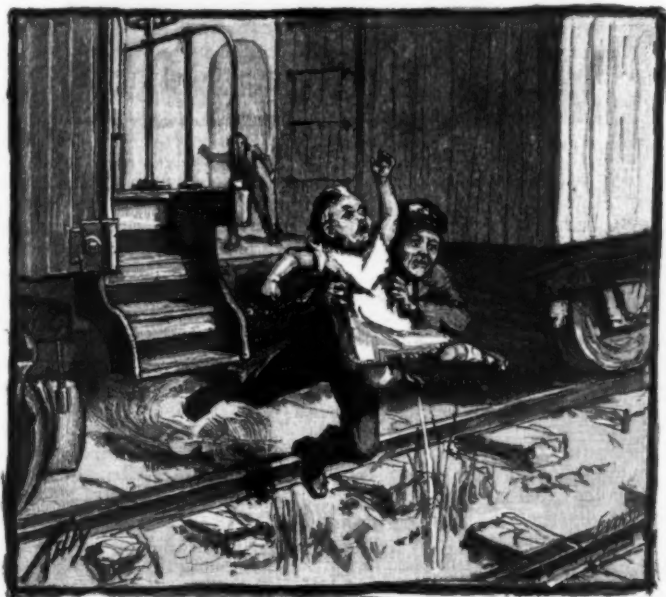
He seems to have had a genius for unlucky scrapes in these early times. He published a small paper called the "Paul Pry" at Port Huron, more nearly on the

regular plan. The articles, as before, were mainly contributions. The writers took advantage of their impersonality to make them peculiarly pointed. The young proprietor had the discouraging experience of being thrown into the river by the indignant object of one of them who had not time nor inclination for fine distinctions in the matter of responsibility.

Telegraphing, from the time he obtained a first rude insight into it, became more and more an engrossing hobby. He strung the basement of his father's house at Port Huron with wires. Then he constructed a short line, with a boy companion, using in the batteries stove-pipe wire, old bottles, nails for platina, and zinc (which urchins of the neighborhood were induced to cut out from under the kitchen stoves of their unsuspecting households and bring to him for a consideration of three cents a pound). His movements on the train were free and hardy. He had the habit of leaping from it, while it was going at a speed of twenty-five miles per hour, upon a pile of sand arranged by him for the purpose, in order to reach his home the sooner. An act of personal courage and humanity—the snatching of the station-master's child at Port Clements from in front of an advancing train—was a turning-

point in his career. The grateful father taught him telegraphing in the regular way. He tried shoe-making for a short time,—he had picked up this trade with others in some inexplicable manner; but it did not please him, and he shortly entered into his light work as a telegraph operator. From that time his interest in electric science has not varied. He has studied it intensely in all its forms. It constitutes the motive power of most of his long list of inventions. He even claims to have evolved from it a new principle, "etheric force," which sends a spark through twenty feet of air and has a peculiar action upon several chemicals, yet is imperceptible by the galvanometer.

His ready ingenuity is shown in an early instance of facile adaptation of the processes of his new profession to novel circumstances. One day an ice-jam broke the cable between Port Huron in Michigan and Sarnia on the Canada side, and stopped communication. The river is a mile and a half wide. It was impassable, and no present means existed of repairing it. Young Edison jumped upon a locomotive and seized the valve controlling the whistle. He had the idea that the scream of the whistle might be broken into long and short notes, corresponding to the dots and dashes of telegraphing.



THE RESCUE.

"Hallo! there, Sarnia! do you get me? Do you hear what I say?" tooted the locomotive, lustily.

No answer.

"Do you hear what I say, Sarnia?"

his idea of duplex transmission. The office changed hands, and he had created no better an impression than that he was thought a good man to get rid of, in the re-adjustment. At Louisville, in procuring some



STEAM TELEGRAPHY.

A third, fourth and fifth time the message went across without response, but finally the idea was caught on the other side; answering toots came cheerfully back, and the connection was recovered.

Edison's history for a number of these first years is chiefly a record of desultory wanderings from place to place, with the view of seeing the world, of procuring better wages, and very often, if the truth must be told, under the stimulus of abrupt dismissals from his positions for blunders or unpardonable negligences. At Stratford, Canada, being required to report the word "six" to the manager every half-hour to show that he was awake and on duty, he rigged a wheel to do it for him. At Indianapolis he kept press reports waiting while he experimented with new methods for receiving them. At Memphis, in 1864, he was first working out

sulphuric acid in the office at night for his own purposes, he tipped over a carboy of it, to the ruin of the appurtenances of a handsome banking establishment below. At Cincinnati he abandoned the office on every pretext to hasten to the Mechanics' Library to pass his days in reading. It would be gratuitously malicious to cite so many of these instances if they were thought to show a want of conscientiousness. They certainly could not be commended to the imitation of *employés* in general, but in Edison they seem to have been the result of an uncontrollable impulse. His inventions were calling to him with a sort of siren voice. Under the charm he was deaf and semi-callous to everything else.

In 1868 he appeared in Boston. In spite of his peculiar fashions of passing his time, he had become one of the most accom-





THE DUET.

plished operators. He overcame obstacles put in his way on account of a somewhat uncouth appearance, and soon took an important position. He had up to this time dallied with a number of the ideas he has since perfected, acquired a beautiful, small, rapid handwriting as clear as print, and gratified considerably his desire of seeing the world. He had once been upon the point of sailing for South America, from New Orleans, but had only been prevented by an accident. A new period commenced for him. Some small things of his succeeded,—a dial instrument for private use, a chemical note-recorder and others, and he began upon a vibratory principle of telegraphing. He commenced a great epoch in one's history,—to believe in himself. Up to this time he had not done so. "I did not think," he says, "that I

was competent." He was not successful, however, in an important trial of his duplex system, and was soon again adrift.

Edison came to New York in quite a disconsolate mood. But it was here that his brilliant success, the harvest of his long tillage of an apparently thankless soil, almost immediately commenced. He repaired the indicator of the Gold and Stock Company, which had got out of order at an important moment. His attention was turned to their apparatus, and he invented a printer of stock and gold quotations, which they at once adopted. He has a radical instinct which goes, in every piece of mechanism, straight to the underlying principle. As if it were an imprisoned spirit, he considers how best to release it from its trammels, or to make them the fewest possible. The spirit may



GOSSIP, BY THE MEGAPHONE.



THE TASIMETER.

be considered, if one chooses, an enchanted fairy who, grateful for the service, procures him fame and fortune. He was taken up by the Western Union Telegraph Co., and retained by the two companies at a handsome salary, to give them the first bid on all his inventions relating to telegraphy. Most of what he has done, as has been said, does relate to telegraphy. To give a little enumeration: he has thirty-five patents connected with chemical and automatic telegraphs, eight with duplex and quadruplex, thirty-eight with telegraphic printing, and eight with emendations of the ordinary Morse register. The duplex system—the possibility of sending two messages at the same time by the same wire—had been

ridiculed. The incredulous soon had the opportunity of seeing four messages going at once by the same wire—the quadruplex system. The explanation is, as all the world knows, in the existence of different electrical properties, which can be called into action on the wire at the same time without conflict. The inventor talks cheerfully of a sextuplex to come.

The ex-train-boy has arrived at an almost fabulous success. The Western Union Company are said to have paid him \$100,000 for his invention, the carbon telephone, and nobody knows what for the quadruplex system, and the others that they have taken. He is said to be in receipt of \$500 per week in royalties for the exhibition of the phonograph

alone. There is hardly one of his long list of patents which has not answered its purpose, and does not bring him returns. Everything in this last period has been on a great scale. He has spent \$400,000 in his experiments and researches. At Newark he manufactured his stock-quotation printers, with a force of three hundred men. The business was not to his liking, as, indeed, no pursuit is which does not include the active evolution of new ideas. He took formal lessons in chemistry here, for the first time. He married, too, a Newark lady, Miss Mary Stillwell by name; but in 1876 sold out his machinery and removed to Menlo Park.

It is time that we arrived at the man himself. Menlo Park is one of the newer stations on the Pennsylvania Road in New Jersey, an hour's ride from New York. It is the merest hamlet,—half a dozen houses in shades of yellow ochre and chocolate, and of the usual suburban type. Edison's own is one of the best,—comfortable, but without a trace of ostentation. If one has come without preconceived notions, he looks about with some surprise, as the train rattles off along its broad tracks, and leaves him at the quiet station, with only the bees humming and a warm air bending the clover-tops. It hardly seems a spot for the origin of mysterious new forces which are to revolutionize science—for this is to be especially noted in these radical new discoveries: their part in preparing the way for new classifications of knowledge, for the summing up of the vast accumulation of matters and of all the forms of force in a few simple generalizations, which the human mind may grasp and save itself from a deluge that threatens to overwhelm it.

The ground falls, behind the station, to a meadow, and rises steeply in front. Near the crest of the long slope, at a distance from the houses, surrounded in a large, treeless yard by a low fence, is an elongated, white, wooden building of two stories, with a piazza on the gable end facing front. It might be a school-house, or a meeting-house, or—seeing the number of respectable men that pass in and out of it at noon, for instance—a town-hall of some kind, in which a meeting of tax-payers is in session. Doubtless the inventor's laboratory is in one corner of it. But the inventor's laboratory is in the whole of it, and twenty-eight by one hundred feet in extent as it is, it is so contracted that the plans for a larger edifice, of brick, are already in hand. A collection of valuable running machinery and tools for

every delicate operation, with the office and draughting-room, occupies the lower story. A force of thirteen skilled mechanics is busy there. Above, a long, unbroken room has working-tables from distance to distance, littered, as is the floor, with batteries, magnets, retorts, and apparatus of unknown forms and uses. The whole extent of the walls is lined with shelves, containing a museum of smaller apparatus, but, for the most part, an interminable background of chemicals in jars.

Of the number of persons in the laboratory, remark principally the one you may have least thought of selecting, from the informality of his appearance. The rest are but skillful assistants, to whom he is able to commit some experiments in their secondary stages. It is a figure of perhaps five feet nine in height, bending intently above some detail of work. There is a general appearance of youth about it, but the face, knit into anxious wrinkles, seems old. The dark hair, beginning to be touched with gray, falls over the forehead in a mop. The hands are stained with acid, and the clothing is of an ordinary, "ready-made" order. It is Edison. He has the air of a mechanic, or more definitely, with his peculiar pallor, of a night-



MAKING CARBON.

printer. His features are large; the brow well shaped, without unusual developments; the eyes light gray; the nose irregular, and the mouth displaying teeth which are, also, not altogether regular. When he looks up his attention comes back slowly, as if it had been a long way off. But it comes back fully and cordially, and the expression of the face, now that it can be seen, is frank and prepossessing. A cheerful smile chases away the grave and somewhat weary look that belongs to it in its moments of rest. He seems no longer old. He has almost the air of a big, careless school-boy released from his tasks.

If the visitor be one of those who have known Edison only by the phonograph, a series of startling surprises awaits him in the tour of the curious laboratory which he will hasten to make. Here lie the dismantled portions of the "megaphone,"—a great speaking-trumpet and two ear-trumpets, which in use are to be mounted together upon a tripod. Provided each with such an instrument, two persons converse in an ordinary tone some miles apart. "From the hollow yonder behind the red-roofed house," says the inventor, pointing over the pleasant rural prospect, "a whisper can be heard." The disadvantage of the apparatus at present is that it collects irrelevant, intervening sounds, even the twitter of birds and the munching of cows in the grass coming into it, as well as what is designed for it. For this reason it can be tested best of still nights. No doubt there are inhabitants of the vicinity who, hearing strange whisperings at midnight, and perhaps catching glimpses of figures gliding, with lights and equipments of vague, ominous import, have been satisfied to leave these phenomena uninvestigated, and have turned back with a re-awakening interest to anecdotes of the doings of the powers of darkness—if, indeed, they did not dream.

Here is the project of the *aërophone*, the



3 A. M.: GOING HOME FROM THE SHOP.

great voice, two hundred and fifty times the capacity of the human lungs, which is to shout from light-houses, from ships at sea, from Bartholdi's statue towering god-like above our harbor. Its principle is simple, with a simplicity that constitutes a part of the greatness of these inventions. There is a mouth-piece as in the telephone and phonograph, but the vibrating disk here, instead of breaking and closing an electric circuit, as in the one, or dotting a sheet of tin-foil as in the other, flutters the valve of a steam-jet which takes the tones of the voice and sends them on to the limit of its capacity. Again, we make drawings and autographic writings with the electric pen. It is a steel point vibrated by a small battery, and cutting the writing through the paper, which may then be used as a stencil for hundreds of impressions. There will be a tool on the same principle, with a diamond point, to act like a sand-blast for engraving gems.

Next, we come to an electromotograph which proceeds by the difference in friction of a metal tip upon certain chemically prepared papers and would have supplied the place of an electro-magnet if it had not already existed. Then we turn to a harmonic engine, a tuning-fork electro-magnet two feet six inches long, which will pump, if put to such use, three or four barrels of water a day at a cost of almost nothing. There are systems of chemical telegraphic printing, and one by which the sender of a message is to transmit his own handwriting; the writing is in a white ink which rises in strong relief from the paper. An apparatus for the use of the blind who read, as is known, by the touch, is projected also from the same material. There exist already, or are in progress, an electric shears for cutting heavy materials; an electric engine for embroidering; others for revolving the limes of calcium lights and the goods in a show-window; a talking box; a flying bird, to go a thousand feet; and a phonomotor, in which a wheel which resists the force of the hardest blowing is revolved easily by the sound of the voice.

These are examples taken at random. They show, whether actually realized or yet in embryo, the character of studies going on in what it is fair to call one of the most remarkable places in the world. The man lacks our profoundest respect no longer. It has been seen that his success is not a case of luck, in a single direction. There is nowhere such another ingenious mind, but there is also nowhere such a worker. When in search of some special object he allows himself absolutely no rest. At Newark he mounted to the loft of his factory with five men, on the occasion of the apparent failure of the printing-machine he had taken a contract to furnish, and declared he would never come down till it worked. It took sixty hours of continuous labor, but it worked, and then he slept for thirty. The routine of his day is a routine of grand processes and ennobling ideas. Nowhere else probably would such a day be possible. There are not fortunes, if there were capacity, to carry on the business of pure scientific research on such a scale. His whole great establishment is occupied not in manufacturing, nor primarily in projects for profitable returns,—though these follow,—but in new reflections, new combinations, in wrestling from Nature inch by inch the domain she would have kept hidden. He comes in the morning and reads his letters. He

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overlooks his men and the experiments of his assistants. The element of hazard enters into these somewhat. There are a great number in progress,—the action of chemicals upon various substances or upon each other, or the phenomena of substances subjected to the various forces at command. Strips of ivory, for instance, in a certain oil in six weeks become transparent. A globule of mercury in water, then with a little potassium added, takes various shapes for the opposite poles of the battery, retires coquettishly or is attracted, forms in whirlpools, changes color, or becomes immobile. There is no use at once for these results, but they are recorded in voluminous notebooks. When the proper time comes they are borne in mind; some one of them may form the connecting link in the chain of an invaluable discovery. Then perhaps he tests for the thousandth time his carbon telephone for new perfections, and then goes on carrying forward a step each of the works in progress, or becomes wholly engrossed, according to his mood, in one.

In spite of the fact that the motive of his retreat to Menlo Park was in good part to escape them, numerous visitors arrive. It is the Mecca of a continuous pilgrimage of scientists, reporters for the journals, and curiosity-hunters. Yesterday a troop of one hundred and seventy-five persons brought by a gentleman who had asked the privilege of presenting a few friends,—to-morrow a special train of visitors from Boston is announced. He receives all affably, submitting himself and his inventions to be gazed at without reserve. One wonders, next to his phonograph, at his good humor.

"Still, I shall blow up somebody yet," he says, laughing. "I am considering the idea of fixing a wire connecting with a battery that knocks over everybody that touches the gate."

He sits down at the phonograph, fixes a double mouth-piece to it and summons one of his assistants, while another places himself at an organ in the corner. They sing in two parts "John Brown's Body." As the sonorous music rises and fills the long apartment, one gazes musingly yet with a secret thrill. It is like assisting at some strange, new rite,—a martial chant of rejoicing in the greatness of a new era full of sublime promise and the dissipation of mysteries.

But it is at night that the great inventor is to be seen in his most characteristic aspect. He has the habit, acquired through the necessity of gaining solitude, of doing then his most important work. It is not till



midnight merely that it continues; it goes on far into the small hours of the morning. Then more than ever does the business in progress, the discussions entered upon, the speculations, the news reported, take an inspiring character that gives the ordinary matters of life a cast of puerility. It is a question of planets, of splendid forces, of essential essences. One seems to be at a point where a hand is placed upon a lever connecting with the very heart of things. The writer has had the privilege of spending one of these nights at Menlo Park and cannot fail to look upon it as a unique and memorable occasion. The combination which is certain to come of the three instruments—the telephone, to transmit the message, the phonograph to receive it, the aërophone to proclaim it aloud at any distant time or place—is discussed. We talk about the microphone, which is to sound what the microscope is to sight; about the combination proposed by Dr. Phipson of the phonograph and kinctoscope, by which a phonographic image is to move and seem to talk. The long building on the hill is a singular spot of energy in the lonesome country sunk in repose. The crickets and tree-toads are chirping in the thick darkness outside. Within, the lamps burn steadily, raising the temperature, and the machinery plods on with a patient rumble.

An apparatus in progress, of immense importance,—a device for resolving sound into its constituent elements, as light is analyzed by a prism,—is brought out. A gentleman of New York has already found a philological use for the phonograph in proposing to preserve with it Indian dialects, like those of the Senecas and Tuscaroras, which are ready to disappear with this generation. But this sound-prism, to call it so, if it can be perfected, opens a way for philology to reduce to a few simple formulas speech of every variety, and would render a scheme of universal language by no means chimerical. We sit down and watch the action of a carbon thermo-pile thermometer, called the tasimeter, which detects one-twenty-four-thousandth of a degree of Fahrenheit, and is capable of yet greater delicacy. The sensitiveness of the carbon, on which it is based, was discovered by accident while experimenting with it for the telephone. Thus human progress avails itself of a new discovery like a ladder. It mounts and draws up its ladder after it and mounts again.

We go to where the preparation of these

carbon buttons is in progress. The material is taken from lamp-chimneys in which the wicks are trained to smoke as much as possible and is afterward solidified by a powerful pressure. The inventor, bending solicitously among a dozen lurid lamps, ranged upon a brick fire-place overhung by a canopy, with the dark wreaths twisting about his head, has for the moment a wizard-like air. One might imagine him engaged in conjurations, summoning occult powers to his aid. But for the most part his air is as far from wizard-like as possible. As the night goes on, his hair is more than ever tumbled over his eyes and his appearance more nonchalant. It is much after midnight now. The machinery below has ceased to rumble and the tired hands have gone to their homes. A hasty lunch has been sent up. We are at the spectroscope. Suddenly a telegraph instrument begins to click. The inventor strikes a grotesque attitude, a herring in one hand and a biscuit in the other, and with a voice a little muffled with a mouthful of both, translates aloud slowly the sounds intelligible to him alone: "London, May—. News of death of Lord John Russell premature. John—Blanchard—whose—failure—was—announced—yesterday—has—suicided—[no, that was a bad one, *succeeded*—]—in adjusting—his affairs—and—will—continue—in business."

A late moon has risen, and we pass out upon the balcony, to which a telescope is fixed, and gaze—most inspiring exercise of all—at its white vermiculated surface and the full starry heavens. It is after two in the morning. The others show fatigue, but the host is more animated than ever. It is at this time, in a feverish exaltation arising from the long night vigils, that some of his best inspirations come to him.

Some idea of the physical aspect of the man and his surroundings has, it is hoped, been conveyed. A word or two still nearer to his real personality. Morally, there are no relations, so far as is known, in which he is not exemplary. Sober and industrious, he has always had the virtues attaching to these qualities. He disclaims a mathematical mind, and even asserts that mathematics have been distasteful to him. However this may be, it is a mind of the keenest logic, of power of concentration and ability to hold at once long chains of connected processes. It is a radical mind, with a certain biting quality; it takes hold intensely, like an acid. He accepts nothing

upon authority alone. He denies, for instance, a part of the Newtonian theory of gravitation, and holds that motion is an inherent property of matter; that it pushes, finding its way in the direction of least resistance, and is not pulled.

In literature of the imagination, his liking turns to books depending for their interest upon exalted and romantic ideas or ingenious plots,—a kind of work in which one finds a certain resemblance to his own. He is fond of Hugo, Bulwer, Jules Verne—of the latter of whom his own feats go far to make a prophet rather than a rhapsodist. He has an excellent principle in literature. He had rather read one good book a dozen times than a dozen books. He does not profess to be a student of men, either in life or books. Consequently, such writers as Thackeray, George Eliot, Dickens, have a less attraction for him. His machines, the elements that serve his purpose, the constituents of nature, are his characters, and have for him the most engrossing interest. It is one of his axioms that all substances have an intelligence proportioned to their wants. "Else why," he asks, "will a potato-yine travel one hundred and fifty feet in a dark cellar, and rise, against the law of gravitation, to seek a ray of light?" He has great heaps of notebooks which, technical and abstruse as they are, send one's thought for a moment to Hawthorne. Engaged as he is, he might be called a Hawthorne whose personages are chemicals. It is the study of both alike to place their characters in unusual circumstances and watch the result. As to the phonograph itself, when he talks to it scraps of German, Spanish, Latin,—for he knows something of them all,—when he shouts to

it: "Well, old Phonograph! how are you getting on down there?" And it answers back in its grumbling or spiteful metallic tones, it is difficult to rid one's self of the notion that there is indeed an elfish personality there which has its own views of things and must be considered in its feelings.

Of the men of prominence with whom his position has brought him in contact, Edison speaks with the most respect and warmth of the scientists. He finds them more simple, unselfish and high-minded than any others. He describes his interviews with Sir William Thompson, and dwells with interest upon his bad hat and not very good clothes.

It may be asked how he amuses himself. He invents. What is his object in life? To what is he looking forward when he shall have accumulated an enormous fortune? Simply and always, to invent. If he worked hard while in obscurity, his exertions, now that everything is at hand to make the labor efficacious, are redoubled. It is not luxury that tempts him. He does not indulge in it. Nor is it public approbation, to which he is good-humoredly indifferent. He is a burning spark of inventiveness, and that only. He has called his children, one Dot, the other Dash, after the symbols of the telegraphic alphabet. He wishes to produce something at least as good as the phonograph every year.

It is three in the morning, and a late hour even for so tireless a mind. The flaring windows cease to mock the rural darkness, and the long building is outlined only against the sky. The air is cold, and the tall grass dripping with dew. The inventor circles one eye with his hand, to gaze through it at the stars, and goes stumbling down to his house over the clouds.

## OUR PATENT-SYSTEM, AND WHAT WE OWE TO IT.

WE are a nation of inventors, and every invention is patented; yet, curiously, there is no subject quite so void of interest to the average "gentle reader," as patents and patent-rights. Why, it is hard to say; for there is no factor of modern civilization that comes home to every one more constantly or more closely. Indeed, in their ubiquity and unresting action, patents have been aptly likened to the taxes which Sydney Smith described as following the overtaxed Englishmen of his day from the cradle to the grave. Does the comparison hold as

well, as some assert, in respect to burdensomeness?

It is not to be expected that an institution which enters so potently into our life-conditions as the patent-system does, should be, in all its workings, invariably beneficial. Human interests are very conflicting. The sunshine or the rain that makes my harvest sure may spoil yours; and, as with the forces of nature, so with human contrivances. They must of necessity go contrary to our wishes sometimes. The most we can reasonably ask of any social or govern-

mental plan is that it shall be, in the main and in the long run, clearly beneficent. If the good it does more than balances the evil that attends its working, and if there is nothing at hand that can serve us better, the part of wisdom is to make the best of it, changing, if at all, only with a view to improvement. From this stand-point let us examine the objections raised against this system.

Patents for inventions are based on the theory of intellectual property,—that is to say, the right of men to own and control the creations of their minds, not less than the work of their hands. To this it is objected that there can be no such thing as property in ideas,—that the notion is an absurdity, and the attempt to enforce the alleged right a restriction of common rights. Others say that a patent is nothing less than a monopoly, and monopolies are a relic of barbarism, justly odious to all civilized men; that letters-patent are no better than letters of marque, to allow the holder to prey upon honest industry, and that not the industry of enemies and foreigners, but of his own countrymen. It is further objected that patents increase the price of commodities; that by encouraging the invention of labor-doing or labor-saving inventions, they take from the artisan his only means of earning a living, and by lessening the demand for skilled labor and individual intelligence they tend to sink the man in the machine; that a patent allows one man to step in and say that other men shall not carry on their business in the best way; that by patenting an invention we practically tie up the idea involved and stop the whole course of thought in that direction, thereby interfering injuriously with intellectual activity; that by the conventional reward which patents offer we give an unnatural impulse to the inventive faculty, and so destroy the natural equilibrium of men's capacities, and foster a fanciful turn of mind at the expense of thoroughness and a patient working out of sound ideas. The last very comical objection has been gravely urged by an Englishman, who, for a horrible example, pointed to the United States, where, he said, "the factitious value attached to invention has tended to produce an almost total sacrifice of solid workmanship to flimsy ingenuity."

The sole object for which patents are granted is the advancement of the useful arts, through the making and speedy publishing of inventions. The patent-system seeks to secure this double end, not by di-

rectly rewarding inventors, but by recognizing their exclusive right to the use and profit of their new ideas for a term of years, in return for which recognition each inventor makes public an explicit description of his invention or discovery. The opponents of the system assert that it is no part of the duty of the state to advance the arts; that inventors do not need to be encouraged in this or any other artificial way; that patents do not encourage inventors either to make or to publish their inventions; that patents destroy natural competition in the arts, and thus tend to weaken the natural impulse of men to make improvements; that patents do not reward inventors uniformly or in proportion to their merits; that they throw difficulties in the way of invention, and so hinder and annoy inventors; and contrarily, that they lead to an excessive development of the faculty of invention, and impel men to waste their time in profitless experiments. But the saddest of all the objections we have met was that of an eloquent and sympathetic Frenchman, who complained that patents give undue advantage to their possessors, "making a golden bridge for him who enters the arena with arms more subtle and more finely tempered than those of his adversaries." This reminds us of the tender-hearted boy that wept over the Bible picture for fear that there would not be enough of Daniel to go around.

It is still further urged against the patent-system that, through its action, we discriminate against native industries and play into the hands of foreign manufacturers; for, having no inventors' royalties or license fees to pay, they can sell so much the cheaper, and thus command markets that otherwise might be ours; also, that many large users of patented inventions—railway companies, for example—find it unprofitable to do without, and very burdensome to pay for, the inventions they need; and that, while the infringement of patent-rights is apt to be expensive, it is a great trouble to manufacturers and others to keep track of the operations of the patent-office so as to know whether the devices they want to use are patented or not. Finally, it is claimed that patents are inconsistent with the spirit of the age; that some of the leading statesmen and savants of Europe have declared against the policy of issuing patents, and that in Switzerland the utmost freedom of trade in ideas—the unrestricted seizure of the inventions of all nations without payment

therefor—has been a winning game for the masters and artisans of that thrifty little state.

In view of all this, does it not seem a little remarkable, to say the least, that, with our extremely liberal patent-system and two hundred thousand patents in force, we should have any industries at all?

Happily, many of these plausible objections are mutually destructive, and we may be sure that the rest will appear less formidable when tested by the logic of fact; for this reason, if for no other: that the industrial progress of modern times has been coincident with inventions, and inventions have coincided geographically with patent-laws; still more, they have been locally numerous or the reverse in proportion to the liberality of those laws.

Assuming—with all proper deference to the pope, the Turk, and the socialist—that our modern civilization is in the main a good thing; and admitting that inventions rank among the chief factors of our civilization, at least in its material aspects, we must further admit that they are in their grand results, if not in all their details, good and worthy of being encouraged. And, as a matter of common honesty, we must also admit that, if inventors have any property rights in the fruits of their genius and toil, such rights ought to be respected. Whether the patent-system provides a proper and sufficient method for encouraging invention and protecting inventors' rights, can be determined only by a study of the threefold influence of patents on invention, on industrial progress, and on public prosperity.

Accordingly, let us inquire how patents affect inventors; how they affect large users of patented appliances and processes, as, for example, farmers and manufacturers; how they affect the laboring classes; finally, how they affect social conditions generally, by changing the scope and cost of the necessities, conveniences, and luxuries of life. If space permits, a few words may be added with regard to the advantages of a patent-system that favors every grade of inventors, as the American system does, by its accessibility, cheapness, and liberality.

It may not be amiss to say here that a patent is nothing more than an official certificate that the patentee claims to be the inventor of some thing or process that is new and useful, and that, with the evidence in the possession of the patent-office, there is good reason to believe the claim to be a just one. In no sense is the patent a reward for invention, nor is the patent-system in any

way to blame if the inventor derives no benefit from his invention. The patent-office merely registers and publishes the claim; the courts must confirm its validity, in case the claim is disputed. In the vast majority of cases, the presumptive right of the patentee to the absolute control of his invention for the specified term of years, goes unchallenged. Does the patent create that right? So the opponents of the patent-system assert; but the truth is quite the contrary. The right exists by virtue of the inventor's act of creation. The patent defines the nature and scope of the ideal property, and at the same time limits the period of its exclusive enjoyment. It is a case of give and take, in which the chief concession is made by the inventor. The time will come when patent-rights will be limited only by the natural life of inventions,—which is shorter than most people imagine,—just as other property rights are; but for the present the status of intellectual property is so insecure that great concessions have to be made by the owners of such property to popular barbarism.

In respect to the rights of intellectual property, public opinion is, in fact, not much above the level of the socialistic plane in respect to material property; and many a man, who realizes keenly enough the iniquity of the chicken-thief or pickpocket, is quite unconscious of any wrong in the infringement of an inventor's or an author's rights. Indeed, very few seem to be aware that, as Professor Shaler has pointed out,\* "When we come to weigh the rights of the several sorts of property which can be held by man, and in this judgment take only the absolute questions of justice, leaving out the limitations of expediency and prejudice, it will be clearly seen that intellectual property is, after all, the only absolute possession in the world. The man who brings out of nothingness some child of his thought, has rights therein which cannot belong to any other sort of property." Nor are many aware that, as the same writer shows in another connection, when we consider the circumstances connected with the origin of the title to intellectual property through letters-patent, and compare it with those other property rights which are commonly considered the more real, the proof is convincing that the element of newness is the most noticeable feature concerning its history, and that in its origin it is essentially like the other property rights.

\* "Nature of Intellectual Property."



Said Judge Storrow, before the Congressional committee on patents last winter:

"I look upon it as a mark of the highest civilization that a country shall recognize by its fundamental law, the utilitarian effects of pure brain-power; as a mark both of the highest civilization, and of the highest reaches of the law that a nation recognizes as property to be protected, because helpful to the state and to all its people, the pure creations of the intellect; a species of property not inherent in or attached to any particular portion of matter, but which depends for its recognition on the appreciative intellect of the community, and for its protection—that is, for its existence as property—upon the national deference for law and order."

The monopoly which an inventor enjoys under a patent bears no comparison to those monopolies of privilege by which semi-civilized rulers reward their favorites. The inventor's monopoly infringes no man's rights; it diminishes in no wise the world's stock of common possessions; it simply recognizes the patentee's exclusive right to control something which he has discovered or created; something which the world had not before him, and might never have had except for him.

To compare letters-patent to letters of marque is equally unfair and unjust. The idea of a patentee preying upon industry is grotesque in its absurdity. He cannot take to himself a single thing or process that the world has previously enjoyed; nor can he restrain any one from doing precisely as he has always done, if he prefers the old way. True the new way may make the old unprofitable; and that is where invention always hurts. In all progress somebody comes out behind. Shall we therefore worship immobility, Chinese-fashion?

Very often the first visible effect of an invention is the practical destruction of interests involving much of capital, and employing many laborers. Of this sort was the invention of artificial substitutes for vegetable dyes, like madder; in which case an industry almost national in magnitude had to be given up; yet the conversion of the madder-growing lands to food-producing areas proved advantageous, not merely to the world at large but also to the immediate tillers of them. The whaling industry was all but destroyed by the inventions which raised petroleum from insignificance to one of our most valuable resources. Sooner or later the manufacture of gas for illuminating purposes will receive its death-blow from

inventions perfecting the electric light. And think what a crushing blow would be given to the greatest manufacturing interest in existence, should some one succeed in producing aluminium at the present cost of iron; or to the coal-mining interest, should there be devised an economical method of utilizing the enormous power of the tides, or the solar forces now squandered upon tropical deserts! Yet who would seriously argue that the ultimate effects of such inventions would not be enormously advantageous to the race? Or who would expect the owners of superseded establishments to submit cheerfully to the new order of things?

At a time like the present, when inventors are so numerous, so active and so fertile, it is not at all surprising that there should be many who feel that, after all our boasting about nineteenth-century progress, we may have rather too much of it. Nor is it surprising that in many cases the strongest opposition to inventors' rights should come from men who have reaped large benefits from the patent-law. The moment an inventor ceases to invent and becomes a manufacturer and merchant, that moment, if he is a self-seeker only, his opinion of the patent-system may undergo a radical change. The moment the owner of a profitable patent is confronted by a man with a better invention which he cannot get control of, he is apt to become a little dubious. So long as the system conserved his interests, he could look upon it as a good thing; but he is not so sure of it when it permits another to entice away his customers. However, in justice to our inventors and manufacturers, it must be said that opposition to the patent-system very rarely comes from them. That ungrateful work is almost entirely monopolized by the railway companies, or rather a few of them. Forgetting the important circumstance that it is to inventors that they owe their daily successes not less than their original existence, they foolishly think that they can succeed indefinitely without them; at any rate they adopt the course best calculated to drive invention into other channels; and not satisfied with boldly invading inventors' rights, they have the assurance to appeal to Congress for an amendment of the patent-law, which shall put inventors completely under their thumbs. Foremost in this effort has been the Western Railway Association, the temper of which is fairly illustrated by the cool avowal of one of its prominent members, that "when- ever our attention is called to a patent of



value, we use it, and in a few cases we are made to pay by plucky inventors; but in the aggregate we pay much less than if we took licenses at first."

In course of time the moral development of the community at large will rise to such a level that it will not be prudent for any man or set of men to undertake to carry out so boldly

"the good old plan,  
That they shall take who have the power,  
And they shall keep who can!"

As yet, however, even in the most enlightened countries, the rights of intellectual property are but feebly respected. "The great protection of property," says Judge Storrow, "the strong arm of the law, the power of the police and the criminal courts, the right of every man to defend his own by force, is utterly denied to the patentee in this country. For one who steals the machine of the infringer, there is the summary arrest and the prison; but for the infringer who has wantonly stolen my invention, there is no policeman, no prosecution at government expense, no terror of punishment." The wronged patentee may sue for loss or damages, but that is a slow and often fruitless process, particularly if the defendant has money and the plaintiff none.

The assertion that the patent-system interferes injuriously with intellectual progress by blocking the course of thought is curiously at variance with the evidence of history. As soon as a patent is granted, the invention is made public and the new idea passes into the mental capital of thinking men. The better the idea, the sooner it bears fruit. At once a score or more of ingenious men say, "Here is a good thing;" and straightway they set to work to develop the idea, to apply it in new ways, or to compass the same or a similar end in a different way. Hence the swarms of kindred inventions that follow every important excursion from the beaten line of thought. Generic inventions are particularly prolific in after patents; witness the steam-engine, the telegraph, the sewing-machine, the telephone. So far from blocking the course of thought in their direction, such patents open flood-gates of useful invention. What miracles of previously undreamed-of invention have been called out by the telephone within a year! What worlds of unexplored fact and thought have thereby been laid open for scientific investigation!

The assertion that patents over-stimulate invention, to the destruction of honest and solid workmanship, is simply preposterous.

When that charge was made, the Centennial Exhibition had not opened the eyes of the world to the real condition of the industrial arts in America; and English readers were less familiar with our "flimsy inventions" than now, when American products have invaded every market in Europe, to the consternation of local producers. One of the Swiss commissioners, a large manufacturer, wrote as follows: "For several years the Americans have set themselves to work to equal and outstrip Europe. \* \* \* They have not failed. The world has never seen so considerable a sum of new ideas and of applications of those new ideas as was presented by the exposition at Philadelphia." In another connection, after saying that if a Swiss manufacturer wished to contend only against competition, he was obliged to bring his machinery from America, he asked: "Who does not know American sewing-machines? and who has not already become satisfied that even when machines of the same kind are made in Europe in enormous quantities, the somewhat higher price of the American machines is largely compensated for by their construction, their solidity, and their convenience? Have you ever compared a rake, a knife, a hatchet, made in America with tools made here? How much is Europe left behind! I do not speak of special articles of which many are not known to us. While our makers aim generally at products heavy, massive, solid in appearance, and save rather in the quality of the metal than on the weight, American workmanship is light, pleasing to the eye, and almost always employs good material." A little further on, the same critical observer sums up the characteristics of American manufactures in the five words, —handsome, solid, practical, light, and good. That American inventiveness has not injured the quality of American workmanship, is equally evident in many other departments of production. Witness the favor with which European and other foreign markets have received our leather and leather goods, watches, light hardware, carpenters' and other artisans' tools, saws, agricultural implements and machinery, cheese, canned goods, carriages and carriage materials, railway and tram-way cars, locomotive engines, chilled rollers for sheet metal, rubber and paper making, wood and leather working machinery, paper and paper-hangings, tinware, toys, hard rubber goods, sewing and knitting machines, and a long list of less important articles, the superior quality of

which enables them to compete with European products, even when to their higher cost is added a heavy percentage for transportation.

Whether or not it is the duty of the state to encourage the industrial arts, it is superfluous to argue; it pays to do so, and that is enough. Besides, if civilization is worth having, it is worth perfecting by all legitimate means. But, say the objectors, inventors do not need to be encouraged, and, if they did, patents would not be a proper means for reaching the desired end. Inventors do not say so; on the contrary, their testimony is uniformly in favor of the patent-system. Not that the system as developed in this country or anywhere else is perfect; no one claims that; but it is infinitely better than any substitute for it that has ever been proposed. Imperfect as patent-laws have been in many of their details, they have offered to inventors a degree of protection without which, they tell us, they would rarely have had the heart, even had they felt the inclination, to devote to their ideas the time and money required to put them into practical working order. Very often the profits of one unimportant patent has put into the hands of an inventor the money required to work out an invention which has marked an era in the world's industrial progress. Such was the case of Bigelow, of the carpet loom; and with Lyall, the inventor of the positive-motion loom. The greatest of all our recent inventors, Edison, furnishes another illustration. His patents are his capital, and they bring in the money required to keep up the costly laboratory at Menlo Park. Patting the phonograph, when it was the latest offspring of his brain, he said, "This is the boy that is to take care of his father in his old age!"

No one can study the lives of Watt and Stephenson, Fulton, Wood, Whitney, Nott, Colt, Howe, Blanchard, Goodyear, Morse, McCormick, and the thousand other inventors who have given to our modern civilization its character, without being impressed by the fact that the protection offered by patent-laws has been, if not their greatest incentive to invent, at least an essential condition of their devoting their lives to this beneficent work. And though many inventors have been grievously wronged by unscrupulous infringers, while the public which owed so much to them looked on with indifference or applauded the robbery, yet it is to be doubted whether a single inventor could be found who would have the patent-system

abolished. The gross injustice done to inventors, as in Whitney's case, is to be charged to corrupt courts and an undeveloped moral sense on the part of the community, and not to any radical defect in the patent-system. Even material property is not yet entirely secure against invasion among us.

The substitution of specific rewards for invention, as proposed by the grangers and a few others, finds favor with no one who has fairly investigated the conditions of the case. In the first place, it is no part of the duty of the state to reward inventors; but it is the duty of the state to protect the rights of all its members, inventors not less than others. The recognition of their rights is a matter of justice, not an act of charity. Again, admitting that inventors would be willing to surrender their rights for a cash payment, it would require something like official omniscience to determine, in any case, the just equivalent for an invention, and that is hardly to be expected. But granting that, there would still remain an insuperable objection to the plan, in the lack of any provision for the industrial development of inventions. Usually the inventor's task has barely begun when his invention is apparently completed; the hardest part is to introduce it and make it a financial success. For this, much time and labor and ready cash are demanded; and who would be willing to meet the demand, if, when all was done, any one could step in and reap all the profit, without trouble or risk?

Here comes in the advantage of the patent-law to manufacturers. To produce cheaply usually requires an expensive plant, and generally a long series of preliminary experiments, and it would be downright folly to sink capital in that way in the absence of the protection which patents afford. The charge that patents destroy natural competition and so arrest the desire for improvements is refuted by all experience. It is in this country, where patents are numerous and easily obtained, that improved machines and processes are most rapidly introduced, as in textile manufactures, in watch-making, and shoe-making; and not in Switzerland, where until recently no patents have been granted, or in England and Germany, where patents have been hard to get. In the agitation of this question in Switzerland, after the Centennial Exhibition had revealed to the manufacturers of that country the secret of their failing trade, the prominent manufacturer, Edward Dubied, said:

"Messrs. Favre-Perret, Bally, and David,

our commissioners to the Philadelphia Exhibition, call for a patent-law in Switzerland, as a means for perfecting our industries. The author of these lines regards the institution of patents as the first and indispensable measure, without which any other will be utterly useless, for reaching the end we all have in view. If he especially insists on this point, it is because he has the advantage over the gentlemen he has named, of spending twenty-five years as engineer and machine-builder in a patent-granting country,—namely, France,—before he established himself as manufacturer in Switzerland. He can, therefore, bring his own experience to the support of their demand, and he assures his fellow-citizens that a law for the protection of property in inventions would be a true magician's wand among us, completely transforming our system of manufactures, and raising us in a short time, in a natural manner and with less effort than we should expect, to a level with the nations most advanced in the arts."

Some six or eight years ago a strenuous effort was made in England to secure a radical change in, or the abolition of, the English patent-law. The Parliamentary committee had before them a large number of inventors, manufacturers and others, and collected nearly 500 closely printed quarto pages of testimony. In the final report of the committee, it was set down as established by the inquiry that the privilege conferred by the grant of letters-patent promotes the progress of manufactures, by causing many important inventions to be introduced and developed more rapidly than would otherwise be the case; that the same privilege leads to the introduction and publication of numerous improvements, each of minor character, but the sum of which contributes greatly to the progress of industry; and that it does not appear that the granting of pecuniary rewards could be substituted, with advantage to the public interest, for the temporary privilege conferred by letters-patent.

The experience of the British colonies adds practical demonstration of these truths. The colonies of the southern hemisphere began with what is called free trade in ideas; but it proved a losing game. A patent-law had to be adopted, because, as its proposers said, they could not get inventions without a patent-system, and without inventions no rapid development of their industries was possible. Canada tried a shrewder plan, and gave patents to native inventors, but denied them to outsiders. It was thought

that Canadian manufacturers would gain by exemption from the charges of Yankee inventors, and would yet have all the advantage of their improvements. But the plan worked badly; Yankee inventions were free to all, and for that very reason no one dared to put his money into them. The law was changed; the rights of all inventors were respected; and now the manufacturing industries of Canada are progressing wonderfully.

From the replies received to a letter of inquiry widely circulated by our Department of State a few years ago, it appeared that from three-fourths to nine-tenths of the capital invested in manufacturing establishments in this country had been attracted by the protection offered by patents. And the progress of our manufactures has been exactly coincident with the activity of our inventors. In 1850, the products of our mechanical industries were valued at \$100,000,000. In 1860 they amounted to \$1,800,000,000. By 1870 they had increased to \$4,200,000,000; and, in spite of financial disturbances, the census of 1880 will show an increase not less remarkable. The number of patents issued furnishes a safe basis for this prediction. About 1850 they averaged less than 1,000 a year. In 1860 they had risen to 3,000 a year. In 1870 they had jumped to over 7,000; and now they exceed 16,000 a year. The progress of manufactures westward coincides with the geographical distribution of the patentees. In 1850 the mechanical industries of the six great western states produced considerably less than half as much as those of New England. In 1871 they were nearly equal; to-day they are unquestionably far ahead.

We are apt to think of our country as primarily an agricultural country; we do, indeed, excel all other lands in that direction, thanks chiefly to our inventors; yet the value of the products turned out by our manufacturing establishments last year was very nearly double that of our agricultural products. Even the states which are above all others agricultural in character—the states next north of the Ohio River—are remarkable rather for the magnitude of their manufacturing interests. As long ago as 1870, as may be seen by the census statistics of that year, the manufactured products of the seven leading agricultural states—Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa and Missouri—exceeded in value their agricultural products. And the development of mechanical industries in those states has been amazingly rapid since that date.

In Ohio, for instance, the manufactured products in 1870 reached the enormous sum of \$269,713,000; in 1875 they were worth \$400,000,000. Will anybody be so foolish as to say that the agricultural interests of Ohio were not directly advanced by her growth in mechanical industries,—by the home markets for farm products created by the thousands of artisans added to the ranks of consumers?

There remains to be considered the influence of the patent-system upon the working classes, and upon the community at large. How do inventions affect the laborer? Take the case at its worst, where the substitution of machinery for muscle has been most rapid,—as in agriculture, textile manufactures, shoe-making, sewing, and so on. The logic of uncritical thinkers on this point runs somewhat in this wise: Before the introduction of machinery, or of improved machinery, so many hands turned out so much work. Now, the annual product is ten times as great. Therefore there ought to be ten times as many hands employed. But there are only twice as many. Behold what a deadly blow machinery has given to labor! It never occurs to such distressed labor-lovers to ask where the extra hands they say should now be employed could have come from. In every instance where an industry has been modified by the introduction of machinery, the demand for labor has been increased beyond anything that could have been possible without machinery. Machinery reduces cost; cheapness multiplies consumers; to supply the widened market a larger annual product is necessary; then comes an increased demand for labor. That is the universal rule. In most cases a thousand years of machineless progress would not suffice to provide for hand-labor the employment which machine-fearing critics falsely assume to have been taken away by machinery from—operatives unborn!

In estimating the influence of machinery upon farm-labor, it will not do to calculate the number of men it would take to sow by hand and reap with a sickle the millions of bushels of wheat and other grain the country produced last year, and then say that the excess over the number actually employed was so many men shut out from farm-work by patent seeders and reaping-machines. It is to machinery that we owe the possibility of any grain crops at all throughout the larger part of the grain-producing interior,—certainly any crop that

would bear transportation to market. Without machinery for saving time and labor, for doing work that man's unaided hands could never compass, nine-tenths of our broad land would still be a wilderness. And as with agriculture, so with all our industries; they could have but a feeble existence, or none, in the absence of the inventions that have given them life and character.

How much of the wealth and prosperity of our country, north and south, has been based on cotton! Yet how few realize the indebtedness of the cotton interests to two inventors—Lowell and Whitney. The one created a demand for American cotton, the other made it possible to meet that demand. Arkwright's machinery could do nothing with the American staple, and only an insignificant quantity was called for by the hand-spinners. Not until Lowell's machinery was set up here and subsequently in England did the American staple become an article of commerce. When Whitney invented his gin for separating cottonseed from the fiber, eighty-five years ago, four pounds of cleaned cotton was accounted a day's work for a man. With Whitney's first machine a man could clean seventy pounds. To-day the perfected cotton-gin will do that work in ten minutes! Fifteen hundred thousand men, working all the year, could not have cleaned by hand our last year's crop. At what rate of wages could they have done the work and left a margin of cost which would allow the product to be transported to New Hampshire, and converted into cloth to be sold at from three to four cents a yard? It is estimated that 200,000,000 people are now reached by machine-made cottons. Three times as many more remain to be reached, the only barrier being the cost of production. The invention of a cotton-picking machine would effect a large part of the required reduction in cost. Will any one say that the amount of labor employed upon cotton would be diminished in this country, if a cotton-picking machine should displace ninety-nine out of every hundred cotton pickers now employed? The increased demand for cotton, owing to the diminished cost, would give them plenty to do, even in the cotton-field in picking-time.

It is not denied that the introduction of machinery into an established industry often seriously affects the laborer. To those who are able and willing to adjust themselves to the new conditions, the change is almost invariably beneficial.



Those who cannot, or will not, fare hard. Sometimes an invention wipes out a previously profitable industry; the only thing its followers can do under such circumstances is to try something else. Art is but little less merciless than nature; and with every step forward in civilization, the harder becomes the lot of those who lag behind. We have seen how inventions of the highest utility to the race may bear very heavily on moneyed interests for a time. It is equally so with labor interests. Take the supposed case of cheap aluminium. It would necessitate not only a large re-adjustment of capital, but a radical change of occupation on the part of thousands of more or less skilled workers in iron. Should any large body of them say, as they would be likely to: "We belong to the iron-founders' union; our business is to make iron; we won't have anything to do with your new-fangled metal, and we will destroy every clay-bank foundry you dare to put up," is it not certain that sooner or later they would go to the wall severely,—and deserve to?

The complaint that machinery robs the laborer of his only capital is entirely unfounded. Machinery never lessened the amount of work to be done, though it has constantly changed the character of the work. The labor-saving machinery employed in agriculture is almost entirely the product of the inventions of the past thirty years. In no part of the world has the introduction of such machinery been more general or more rapid than in the grain-growing states of the West. The result is shown in the census reports. During the ten years ending in 1860, the farm hands of those states increased in number more than fifty per cent. During the next ten, in spite of the losses of the war, the increase was about thirty per cent. During the same twenty years, the population of the country as a whole increased only sixty-seven per cent.

When Walter Hunt invented his sewing-machine in 1838, his wife protested that it would throw all the sewing women out of employment, and persuaded him to suppress it. Howe's and Singer's and no end of other machines have come since then, and yet there is work for women to do. Notwithstanding the thousands of family machines in use, the number of persons earning a living with the sewing-machine in this country is to-day much greater in proportion to the population than was the number of tailors and sewing women before the invention of the machine, which a recent

pretended labor-lover has classed with the steam-engine as one of the two worst evils that ever befell mankind. In noting its influence upon labor, we must not forget the 20,000 or more mechanics employed in our sewing-machine factories, and the thousands of others engaged in mining and making the iron, cutting and sawing the lumber, and in transporting and preparing these raw materials for the machines and their cases; nor the men employed in making the machinery used in the construction of sewing-machines, and in transporting and selling the finished product. Counting these, the invention appears in its true light as a great creator of labor; and the average wages of the persons directly or indirectly employed by the sewing-machine is doubtless four or five times that of the old-time sewers.

It is but a little while since a metropolitan paper of high rank pointed to the shoe business as furnishing a forcible illustration of the disastrous competition of machinery with men. The truth is that while within twenty years, not less than eighty-five per cent. of the work done on factory boots and shoes has been turned over to machinery, there are to-day more men at work in shoe-factories than then, and more than would now be employed except for machinery. It is but another illustration of the old industrial paradox. During these years of rapid progress in invention, the cost of materials has advanced, wages have nearly doubled, and the quality of factory boots and shoes has been improved twenty-five per cent.; yet the cost of manufacture has been so much reduced by new and improved machinery that American shoes have not only excluded the foreign-made from our market, but have successfully invaded the markets of the whole world. As a natural consequence, many more shops are required not only in New England, but throughout the middle states and the West; more workmen are employed in shoe-factories; higher wages are paid; and a great multitude of other men are furnished with employment in tanning the additional leather used, in packing and transporting and selling the additional product, and in making shoe-makers' machinery and implements.

One of the prime conditions of our being able to manufacture for ourselves, let alone the outside world, is the improvement of mechanical processes due to our inventors. At least four-fifths of the industries of the country have been made possible by such means. Thirty-five years ago all carpets



were made by hand, and there was no labor so ill-paid in this country as to make carpet-weaving profitable among us; to-day our production of carpets is larger than that of any other nation. Then it took a man and a helper all day to make seven yards of Brussels carpet; now a girl tending an American loom will weave fifty yards in a day. Machinery does what hands could not; and so we owe to it an industry that yields over thirty million dollars' worth of useful and ornamental products a year; keeps at home many millions that formerly went abroad; and furnishes profitable employment to hundreds of native operatives.

Then think of the many labor-creating inventions, and the novel industries founded on them,—the printing press, the telegraph, the photograph, hard rubber, vulcanized fiber, artificial stone, building paper, electroplating, the sand-blast, and a thousand other operations and products, which in the aggregate add enormously to the demand for labor. "New England has invested a great deal of capital in her leading manufactures," said a prominent eastern man, not long since; "yet her real strength lies in the numerous small things in which she stands unequalled. So many things are required in our civilization, that the absence of the very smallest of these 'Yankee notions' would be missed by thousands, both here and abroad." And by none would they be more missed than by the thousands of skilled artisans to whom they furnish steady and profitable employment. These Yankee notions are invariably patented; and they are an especial product of the American system. In Europe the same inventions could scarcely be patented; and, lacking the protection which a patent affords, they would never be largely or cheaply produced or generally adopted.

To the common assertion that machinery lessens wages and subordinates mind and muscle to brute matter, the proper reply is, where is the proof? It is only in machine-using countries that labor is at all well paid, and the pay is best where machinery is most used. The reports of our United States consuls may be studied with profit in this connection. A comparison of the wages paid to-day in our home industries of every sort, compared with those paid before machinery was introduced, and the purchasing power of such wages, will be equally instructive.

The complaint that machinery lessens the dignity and worth of industrial manhood has been conclusively answered by Professor

Shaler. Says the Swiss centennial commissioner, Bally, in his pamphlet "Look out for yourselves," addressed to his fellow-manufacturers: "I am satisfied from my knowledge that no people has made in so short a time so many useful inventions as the Americans; and if to-day machinery apparently does all the work, it by no means reduces the workman to a machine. He uses it as a machine, it is true, but he is always thinking about some improvement to introduce into it; and often his thoughts lead to fine inventions or useful improvements."

In an appendix to the same pamphlet, after noting several lines of production in which American competition has become a serious matter to European manufacturers, and showing that in intelligence and productive capacity the Swiss workman compares with the American as one to four. M. Dubied says: "Our readers are perhaps astonished that we insist upon a patent-system as of the first necessity; but we shall justify this by showing that the protection of property in inventions develops the desire for technical instruction; while the absence of such legal protection is nothing less than a premium given to ignorance to the detriment of inventive talent."

Some years ago the writer described our Patent-Office as an industrial university of the best sort, doing true university work in examining and certifying the results of practical study. He has seen no reason for changing the opinion. No student ever prized a degree more highly than our mechanics do a patent; and the granting of a thousand or fifteen hundred patents a month means that no small portion of our industrial population are hard at work exploring "the untried possibilities of nature," as Professor Shaler happily expresses it. "So long as we can have this sort of training applied each year in larger and larger share to our trade life," he says, "we may feel the more hopeful of the educational influences at work in that part of society, we have therein something that gives in large part the character of results attained in scientific training of a high grade, as well as the general results which are attained by all well-directed training,—the habit of, and desire for, continuous, absorbing mental labor."

We have studied the patent-system with reference to the inventor, the manufacturer and farmer, and the laborer; and have found it, in the main, of vast and positive advantage to each. How does it affect society and social conditions generally?

Our answer would be: by extending the scope and capacity of life; by multiplying the comforts and conveniences of living; by cheapening and improving the necessities and attainable luxuries of all classes. It is invention, more than any other social factor, that makes it possible to say,—

"Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay!"

How often do we hear the remark, such or such a thing is dear, because it is patented; when the real state of the case is, that if it were not for the patent, the thing would be unattainable at any price. In a speech against the patent-system before the Congressional committee already referred to, the attorney of the Western Railway Association said: "Even so simple a thing as a loaf of bread pays tribute to twenty-one classes of patents, in each of which many patents are now alive,—the plow-share, point, handles and tackle; the harrower, the seed-sower, the cultivator, the harvester, the thrasher, and the separator; the bag, the holder of the bag, and the strap or string with which it is tied; the bolts, the hopper, the stones, and the gearing of the mill; the yeast or baking-powder, the oven, the extension table, and the dishes, are each subject to patents to which tribute is paid."

The inference he would have drawn from all this is, that the bread we eat costs more than it ought to by its share of each and all the alleged tributes. But that is arrant nonsense, as no one knows better, probably, than the clever advocate himself. A patent cannot touch what already exists except to improve or cheapen it. The only way in which it can be of advantage to the holder—except in rare instances where an invention may be suppressed to prevent costly changes in the holder's plant or processes—is by enabling him to offer an entirely new and useful article at a price the world will pay; an improved article at or below the current price; or a standard article below the current price. Otherwise there is no chance for him to compete with what already exists, and his patent is peculiarly worthless. The possibility of any basis for the tribute-taking charge rests entirely on the assumption that the progress of invention would be the same in the absence of the patent-system,—an assumption which all experience refutes.

That the cost of our bread is affected by patents is most true; but not in the direction Mr. Raymond would have it thought.

Note the general effect of two or three of them. The patented improvements in plows are many; those of Nourse in lines of draught, now generally adopted by plow-makers, reduced the cost of plowing, according to the practical tests of the New York Agricultural Society, forty-two per cent. Rating the cost of plowing at one dollar an acre, a low figure, this one improvement saves our bread producers not less than \$50,000,000 a year. Another improvement, the substitution of chilled-iron for cast-steel in the mold-board of plows, lessened their cost considerably, and, it is said, doubled their durability. Taking the average life of the 5,000,000 plows in use throughout the country at five years, their annual depreciation from wear must be between ten and fifteen million dollars; half this sum saved in addition to the saving in cost, helps still further to cheapen bread. There have been many improvements in seeders during the past twenty years, in which time their price has been reduced some fifty per cent. One of the advantages of these machines is a regular placing of the seed at a depth sufficient to prevent winter-killing, making a gain, or preventing a loss, of from one-eighth to one-fourth of the crop of winter wheat. The lowest figure gives a gain of forty million bushels on a year's crop. By the celerity and cheapness of its work, the combined reaper and binder, which the "bread or blood league" object to, has proved its capacity to save the country \$100,000,000 on the cost of a single year's crop,—another tribute which our bread not pays to, but is relieved from paying by, machinery. An Ohio farmer, as reported by Mr. Coffin, kept exact account of the cost of raising corn for three years, when approved double-shovel cultivators were used. The highest cost was twelve cents, and the lowest nine cents a bushel. Any one who has hoed corn by hand can estimate the probable saving per bushel by the use of machinery, and the aggregate saving on a crop of thirteen hundred million bushels. But that is not what attention is specially called to here. There are cultivators and cultivators. Using an improved machine, the same farmer kept account of cost for three more years, during which the highest cost was eight and a half cents, and the lowest seven cents a bushel. The difference between the use of a good machine and a better, would therefore appear to lie somewhere between \$25,000,000 and \$50,000,000 in the cost of one year's

crop. Any one who desires more abundant evidence on this and related points is respectfully referred to the arguments of Mr. Coffin and his associates, before the patent committee last winter. (Government Printing-Office: Washington, 1878.)

There remains to be noticed briefly the objection to patents which most people think they feel severely, and that is that they add to the necessary cost of industrial products a certain amount known as the inventor's royalty. Sometimes this is the case; but even at its worst the increase of cost is nothing like what is currently believed. On sewing-machines, for example, the royalties on all the patents used in a machine would not amount to a quarter of the fee of the agent who sold the machine; a charge that was not excessive, when we take into account the fact that the seller had not only to find his customer and persuade him to buy a machine, but also teach him how to use it. The cost of introducing new inventions is, indeed, one of the chief causes of their expensiveness compared with standard articles. This appears very strikingly in the case of agricultural machinery, the salesman's fee exceeding the inventor's aggregate royalty many times. The license fees covering all the patents on reapers have rarely exceeded \$10; on the more expensive automatic binders they have been about twice as much,—not two per cent. of the saving effected by their use. The patents on all the great reaper inventions have run out. Any one is free to make machines like those which were considered almost perfect twenty years ago; but no one can afford to make them, because no farmer can afford to use them in competition with improved machines. The same is true in many other departments; in most textile industries, for example. Since 1860, there has been an entire revolution in cotton manufacturing; and if we may believe the testimony of Governor Swan of New Hampshire, himself a great manufacturer, machines in use ten years ago are obsolete to-day, and are broken up for old iron. Crompton's fancy-woolen loom marked an era in the history of that industry. In 1850 it threw the shuttle fifty times a minute; to-day the shuttle is thrown one hundred and eighty times a minute. The improved loom of 1876 produces sixty per cent. more than the loom of 1850, with a saving of fifty per cent. in labor, and more than that in repairs; yet Mr. Crompton says that as

regards capacity the power-loom is still in its infancy. His pay as an inventor would add but a fraction of a cent to the cost of each yard of the product of a loom,—or a small fraction of the saving effected by the improvement.

From the inquiries made by our State Department, already referred to, it appeared that inventors' royalties would not average five per cent. of the cost of patented articles, most estimates falling far within this limit. The aggregate royalties on all the machinery used in shoe-factories was given by the representative of the Shoe and Leather Association before the patent committee, as three and a quarter cents a pair for fine sewed work, and two cents for pegged work; and a prominent manufacturer assured Mr. Storow that the royalties on all the machines used in the best equipped shops were less than would be the rent of the additional room that would be required to do the work by hand. In multitudes of cases, where the inventor is also the manufacturer, the advantage of the patent lies solely in enabling him to produce a better article than his competitors, at or below the current rate.

It is needless to pile up evidence of the value of inventions as factors of individual and national prosperity. They are the main-spring of industrial progress, and to a large extent they furnish the motive power as well as the means and conditions of our modern civilization. If the world still remains a hard place for the incompetent, the thriftless, the uncivilized, it is no worse than it always has been, though its contrasts may be greater. The inevitable struggle for existence never has been, nor is ever likely to be, very pleasant to those destined to go under. On the other hand, life is on a higher level now than ever before; more can enjoy it, and the facilities for, and the scope of, human comfort and happiness to-day are infinitely beyond what was possible before the age of invention set in.

For a very large share of all that makes life better worth living now than a century ago, we are indebted to American inventors; and if American inventors are more active and fertile than those of any other nation, as all nations admit, it is because our patent-system reaches a larger proportion of the population. It is this feature of the system that the thoughtful of other lands were quick to appreciate when they saw its effects at our Centennial Exhibition,—the feature which all have promptly imitated in their new or amended systems. Said one of the

commissioners from Switzerland,—which has since substantially adopted our system,—“Many European states have also a patent-system; but as they see in it, first of all, a source of revenue to the state, those of moderate fortune can hardly obtain a patent. In Europe the inventor anxiously hides his secret from all eyes until he is in possession of a patent. The Americans do not know this uneasiness, for there an inventor alone can take a patent, which he afterward has the right to sell if he pleases. Every intelligent man has thus before him the possibility of a fortune, often by a very slight improvement, and this keeps in ceaseless activity the intelligent part of the population.”

Said one of the English commissioners, Sir William Thomson: “Judged by its results in benefiting the public, both by stimulating inventors and by giving a perseveringly practical turn to their labors, the American patent-law must be admitted to be most successful, and the beneficence of its working was very amply illustrated throughout the American region of the Exhibition, where indeed it seemed that every good thing deserving a patent was patented. I asked one inventor of a very good invention, ‘Why do you not patent in England?’

the reply was, ‘The conditions in England are too onerous.’ \* \* \* England undoubtedly loses much of the benefit which might be had from the inventiveness of Englishmen, through the want, in English patent-law, of encouragement and protection to inventors unsupported by capitalists.”

Stress is laid upon this point here, and upon the merits of our patent-system as a whole, that popular attention may be sharply called to the general excellence of the system, and the need of watchfully guarding it from the attacks of those who mean it harm.

Very few are aware how seriously the integrity of the system was assailed in Congress last winter, or how near the assault came to success, owing to the ignorance of many members from the West and South with regard to its nature, purpose, and influence. The attempt is sure to be repeated; and though the unjust and destructive tendency of the more obnoxious amendments proposed was well exposed in committee, the work may have to be done over again the coming winter. The subject deserves thorough discussion; and it is hoped this paper may be instrumental in provoking such discussion.

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### THE POET'S FAME.

MANY the songs of power the poet had wrought,  
To shake the hearts of men. Yea, he had caught  
The murmuring and inarticulate sound  
That comes at midnight from the darkened ground.  
When the earth sleeps; for this he framed a word  
Of human speech, and hearts were strangely stirred  
That listened. And for him the evening dew  
Fell with a sound of music, and the blue  
Of the deep, starry sky he had the art  
To put in language that did seem a part  
Of the great scope and progeny of nature.  
In woods, or waves, or winds, there was no creature  
Mysterious to him. He was too wise  
Either to fear, or follow, or despise  
Whom men call Science,—for he knew full well  
What she had told, or still might live to tell,  
Was known to him before her very birth:  
Yea, that there was no secret of the earth,  
Nor of the waters under, nor the skies,  
That had been hidden from the poet's eyes;  
By him there was no ocean unexplored,  
Nor any savage coast that had not roared  
Its music in his ears.

He loved the town,—  
 Not less he loved the ever-deepening brown  
 Of summer twilights on the enchanted hills;  
 Where he might listen to the starts and thrills  
 Of birds that sang and rustled in the trees,  
 Or watch the footsteps of the wandering breeze  
 And the birds' shadows as they fluttered by  
 Or slowly wheeled across the unclouded sky.

All these were written on his very soul,—  
 But he knew, too, the utmost distant goal  
 Of the human mind. His fiery thought did run  
 To Time's beginnings, ere yon central sun  
 Had warmed to life the swarming broods of men.  
 In waking dreams, his many-visioned ken  
 Clutched the large, final destiny of things.  
 He heard the starry music, and the wings  
 Of spiritual beings fanned the air  
 About him. Yet the loud and angry blare  
 Of tempests found an echo in his verse,  
 And it was here that lovers did rehearse  
 The ditties they would sing when, not too soon,  
 Came the warm night,—shadows, and stars, and moon!

Who heard his songs were filled with noble rage,  
 And wars took fire from his prophetic page:  
 Most righteous wars, wherein, 'midst blood and tears,  
 The world rushed onward through a thousand years.  
 Nathless, he made the gentle sounds of peace  
 Heroic,—bade the nation's anger cease!  
 Bitter his songs of grief for those who fell—  
 And for all this the people loved him well.

They loved him well, and therefore, on a day,  
 They said, with one accord: "Behold how gray  
 Our poet's head hath grown! Ere 'tis too late  
 Come, let us crown him in our Hall of State;  
 Let the bells ring, fill the wide air with praise,  
 And spread his fame to other lands and days!"

So was it done, and deep his joy therein.  
 But passing home at night, from out the din  
 Of the loud Hall, the poet, unaware,  
 Moved through a lonely and dim-lighted square—  
 There was the smell of lilacs in the air,  
 And then the sudden singing of a bird,  
 Startled by his slow tread. What memory stirred  
 Within his brain he told not. Yet this night—  
 Still lingering when the eastern heavens were bright—  
 He wove a song of such immortal art  
 That there is not in all the world one heart,—  
 One human heart unmoved by it. Long! long!  
 The laurel-crown has failed, but not that song  
 Born of the night and sorrow; and where he lies  
 At rest beneath the ever-shifting skies,  
 Age after age, from far-off lands they come,  
 Not without flowers, to seek the poet's tomb.



"HAWORTH'S." \*

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT,

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "Surly Tim, and Other Stories," Etc.



HAWORTH'S FIRST APPEARANCE.

CHAPTER I.

TWENTY YEARS.

TWENTY years ago! Yes, twenty years ago this very day, and there were men among them who remembered it. Only two, however, and these were old men whose day was passed and who would soon be compelled to give up work. Naturally upon this occasion these two were the center

figures in the group of talkers who were discussing the topic of the hour.

"Aye," said old Tipton, "I 'member it as well as if it wur yesterday, fur aw it's twenty year' sin'. Eh! but it wur cowl! Th' cowdest neet i' th' winter, an' th' winter wur a bad un. Th' snow wur two foot deep. Theer wur a big rush o' work, an' we'd had to keep th' foires goin' arter medneet. Theer wur a chap workin' then by th' name o' Bob

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Latham,—he's dead long sin',—an' he went to th' foundry door to look out. Yo' know how some chaps is about seein' how cowl it is, or how hot, or how heavy th' rain's comin' down. Well, he wur one o' them soart, an' he mun go an' tak' a look out at th' snow.

"'Coom in, tha foo', sez I to him. 'Whatten tha stickin' tha thick yed out theer fur, as if it wur midsummer, i'stead o' being cowl enow to freeze th' tail off a brass jackass. Coom in wi' tha.'

"'Aye,' he sez, a-chatterin' his teeth, 'it is cowl sure-ly. It's enow to stiffen a mon.'

"'I wish it ud stiffen thee,' I sez, 'so as we mought set thee up as a monymment at th' front o' th' 'Sylum.'

"'An' then aw at onct I heard him gie a jump an' a bit o' a yell, like, under his breath. 'God-a-moighty!' he sez.

"'Summat i' th' way he said it soart o' wakkened me.

"'What's up?' I sez.

"'Coom here,' sez he. 'Theer's a dead lad here.'

"'An' when I getten to him, sure enow I thowt he wur reet. Drawed up i' a heap nigh th' door theer wur a lad lyin' on th' snow, an' th' stiff look on him mowt ha' gi'en ony mon a turn.

"'Latham wur bendin' ower him, wi' his teeth chatterin'.

"'Blast thee!' I sez, 'why dost na tha lift him?'

"'Betwixt us we did lift him, an' carry him into th' Works an' laid him down nigh one o' the furnaces, an' th' fellys coom crowdin round to look at him. He wur a lad about nine year owd, an' strong built; but he looked more than half clemmed, an' arter we'st rubbed him a good bit an' getten him warmed enow to coom round i' a manner, th' way he set up an' stared round were summat queer.

"'Mesters,' he sez, hoarse an' shaky, 'ha' ony on yo' getten a bit o' bread?'

"'Bob Latham's missus had put him up summat to eat, an' he browt it an' gie it to him. Well, th' little chap a'most snatched it, an' crammed it into his mouth i' great mouthfuls. His honds trembled so he could scarce howd th' meat an' bread, an' in a bit us as wur standin' lookin' on seed him soart o' choke, as if he wur goin' to cry; but he swallyed it down, and did na.

"'I havn't had nowt to eat i' a time,' sez he.

"'How long?' sez I.

"'Seemt like he thowt it ower a bit afore he answered, and then he sez:

"'I think it mun ha' been four days.'

"'Wheer are yo' fro?' one chap axed.

"'I coom a long way,' he sez. 'I've bin on th' road three week.' An' then he looks up sharp. 'I run away fro' th' Union,' he sez.

"'That wur th' long an' short on it—he had th' pluck to run away fro' th' Union, an' he'd had th' pluck to stond out agen clemmin' an' freezin' until flesh an' blood ud howd out no longer, an' he'd fell down at the foundry door.

"'I seed th' loight o' th' furnaces,' he sez, 'an' I tried to run; but I went blind an' fell down. I thowt,' he sez, as cool as a cucumber, 'as I wur deen.'

"'Well, we kep' him aw neet an' took him to th' mester i' th' mornin', an' th' mester gie him a place, an' he stayed. An' he's bin i' th' foundry fro' that day to this, an' how he's worked an' getten on yo' see for yoresens—fro' beein' at ivvery one's beck an' call to buyin' out Flixton an' settin' up for hissen. It's the 'Haworth Iron Works' fro' to-day on, an' he will na mak' a bad mester, eyther."

"'Nay, he will na,' commented another of the old ones. 'He's a pretty rough chap, but he'll do—will Jem Haworth.'

There was a slight confused movement in the group.

"'Here he cooms,' exclaimed an outsider.

The man who entered the door-way—a strongly built fellow, whose handsome clothes sat rather ill on his somewhat uncouth body—made his way through the crowd with small ceremony. He met the glances of the workmen with a rough nod, and went straight to the managerial desk. But he did not sit down; he stood up, facing those who waited as if he meant to dispose of the business in hand as directly as possible.

"'Well, chaps,' he said, 'here we are.'

A slight murmur, as of assent, ran through the room.

"'Aye, mester,' they said; 'here we are.'

"'Well,' said he, 'you know why, I suppose. We're taking a fresh start, and I've something to say to you. I've had my say here for some time; but I've not had my way, and now the time's come when I can have it. Hang me, but I'm going to have the biggest place in England, and the best place, too. 'Haworth's' sha'n't be second to none. I've set my mind on that. I said I'd stand here some day,—with a blow on the desk,—and here I am. I said I'd make my way, and I've done it. From to-day on, this here's 'Haworth's,' and to show you I mean to start fair and square, if there's a chap here that's got a grievance, let that

chap step out and speak his mind to Jem Haworth himself. Now's his time." And he sat down.

There was another stir and murmur, this time rather of consultation; then one of them stepped forward.

"Mester," he said, "I'm to speak fur 'em."

Haworth nodded.

"What I've gotten to say," said the man, "is said easy. Them as thowt they'd gotten grievances is willin' to leave the settlin' on 'em to Jem Haworth."

"That's straight enough," said Haworth. "Let 'em stick to it and there's not a chap among 'em sha'n't have his chance. Go into Greyson's room, lads, and drink luck to 'Haworth's.' Tipton and Harrison, you wait a bit."

Tipton and Harrison lingered with some degree of timidity. By the time the room had emptied itself, Haworth seemed to have fallen into a reverie. He leaned back in his chair, his hands in his pockets, and stared gloomily before him. The room had been silent five minutes before he aroused himself with a start. Then he leaned forward and beckoned to the two, who came and stood before him.

"You two were in the place when I came," he said. "You"—to Tipton—"were the fellow as lifted me from the snow."

"Aye, mester," was the answer, "twenty year' ago, to-neet."

"The other fellow —"

"Dead! Eh! Long sin'. I vvery chap as wur theer, dead an' gone, but me an' him," with a jerk toward his comrade.

Haworth put his hand in his vest pocket and drew forth a crisp piece of paper, evidently placed there for a purpose.

"Here," he said with some awkwardness, "divide that between you."

"Betwixt us two!" stammered the old man. "It's a ten-pun-note, mester!"

"Yes," with something like shamefacedness. "I used to say to myself when I was a youngster that every chap who was in the Works that night, should have a five-pound note to-day. Get out, old lads, and get as drunk as you please. I've kept my word. But—" his laugh breaking off in the middle—"I wish there'd been more of you to keep it up together."

Then they were gone, chuckling in senile delight over their good luck, and he was left alone. He glanced round the room—a big, handsome one, well filled with massive office furniture, and yet wearing the usual empty, barren look.

"It's taken twenty years," he said, "but I've done it. It's *done*—and yet there isn't as much of it as I used to think there would be."

He rose from his chair and went to the window to look out, rather impelled by restlessness than any motive. The prospect, at least, could not have attracted him. The place was closed in by tall and dingy houses, whose slate roofs shone with the rain which drizzled down through the smoky air. The ugly yard was wet and had a deserted look, the only living object which caught his eye was the solitary figure of a man who stood waiting at the iron gates.

At the sight of this man, he started backward with an exclamation.

"The devil take the chap!" he said.

"There he is again!"

He took a turn across the room, but he came back again and looked out once more, as if he found some irresistible fascination in the sight of the frail, shabbily clad figure.

"Yes," he said, "it's him, sure enough. I never saw another fellow with the same, done-for look. I wonder what he wants."

He went to the door and opening it spoke to a man who chanced to be passing.

"Floxham, come in here," he said. Floxham was a well-oiled and burly fellow, plainly fresh from the engine-room. He entered without ceremony, and followed his master to the window. Haworth pointed to the man at the gate.

"There's a chap," he said, "that I've been running up against, here and there, for the last two months. The fellow seems to spend his time wandering up and down the streets. I'm hanged, if he dont make me think of a ghost. He goes against the grain with me, somehow. Do you know who he is, and what's up with him?"

Floxham glanced toward the gate-way, and then nodded his head dryly.

"Aye," he answered. "He's the invent-in' chap as has bin thirty year' at work at some contrapshun, an' hasn't browt it to a head yet. He lives i' our street, an' me an' my missis hes been noticin' him fur a good bit. He'll noan finish th' thing he's at. He's on his last legs now. He took the contrapshun to 'Merica thirty year' ago, when he first gotten th' idea into his head, an' he browt it back a bit sin' a'most i' the same fix he took it. Me an' mv missis think he's a bit soft i' the yed."

Haworth pushed by him to get nearer the window. A slight moisture started out upon his forehead.

"Thirty year'!" he exclaimed. "By the Lord Harry!"

There might have been something in his excitement which had its effect upon the man who stood outside. He seemed, as it were, to awaken slowly from a fit of lethargy. He glanced up at the window, and moved slowly forward.

"He's made up his mind to come in," said Floxham.

"What does he want?" said Haworth, with a sense of physical uneasiness. "Confound the fellow!" trying to shake off the feeling with a laugh. "What does he want with me—to-day?"

"I can go out an' turn him back," said Floxham.

"No," answered Haworth. "You can

"Yes," he answered, "I'm Haworth."

"I want—" a little hoarsely, and faltering—"to get some work to do. My name is Murdoch. I've spent the last thirty years in America, but I'm a Lancashire man. I went to America on business—which has not been successful—yet. I—I have worked here before,"—with a glance around him,—“and I should like to work here again. I did not think it would be necessary, but—that doesn't matter. Perhaps it will only be temporary. I must get work."

In the last sentence his voice faltered more than ever. He seemed suddenly to awaken and bring himself back to his first idea, as if he had not intended to wander from it.



"NOT FINISHED."

go back to your work. I'll hear what he has to say. I've naught else to do just now."

Floxham left him, and he went back to the big arm-chair behind the table. He sat down, and turned over some papers, not rid of his uneasiness even when the door opened, and his visitor came in. He was a tall, slender man who stooped and was narrow-chested. He was gray, hollow-eyed and haggard. He removed his shabby hat and stood before the table a second, in silence.

"Mr. Haworth?" he said, in a gentle, absent-minded voice. "They told me this was Mr. Haworth's room."

"I—I must get work," he repeated.

The effect he produced upon the man he appealed to was peculiar. Jem Haworth almost resented his frail appearance. He felt it an uncomfortable thing to confront just at this hour of his triumph. He had experienced the same sensation, in a less degree, when he rose in the morning and looked out of his window upon murky sky and falling rain. He would almost have given a thousand pounds for clear, triumphant sunshine.

And yet, in spite of this, he was not quite as brusque as usual when he made his answer.

"I've heard of you," he said. "You've had ill luck."



MURDOCH'S VISIT TO THE BRIARLEY COTTAGE.

Stephen Murdoch shifted his hat from hand to hand.

"I don't know," he replied, slowly. "I've not called it that yet. The end has been slow, but I think it's sure. It will come some——"

Haworth made a rough gesture.

"By George!" he exclaimed. "Haven't you given the thing up yet?"

Murdoch fell back a pace, and stared at him in a stunned way.

"Given it up!" he repeated. "Yet?"

"Look here!" said Haworth. "You'd better do it, if you hav'n't. Take my advice, and have done with it. You're not a young chap, and if a thing's a failure after thirty year's work——" he stopped, because he saw the man trembling nervously. "Oh, I didn't mean to take the pluck

out of you," he said bluntly, a moment later. "You must have had plenty of it to begin with, egad, or you'd never have stood it this long."

"I don't know that it was pluck,"—still quivering. "I've lived on it so long that it would not give *me* up. I think that's it."

Haworth dashed off a couple of lines on a slip of paper, and tossed it to him.

"Take that to Greyson," he said, "and you'll get your work, and if you have anything to complain of, come to me."

Murdoch took the paper, and held it hesitatingly.

"I—perhaps I ought not to have asked for it to-day," he said, nervously. "I'm not a business man, and I didn't think of it. I came in because I saw you. I'm going to London to-morrow, and shall not be back for a week.



"That's all right," said Haworth. "Come then."

He was not sorry to see his visitor turn away, after uttering a few simple words of thanks. It would be a relief to see the door close after him. But when it had closed, to his discomfiture it opened again. The thin, poorly clad figure re-appeared.

"I heard in the town," said the man, his cheek flushing faintly, "of what has happened here to-day. Twenty years have brought you better luck than thirty have brought me."

"Yes," answered Haworth, "my luck's been good enough, as luck goes."

"It seems almost a folly"—falling into the meditative—"for me to wish you good luck in the future." And then, pulling himself together again as before: "It is a folly; but I wish it, nevertheless. Good luck to you!"

The door closed, and he was gone.

#### CHAPTER II.

#### THIRTY YEARS.

A LITTLE later, there stood at a window in one of the cheapest of the respectable streets, a woman whom the neighbors had become used to seeing there. She was a small person, with a repressed and watchful look in her eyes, and she was noticeable, also, to the Lancashire mind, for a certain slightly foreign air, not easily described. It was in consequence of inquiries made concerning this foreign air, that the rumor had arisen that she was a "Merican," and it was possibly a result of this rumor that she was regarded by the inhabitants of the street with a curiosity not unmingled with awe.

"Aye," said one honest matron. "Hoo's a 'Merican, fur my mester heerd it fro' th' landlord. Eh! I would like to ax her summat about th' Blacks an' th' Indians."

But it was not easy to attain the degree of familiarity warranting the broaching of subjects so delicate and truly "Merican." The stranger and her husband lived a simple and secluded life. It was said the woman had never been known to go out; it seemed her place to stand or sit at the window and watch for the man when he left the house on one of his mysterious errands in company with the wooden case he carried by its iron handle.

This morning she waited as usual, though the case had not gone out,—rather to the disappointment of those interested, whose

conjectures concerning its contents were varied and ingenious. When, at last, the tall, stooping figure turned the corner, she went to the door and stood in readiness to greet its crossing the threshold.

Stephen Murdoch looked down at her with a kindly, absent smile.

"Thank you, Kitty," he said. "You are always here, my dear."

There was a narrow, hard, horse-hair sofa in the small room into which they passed, and he went to it and laid down upon it, panting a little in an exhausted way, a hectic red showing itself on his hollow cheeks.

"Everything is ready, Kitty?" he said at last.

"Yes, all ready."

He lay and looked at the fire, still breathing shortly.

"I never was as certain of it before," he said. "I have thought I was certain, but—I never felt as I do now. And yet—I don't know what made me do it—I went into Haworth's this morning and asked for—for work."

His wife dropped the needle she was holding.

"For work!" she said.

"Yes—yes," a little hastily. "I was there and saw Haworth at a window, and there have been delays so often that it struck me I might as well—not exactly depend on it——" He broke off and buried his face in his hands. "What am I saying?" he cried. "It sounds as if I did not believe in it."

His wife drew her chair nearer to him. She was used to the task of consoling him; it had become a habit. She spoke in an even, unemotional voice.

"When Hillary comes——" she began.

"It will be all over then," he said, "one way or the other. He will be here when I come back."

"Yes."

"I may have good news for him," he said. "I don't see"—faltering afresh—"how it can be otherwise. Only I am so used to discouragement that—that I can't see the thing fairly. It has been—a long time, Kitty."

"This man in London," she said, "can tell you the actual truth about it?"

"He is the first mechanic and inventor in England," he answered, his eye sparkling feverishly. "He is a genius. If he says it is a success, it is one."

The woman rose, and going to the fire

bent down to stir it. She lingered over it for a moment or so before she came back.

"When the lad comes," he was saying, as if to himself, "we shall have news for him."

Thirty years before, he had reached America, a gentle, unpractical Lancashire man, with a frail physique and empty pockets. He had belonged in his own land to the better class of mechanics; he had a knack of invention which somehow had never as yet brought forth any decided results. He had done one or two things which had gained him the reputation among his employers of being "a clever fellow," but they had always been things which had finally slipped into stronger or shrewder hands, and left his own empty. But at last there had come to him what seemed a new and wonderful thought. He had labored with it in secret, he had lain awake through long nights brooding over it in the darkness.

And then some one had said to him:

"Why don't you try America? America's the place for a thinking, inventing chap like you. It's fellows like you who are appreciated in a new country. Capitalists are not so slow in America. Why don't you carry your traps out there?"

It was more a suggestion of boisterous good-fellowship than anything else, but it awakened new fancies in Stephen Murdoch's mind. He had always cherished vaguely grand visions of the New World, and they were easily excited.

"I only wonder I never thought of it," he said to himself.

He landed on the strange shore with high hopes in his breast, and a little unperfected model in his shabby trunk.

This was thirty years ago, and to-day he was in Lancashire again, in his native town, with the same little model among his belongings.

During the thirty years interval he had lived an unsettled, unsuccessful life. He had labored faithfully at his task, but he had not reached the end which had been his aim. Sometimes he had seemed very near it, but it had always evaded him. He had drifted here and there bearing his work with him, earning a scant livelihood by doing anything chance threw in his way. It had always been a scant livelihood,—though after the lapse of eight years, in one of his intervals of hopefulness, he had married. On the first night they spent in their new home he had taken his wife into a little

bare room, set apart from the rest, and had shown her his model.

"I think a few weeks will finish it," he said.

The earliest recollections of their one child centered themselves round the small room and its contents. It was the one touch of romance and mystery in their narrow, simple life. The few spare hours the struggle for daily bread left the man were spent there; sometimes he even stole hours from the night, and yet the end was always one step further. His frail body grew frailer, his gentle temperament more excitable, he was feverishly confident and utterly despairing by turns. It was in one of his hours of elation that his mind turned again to his old home. He was sure at last that a few days' work would complete all, and then only friends were needed.

"England is the place, after all," he said. "They are more steady there, even if they are not so sanguine,—and there are men in Lancashire I can rely upon. We'll try Old England once again."

The little money hard labor and scant living had laid away for an hour of need, they brought with them. Their son had remained to dispose of their few possessions. Between this son and the father there existed a strong affection, and Stephen Murdoch had done his best by him.

"I should like the lad," he used to say, "to have a fairer chance than I had. I want him to have what I have lacked."

As he lay upon the horse-hair sofa he spoke of him to his wife.

"There are not many like him," he said. "He'll make his way. I've sometimes thought that may be —" But he did not finish the sentence, the words died away on his lips and he lay—perhaps thinking over them as he looked at the fire.

#### CHAPTER III.

#### "NOT FINISHED."

THE next morning he went upon his journey, and a few days later the son came. He was a tall young fellow with a dark, strongly cut face, deep-set black eyes and an unconventional air. Those who had been wont to watch his father, watched him in his turn with quite as much interest. He seemed to apply himself to the task of exploring the place at once. He went out a great deal and in all sorts of weather. He even presented himself at "Haworth's," and making friends with Floxham got per-

mission to go through the place and look at the machinery. His simple directness of speech at once baffled and softened Floxham, to whom the general rudeness of ordinary youth was obnoxious as it is to every elderly and orthodox Briton.

"My name's Murdoch," he had said. "I'm an American and I'm interested in mechanics. If it isn't against your rules I should like to see your machinery."

Floxham pushed his cap off his forehead and looked him over.

"Well, I'm dom'd," he remarked.

It had struck him at first that this might be "cheek." And then he had recognized that it was not.

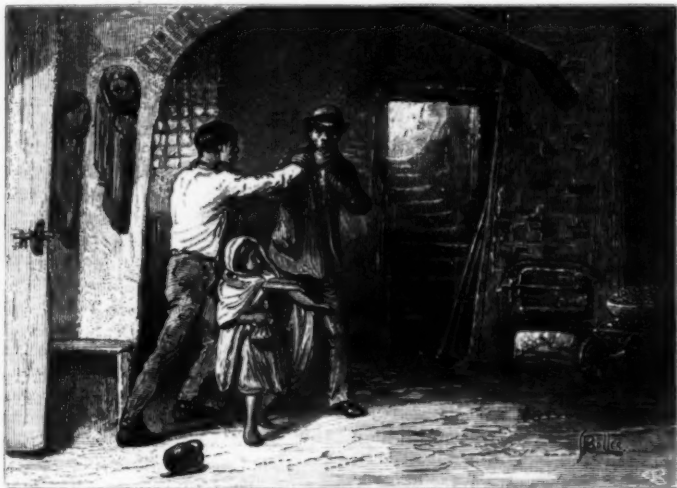
Murdoch looked slightly bewildered.

been said on the subject which reigned supreme in the mind of each. It had never been their habit to speak freely on the matter. On the night of Hilary's arrival, as they sat together, the woman had said:

"He went away three days ago. He will be back at the end of the week. He hoped to have good news for you."

They had said little beyond this, but both had sat silent for some time afterward, and the conversation had become desultory and lagged somewhat until they separated for the night.

The week ended with fresh gusts of wind and heavy rains. Stephen Murdoch came home in a storm. On the day fixed for his return, his wife scarcely left her seat at the



"MURDOCH SPRUNG TO HIS FEET, WHITE WITH WRATH."

"If there is any objection——" he began.

"Well, there is na," said Floxham. "Coom on in." And he cut the matter short by turning into the door.

"Did any o' yo' chaps see that felly as coom to look at th' machinery?" he said afterward to his comrades. "He's fro' 'Merica, an' danged if he has na more head-fillin' than yo'd think fur. He goes round wi' his hands i' his pockits lookin' loike a foo', an' axin' questions as ud stump an owd un. He's that inventin' chap's lad. I dunnot go much wi' inventions mysen, but th' young chap's noan sich a foo' as he looks."

Between mother and son but little had

window for an hour. She sat looking out at the driving rain with a pale and rigid face; when the night fell and she rose to close the shutters, Hilary saw that her hands shook.

She made the small room as bright as possible, and set the evening meal upon the table and then sat down and waited again by the fire, cowering a little over it, but not speaking.

"His being detained is not a bad sign," said Hilary.

Half an hour later they both started from their seats at once. There was a loud summons at the door. It was Hilary who opened it, his mother following closely.

A great gust of wind blew the rain in upon

them, and Stephen Murdoch, wet and storm-beaten, stepped in from the outer darkness, carrying the wooden case in his hands.

He seemed scarcely to see them. He made his way past them and into the lighted room with an uncertain step. The light appeared to dazzle him. He went to the sofa weakly and threw himself upon it; he was trembling like a leaf; he had aged ten years.

"I—I——" And then he looked up at them as they stood before him waiting. "There is naught to say," he cried out, and burst into wild, hysterical weeping, like that of a woman.

In obedience to a sign from his mother, Hilary left the room. When after the lapse of half an hour, he returned, all was quiet. His father lay upon the sofa with closed eyes, his mother sat near him. He did not rise nor touch food, and only spoke once during the evening. Then he opened his eyes and turned them upon the case which still stood where he had placed it.

"Take it away," he said in a whisper. "Take it away."

The next morning Hilary went to Floxham.

"I want work," he said. "Do you think I can get it here?"

"What soart does tha want?" asked the engineer, not too encouragingly. "Th' gentlemanly soart as tha can do wi' kid gloves an' an eye-glass on?"

"No," answered Murdoch, "not that sort."

Floxham eyed him keenly.

"Would tha tak' owt as was offert thee?" he demanded.

"I think I would."

"Aw reet, then! I'll gie thee a chance. Coom tha wi' me to th' engine-room, an' see how long tha'll stick to it."

It was very ordinary work he was given to do, but he seemed to take quite kindly to it; in fact the manner in which he applied himself to the rough tasks which fell to his lot gave rise to no slight dissatisfaction among his fellow-workmen, and caused him to be regarded with small respect. He was usually a little ahead of the stipulated time, he had an equable temper, and yet, despite this and his civility, he seemed often more than half oblivious of the existence of those around him. A highly flavored joke did not awaken him to enthusiasm, and perhaps chiefest among his failings was noted the

fact that he had no predilection for "six-penny," and at his midday meal, which he frequently brought with him and ate in any convenient corner, he sat drinking cold water and eating his simple fare over a book.

"Th' chap is na more than haaf theer," was the opinion generally expressed.

Since the night of his return from his journey, Stephen Murdoch had been out no more. The neighbors watched for him in vain. The wooden case stood unopened in his room,—he had never spoken of it. Through the long hours of the day he lay upon the sofa, either dozing or in silent wakefulness, and at length instead of upon the sofa he lay upon the bed, not having strength to rise.

About three months after he had taken his place at Haworth's, Hilary came home one evening to find his mother waiting for him at the door. She shed no tears, there was in her face only a kind of hopeless terror.

"He has sent me out of the room," she said. "He has been restless all day. He said he must be alone."

Hilary went upstairs. Opening the door he fell back a step. The model was in its old place on the work-table and near it stood a tall, gaunt, white figure.

His father turned toward him. He touched himself upon the breast. "I always told my self," he said, incoherently and hoarsely, "that there was a flaw in it—that something was lacking. I have said that for thirty years, and believed the day would come when I should remedy the wrong. To-night I *know*. The truth has come to me at last. There was no remedy. The flaw was in *me*," touching his hollow chest,—*"in me.* As I lay there I thought once that perhaps it was not real—that I had dreamed it all and might awake. I got up to see—to touch it. It is there! Good God!" as if a sudden terror grasped him. "Not finished!—and I——"

He fell into a chair and sank forward, his hand falling upon the model helplessly and unmeaningly.

Hilary raised him and laid his head upon his shoulder. He heard his mother at the door and cried out loudly to her.

"Go back!" he said. "Go back! You must not come in."

#### CHAPTER IV.

#### JANEY BRIARLEY.

A WEEK later Hilary Murdoch returned from the Broxton grave-yard in a drizzling

rain, and made his way to the bare, cleanly swept chamber upstairs.

Since the night on which he had cried out to his mother that she must not enter, the table at which the dead man had been wont to sit at work had been pushed aside. Some one had thrown a white cloth over it. Murdoch went to it and drew this cloth away. He stood and looked down at the little skeleton of wood and steel. It had been nothing but a curse from first to last, and yet it fascinated him. He found it hard to do the thing he had come to do.

"It is not finished," he said to the echoes of the empty room. "It—never will be."

He slowly replaced it in its case, and buried it out of sight at the bottom of the trunk which, from that day forward, would stand unused and locked.

When he arose, after doing this, he unconsciously struck his hands together as he had seen grave-diggers do when they brushed the damp soil away.

The first time Haworth saw his new hand he regarded him with small favor. In crossing the yard one day at noon, he came upon him disposing of his unceremonious midday meal and reading at the same time. He stopped to look at him.

"Who's that?" he asked one of the men.

The fellow grinned in amiable appreciation of the rough tone of query.

"That's th' 'Merican," he answered.

"An' a soft un he is."

"What's that he's reading?"

"Summat about engineerin', loike as not. That's his crack."

In the rush of his new plans and the hurry of the last few months, Haworth had had time to forget the man who had wished him "good luck," and whose pathetic figure had been a shadow upon the first glow of his triumph. He did not connect him at all with the young fellow before him. He turned away with a shrug of his burly shoulders.

"He doesn't look like an Englishman," he said. "He hasn't got backbone enough."

Afterward when the two accidentally came in contact, Haworth wasted few civil words. At times his domineering brusqueness excited Murdoch to wonder.

"He's a queer fellow, that Haworth," he said reflectingly to Floxham. "Sometimes I think he's out of humor with me."

With the twelve-year-old daughter of one of the workmen, who used to bring her

father's dinner, the young fellow had struck up something of a friendship. She was the eldest of twelve, a mature young person whose business-like air had attracted him.

She had assisted her mother in the rearing of her family from her third year, and had apparently done with the follies of youth. She was stunted with much nursing and her small face had a shrewd and careworn look. Murdoch's first advances she received with some distrust, but after a lapse of time they progressed fairly and, without any weak sentiment, were upon excellent terms.

One rainy day she came into the yard enveloped in a large shawl, evidently her mother's, and also evidently very much in her way. Her dinner-can, her beer-jug and her shawl were more than she could manage.

"Eh! I am in a mess," she said to Hilary, stopping at the door-way with a long-drawn breath. "I dunnot know which way to turn—what wi' th' beer and what wi' th' dinner. I've gotten on mother's Sunday shawl as she had afore she wur wed, an' th' eends keep a-draggin' an' a-draggin', an' th' mud'll be th' ruin on em. Th' pin mother put in is na big enow, an' it's gotten loose."

There was perhaps not much sense of humor in the young man. He did not seem to see the grotesqueness of the little figure with its mud-bedraggled maternal wrappings. He turned up the lapel of his coat and examined it quite seriously.

"I've got a pin here that will hold it," he said. "I picked it up because it was such a large one."

Janey Briarley's eyes brightened.

"Eh!" she ejaculated, "that theer's a graidely big un. Some woman mun ha' dropped it out o' her shawl. Wheer did tha find it?"

"In the street."

"I thowt so. Some woman's lost it. Dost tha think tha can pin it reet, or mun I put th' beer down an' do it mysen?"

He thought he could do it and bent down to reach her level.

It was at this moment that Haworth approached the door with the intention of passing out. Things had gone wrong with him, and he was in one of his worst moods. He strode down the passage in a savage hurry, and, finding his way barred, made no effort to keep his temper.

"Get out of the road," he said, and pushed Murdoch aside slightly with his foot. It was as if he had dropped a spark of



fire into gunpowder. Murdoch sprang to his feet, white with wrath and quivering.

"D——n you!" he shrieked. "D——n you! I'll kill you!" and he rushed upon him.

As he sprang upon him, Haworth staggered between the shock and his amazement. A sense of the true nature of the thing he had done broke in upon him.

When it was all over he fell back a pace, and a grim surprise, not without its hint of satisfaction, was in his face.

"The devil take you," he said. "You *have* got some blood in you, after all."

#### CHAPTER V.

##### THE BEGINNING OF A FRIENDSHIP.

THE next morning, when he appeared at the Works, Murdoch found he had to make his way through a group of the "hands" which some sufficiently powerful motive had gathered together,—which group greeted his appearance with signs of interest. "Theer he is," he heard them say. And then a gentleman of leisure, who was an outsider leaning against the wall, enjoying the solace of a short pipe, exerted himself to look round and add his comment.

"Well," he remarked, "he may ha' done it, an' I wunnot stick out as he did na; but if it wur na fur the circumstantial evidence I would na ha' believed it."

Floxham met him at the entrance with a message.

"Haworth's sent fur thee," he said.

"Where is he?"—coolly enough under the circumstances.

The engineer chuckled in sly exultation.

"He's in the office. He didna say nowt about givin' thee th' bag; but tha may as well mak' up thy moind to it. Tha wert pretty cheeky, tha knows, considerin' he wur th' mester."

"Look here," with some heat; "do you mean to say you think I was in the wrong? Am I to let the fellow insult me and not resent it—touch me with his foot, as if I were a dog?"

"Tha'rt particular, my lad," dryly. "An' tha does na know as much o' th' mester koin'd as most folk." But the next instant he flung down the tool he held in his hand. "Dom thee!" he cried. "I loike thy pluck. Stick to it, lad,—mesters or no mesters."

As Murdoch crossed the threshold of his room, Jem Haworth turned in his seat and greeted him with a short nod not altogether combative. Then he leaned forward, with his arms upon the table before him.

"Sit down," he said. "I'd like to take a look at the chap who thought he could thrash Jem Haworth."

But Murdoch did not obey him.

"I suppose you have something to say to me," he said, "as you sent for me."

He did not receive the answer he was prepared for. Jem Haworth burst into a loud laugh.

"By George! you're a plucky chap," he said, "if you are an American."

Murdoch's blood rose again.

"Say what you have to say," he demanded. "I can guess what it is; but, let me tell you, I should do the same thing again. It was no fault of mine that I was in your path——"

"If I'd been such a fool as not to see that," put in Haworth, with a smile grimmer than before, "do you think I couldn't have smashed every bone in your body?"

Then Murdoch comprehended how matters were to stand between them.

"Getten th' bag?" asked Floxham when he went back to his work.

"No."

"Tha hannot?" with animation. "Well, dang me!"

At the close of the day, as they were preparing to leave their work, Haworth presented himself in the engine-room, looking perhaps a trifle awkward.

"See here," he said to Murdoch, "I've heard something to-day as I've missed hearing before, somehow. The inventing chap was your father?"

"Yes."

He stood in an uneasy attitude, looking out of the window as if he half expected to see the frail, tall figure again.

"I saw him once, poor chap," he said, "and he stuck to me, somehow. I'd meant to stand by him if he'd come here. I'd have liked to do him a good turn."

He turned to Murdoch suddenly and with a hint of embarrassment in his off-hand air.

"Come up and have dinner with me," he said. "It's devilish dull spending a chap's nights in a big place like mine. Come up with me now."

The visit was scarcely to Murdoch's taste, but it was easier to accept than to refuse. He had seen the house often, and had felt some slight curiosity as to its inside appearance.

There was only one other house in Broxton which approached it in size and splendor, and this stood empty at present, its owner being abroad. Broxton itself was a sharp

and dingy little town, whose inhabitants were mostly foundry hands. It had grown up around the Works and increased with them. It had a small railway station, two or three public houses much patronized, and wore, somehow, an air of being utterly unconnected with the outside world which much belied it. Motives of utility, a desire to be on the spot, and a general disregard for un-business-like attractions had led Haworth to build his house on the outskirts of the town.

"When I want a spree," he had said, "I can go to Manchester or London, and I'm not particular about the rest on it. I want to be nigh the place."

It was a big house and a handsome one. It was one of the expressions of the man's success, and his pride was involved in it. He spent money on it lavishly, and, having completed it, went to live a desolate life among its grandeurs.

The inhabitants of the surrounding villages, which were simple and agricultural, regarded Broxton with frank distaste, and "Haworth's" with horror. Haworth's smoke polluted their atmosphere. Haworth's hands made weekly raids upon their towns and rendered themselves obnoxious in their streets. The owner of the Works, his mode of life, his defiance of opinion, and his coarse sins, were supposed to be tabooed subjects. The man was ignored, and left to his visitors from the larger towns,—visitors who occasionally presented themselves to be entertained at his house in a fashion of his own, and who were a greater scandal than all the rest.

"They hate me," said Haworth to his visitor, as they sat down to dinner; "they hate me, the devil take 'em. I'm not moral enough for 'em—not moral enough!" with a shout of laughter.

There was something unreal to his companion in the splendor with which the great fellow was surrounded. The table was covered with a kind of banquet; servants moved about noiselessly as he talked and laughed; the appointments of the room were rich and in good taste.

"Oh! it's none of my work," he said, seeing Murdoch glance about him. "I wasn't fool enough to try to do it myself. I gave it into the hands of them as knew how."

He was loud-tongued and boastful; but he showed good-nature enough and a rough wit, and it was also plain that he knew his own strength and weaknesses.

"Thirty year' your father was at work on

that notion of his?" he said once during the evening.

Murdoch made an uneasy gesture of assent.

"And it never came to aught?"

"No."

"He died?"

"Yes."

He thrust his hands deep in his pockets, and gave the young fellow a keen look.

"Why don't you take the thing up yourself?" he said. "There may be something in it, after all, and you're a long-headed chap."

Murdoch started from his chair. He took an excited turn across the room before he knew what he was doing.

"I never will," he said, "so help me God! The thing's done with and shut out of the world."

When he went away, Haworth accompanied him to the door. At the threshold he turned about.

"How do you like the look of things?" he demanded.

"I should be hard to please if I did not like the look of them," was the answer.

"Well, then, come again. You're welcome. I have it all to myself. I'm not favorite enow with the gentry to bring any on 'em here. You're free to come when th' fit takes you."

## CHAPTER VI.

### MISS FFRENCH.

It was considered, after this, a circumstance illustrative of Haworth's peculiarities that he had taken to himself a *protégé* from among the "hands"; that said *protégé* was an eccentric young fellow who was sometimes spoken of as being scarcely as bright as he should be; that he occasionally dined or supped with Haworth; that he spent numberless evenings with him, and that he read his books, which would not have been much used otherwise.

Murdoch lived his regular, unemotional life, in happy ignorance of these rumors. It was true that he gradually fell into the habit of going to Haworth's house, and also of reading his books. Indeed, if the truth were told, these had been his attraction.

"I've no use for 'em," said Haworth, candidly, on showing him his library. "Get into 'em, if you've a fancy for 'em."

His fancy for them was strong enough to bring him to the place again and again. He found books he had wanted, but never

hoped to possess. The library, it may be admitted, was not of Jem Haworth's selection, and, indeed, this gentleman's fancy for his new acquaintance was not a little increased by a certain shrewd admiration for an intellectual aptness which might be turned to practical account.

"You tackle 'em as if you were used to 'em," he used to say. "I'd give something solid myself if I could do the same. There's what's against me many a time—knowing naught of books, and having to fight my way rough and ready."

From the outset of this acquaintance, Murdoch's position at the Works had been an easier one. It became understood that Haworth would stand by him, and that he must be treated with a certain degree of respect. Greater latitude was given him, and better pay, and though he remained in the engine-room, other and more responsible work frequently fell into his hands.

He went on in the even tenor of his way, uncommunicative and odd as ever. He still presented himself ahead of time, and labored with the unnecessary, absorbed ardor of an enthusiast, greatly to the distaste of those less zealous.

"Tha gets into it as if tha war doin' fur thyself," said one of these. "Happen"—feeling the sarcasm a strong one—"happen tha't fond on it?"

"Oh yes,"—unconsciously—"that's it, I suppose. I'm fond of it."

The scoffer bestowed upon him one thunderstruck glance, opened his mouth, shut it, and retired in disgust.

"Theer's a chap," he said, jerking his thumb over his shoulder, on returning to his companions, "theer's a chap as says he's fond o' work—fond on it!" with dramatic scorn. "Blast his eyes! Fond on it!"

With Floxham he had always stood well, though even Floxham's regard was tempered with a slight private contempt for peculiarities not easily tolerated by the practical mind.

"Th' chap's gotten gumption enow, i' his way," he said to Haworth. "If owt breaks down or gets out o' gear, he's aw theer; but theer is na a lad on th' place as could na cheat him out o' his eye-teeth."

His reputation for being a "queer chap" was greatly increased by the simplicity and seclusion of his life. The house in which he lived with his mother had the atmosphere of a monastic cell. As she had devoted herself to her husband, the woman devoted herself to her son, watching him

with a hungry eye. He was given to taking long stretches of walks, and appearing in distant villages, book in hand, and with apparently no ulterior object in view. His holidays were nearly all spent out-of-doors in such rambles as these. The country people began to know his tall figure and long stride, and to regard him with the friendly toleration of strength for weakness.

"They say i' Broxton," it was said among them, "as his feyther deed daft, and it's no wonder th' young chap's gotten queer ways. He's good-natured enow, though i' a simple road."

His good-nature manifested itself in more than one way which called forth comment. To his early friendship for Janey he remained faithful. The child interested him, and the sentiment developed as it grew older.

It was quite natural that, after a few months acquaintance, he should drop in at the household of her parents on Saturday afternoon, as he was passing. It was the week's half-holiday and a fine day, and he had nothing else to do. These facts, in connection with that of the Briarley's cottage presenting itself, were reasons enough for going in.

It occurred to him, as he entered the narrow strip of garden before the door, that the children of the neighborhood must have congregated to hold high carnival. Groups made dirt-pies; clusters played "bobber and kibbs;" select parties settled differences of opinions with warmth of feeling and elevation of voice; a youth of tender years, in corduroys which shone with friction, stood upon his head in one corner, calmly but not haughtily presenting to the blue vault of heaven a pair of ponderous, brass-finished clogs.

"What dost want?" he demanded, without altering his position. "Th' missis isn't in."

"I'm going in to see Janey," explained Murdoch.

He found the little kitchen shining with the Saturday "cleaning up." The flagged floor as glaringly spotless as pipe-clay and sandstone could make it, the brass oven-handles and tin pans in a condition to put an intruder out of countenance, the fire replenished, and Janey sitting on a stool on the hearth enveloped in an apron of her mother's, and reading laboriously aloud.

"Eh! dear me!" she exclaimed. "It's yo—an' I am na fit to be seen. I wur settin' down to rest a bit. I've been doin' th' cleanin' aw day, an' I wur real done fur."

"Never mind that," said Murdoch. "That's all right enough."

He cast about him for a safe position to take—one in which he could stretch his legs and avoid damaging the embarrassing purity of the floor. Finally he settled upon a small print-covered sofa and balanced himself carefully upon its extreme edge and the backs of his heels, notwithstanding Janey's civil protestations.

"Dunnot yo' moind th' floor," she said. "Yo' needn't. Set yo' down comfortable."

"Oh, I'm all right," answered Murdoch, with calm good cheer. "This is comfortable enough. What's that you were reading?"

Janey settled down upon her stool with a sigh at once significant of relief and a readiness to indulge in friendly confidence.

"It's a book I gotten fro' th' Broxton Chapel Sunday Skoo'. Its th' Mem—m—e—m—o—i—r—s —"

"Memoirs," responded Murdoch.

"Memoyers of Mary Ann Gibbs."

Unfortunately her visitor was not thoroughly posted on the subject of the Broxton Chapel literature. He cast about him mentally, but with small success.

"I don't seem to have heard of it before," was the conclusion he arrived at.

"Hannot yo'? Well, it's a noice book, an' theer's lots more like it in th' skoo' libery—aw about Sunday skoo' scholars as has consumption an' th' loike an' reads th' boile to foalk an' dees. They aw on 'em dee."

"Oh," doubtfully, but still with respect. "It's not very cheerful, is it?"

Janey shook her head with an expression of mature resignation.

"Eh no! they're none on 'em cheerful—but they're noice to read. This here un now—she had th' asthma an' summat wrong wi' her legs, an' she knowed aw th' boile through aside o' th' hymn-book, an' she'd sing aw th' toime when she could breathe fur th' asthma, an' tell foak as if they did na go an' do likewise they'd go to burnin' hell wheer th' fire is na quenched an' th' worms dyeth not."

"It can't have been very pleasant for the friends," was her companion's comment. But there was nothing jocose about his manner. He was balancing himself seriously on the edge of the hard little sofa and regarding her with speculative interest.

"Where's your mother?" he asked next.

"Hoo's gone to th' chapel," was the answer. "Theer's a mothers' meetin' in

th' vestry, an' hoo's gone theer an' takken th' babby wi' her. Th' rest o' th' childer is playin' out at th' front."

He glanced out of the door.

"Those—those are not all yours?" he said, thunderstruck.

"Aye, they are—they. Eh!" drawing a long breath, "but is na there a lot on 'em? Theer's eleven an' I've nussed 'em nigh ivvery one."

He turned toward the door again.

"There seems to be a great many of them," he remarked. "You must have had a great deal to do."

"That I ha'. I've wished mony a time I'd been a rich lady. Theer's that daughter o' Ffrench's now. Eh! I'd like to ha' bin her."

"I never heard of her before," he answered. "Who is she, and why do you choose her?"

"Cos she's so hansum. She's that theer grand she looks loike she thowt ivvery body else wur dirt. I've seen women as wur bigger, an' wore more cloas at onct, but I niver seed none as grand as she is. I niver seed her but onct. She coom her' wi' her feyther fur two or three week' afore he went to furin parts, an' she wur caught i' th' rain one day an' stopped in here a bit. She dropped her hankcher an' mother's gotten it yet. It's nigh aw lace. Would yo' loike to see it?" hospitably.

"Yes," feeling his lack of enthusiasm something of a fault. "I—dare say I should."

From the depths of a drawer which she opened with a vigorous effort and some skill in retaining her balance, she produced something pinned up in a fragment of old linen. This she bore to her guest and unpinning it, displayed the handkerchief.

"Tha can tak' it in thy hond an' smell it," she said graciously. "It's gotten scent on it."

Murdoch took it in his hand, scarcely knowing what else to do. He knew nothing of women and their finery. He regarded the fragrant bit of lace and cambric seriously, and read in one corner the name "Rachel Ffrench," written in delicate letters. Then he returned it to Janey.

"Thank you," he said, "it is very nice."

Janey bore it back perhaps with some slight inward misgivings as to the warmth of its reception, but also with a tempering recollection of the ways of "men-foak." When she came back to her stool, she changed the subject.

"We've bin havin' trouble lately," she said. "Eh! but I've seed a lot o' trouble i' my day."

"What is the trouble now?" Murdoch asked.

"Feyther. It's allus him. He's gotten in wi' a bad lot an' he's drinkin' agen. Seems loike neyther mother nor me can keep him straight fur aw we told him Haworth'll turn him off. Haworth's not goin' to stand his drink an' th' lot he goes wi'. I would na stand it mysen."

"What lot does he go with?"

"Eh!" impatiently, "a lot o' foo's as stands round th' publics an' grumbles at th' mesters an' th' wages they get. An' feyther's one o' these soft uns as believes aw they hears an' has na' gotten gumption to think fur his sen. I've looked after him ivver sin' I wur three."

She became even garrulous in her lack of patience, and was in full flow when her mother entered returning from the chapel, with a fagged face, and a large baby on her hip.

"Here, tak' him, Jane Ann," she said; "but tak' off thy apron furst, or tha'lt tumble ower it an' dirty his clean bishop wi' th' muck tha's gotten on it. Eh! I am tired. Who's this here?" signifying Murdoch.

"It's Mester Murdoch," said Janey, dropping the apron and taking the child, who made her look top-heavy. "Sit thee down, mother. Yo' needn't moind him. He's a workin' mon hissen."

When Murdoch took his departure, both accompanied him to the door.

"Coom in sometime when th' mester's here," said Mrs. Briarley. "Happen yo' could keep him in a neet an' that ud be summat."

Half way up the lane he met Haworth in his gig, which he stopped.

"Wheer hast tha been?" he asked, dropping into dialect, as he was prone to do.

"To Briarley's cottage, talking to the little girl."

Haworth stared at him a moment, and then burst into a laugh.

"Tha'rt a queer chap," he said. "I can no more than half make thee out. If thy head was not so level, I should think tha wert a bit soft."

"I don't see why," answered Murdoch, undisturbed. "The child interests me. I am not a Lancashire man, remember, and she is a new species."

"Get in," said Haworth, making room for him on the seat.

Murdoch got in, and as they drove on it occurred to him to ask a question.

"Who's Ffrench?"

"Ffrench?" said Haworth. "Oh, Ffrench is one o' th' nob's here. He's a chap with a fancy for being a gentleman-manufacturer. He's spent his brass on his notions, until he has been obliged to draw in his horns a bit. He's never lived much in Broxton, though he's got a pretty big place here. The Continent's the style for him, but he'll turn up here again some day when he's hard up enow. There's his place now."

And as he spoke they drove sharply by a house standing closed among the trees and having an air of desolateness, in spite of the sun-light.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE "WHO'D HA' THOWT IT?"

"It's th' queerest thing i' th' world," said Mrs. Briarley to her neighbors, in speaking of her visitor,— "it's th' queerest thing i' th' world as he should be a workin' mon. I should ha' thowt he'd ha' wanted to get behind th' counter i' a draper's shop or summat genteel. He'd be a well-lookin' young chap i' a shiny cloth coat an' wi' a blue neck-tie on. Seems loike he does na think enow o' hissen. He'll coom to our house an' set down an' listen to our Janey talkin', an' tell her things out o' books, as simple as if he thowt it wur nowt but what any chap could do. Theer's wheer he's a bit soft. He knows nowt o' settin' hissen up."

From Mrs. Briarley Murdoch heard numberless stories of Haworth, presenting him in a somewhat startling light.

"Eh! but he's a rare un, is Haworth," said the good woman. "He does na care fur mon nor devil. The carryin's on as he has up at th' big house ud mak' a decent body's hair stand o' eend. Afore he built th' house, he used to go to Lunnun an' Manchester fur his sprees, but he has 'em here now, an' theer's drink an' riotin' an' finery and foak as owt to be shamt o' theirsens. I wonder he is na feart to stay on th' place alone after they're gone."

But for one reason or another the house was quiet enough for the first six months of Murdoch's acquaintance with its master. Haworth gave himself up to the management of the Works. He perfected plans he had laid at a time when the power had not been in his own hands. He kept his eye on his own interests sharply. The most confirmed shirkers on the place found them-



selves obliged to fall to work, however reluctantly. His bold strokes of business enterprise began to give him wide reputation. In the lapse of its first half year, "Haworth's" gained for itself a name.

At the end of this time, Murdoch arrived at the Works one morning to find a general tone of conviviality reigning. A devil-may-care air showed itself among all the graceless. There was a hint of demoralization in the very atmosphere.

"Where's Haworth?" he asked Floxham, who did not seem to share the general hilarity. "I've not seen him."

"No," was the engineer's answer, "nor tha will na see him yet a bit. A lot o' foo's coom fro' Lunnon last neet. He's on one o' his sprees, an' a noice doment they'll ha' on it afore they're done."

The next morning Haworth dashed down to the Works early in his gig, and spent a short time in his room. Before he left he went to the engine-room, and spoke to Murdoch.

"Is there aught you want from the house—aught in the way o' books, I mean?" he said, with a touch of rough bravado in his manner.

"No," Murdoch answered.

"All right," he returned. "Then keep away, lad, for a day or two."

During the "day or two," Broxton existed in a state of ferment. Gradually an air of disreputable festivity began to manifest itself among all those whose virtue was assailable. There were open "sprees" among these, and their wives, with the inevitable baby in their arms, stood upon their door-steps bewailing their fate, and re-tailing gossip with no slight zest.

"Silks an' satins, bless yo'," they said.

"An' paint an' feathers; th' brazen things, I wonder they are na shamt to show their faces! A noice mester Haworth is to ha' men under him!"

Having occasion to go out late one evening, Murdoch encountered Janey, clad in the big bonnet and shawl, and hurrying along the street.

"Wheer am I goin'?" she echoed sharply in reply to his query. "Why, I'm goin' round to th' publics to look fur feyther—theer's wheer I'm goin'. I hannot seed him sin' dayleet this mornin', an' he's gotten th' rent an' th' buryin'-club money wi' him."

"I'll go with you," said Murdoch.

He went with her, making the round of half the public-houses in the village, finally ending at a jovial establishment bearing

upon its whitened window the ambiguous title "WHO'D HA' THOWT IT?"

There was a sound of argument accompanied by a fiddle, and an odor of beer supplemented by tobacco. Janey pushed open the door and made her way in, followed by her companion.

An uncleanly, loud-voiced fellow stood unsteadily at a table, flourishing a clay pipe and making a speech.

"Th' workin' mon," he said. "Theer's too much talk o' th' workin' mon. Is na it bad enow to *be* a workin' mon, wi'out havin' th' gentry remindin' yo' on it fro' year eend to year eend? Le's ha' less jaw-work an' more paw-work fro' th' gentry. Le's ha' fewer liberys an' athyneums, an' more wage—an' holidays—an'—an' beer. Le's *pro-gress*—tha's wha' I say—an' I'm a workin' mon."

"Ee-er! Ee-er!" cried the chorus. "Ee-er!"

In the midst of the pause following these acclamations, a voice broke in suddenly with startling loudness.

"Ee-er! Ee-er!" it said.

It was Mr. Briarley, who had unexpectedly awakened from a beery nap, and, though much surprised to find out where he was, felt called upon to express his approbation.

Janey hitched her shawl into a manageable length and approached him.

"Tha'rt here?" she said. "I knowed tha would be. Tha'lt worrit th' loife out on us afore tha'rt done. Coom on home wi' me afore tha'st spent ivvery ha'penny we've gotten."

Mr. Briarley roused himself so far as to smile at her blandly.

"It's Zhaney," he said, "it's Zhaney. Don' intrup th' meetin', Zhaney. I'll be home dreckly. Mus' na intrup th' workin' mon. He's th' backbone n' sinoo o' th' country. Le's ha' a sup more beer."

Murdoch bent over and touched his shoulder.

"You had better come home," he said.

The man looked round at him blankly, but the next moment an exaggerated expression of enlightenment showed itself on his face.

"Iss th' 'Merican," he said. "Iss Murdoch." And then, with sudden bibulous delight: "Gi' us a speech 'bout 'Merica."

In a moment there was a clamor all over the room. The last words had been spoken loudly enough to be heard, and the idea presented itself to the members of the assembly as a happy one.

"Aye," they cried. "Le's ha' a speech

fro' th' 'Merican. Le's hear summat fro' 'Merica. Theer's wheer th' laborin' mon has his dues."

Murdoch turned about and faced the company.

"You all know enough of me to know whether I am a speech-making man or not," he said. "I have nothing to say about America, and if I had I should not say it here. You are not doing yourselves any good. The least fellow among you has brains enough to tell him that."

There was at once a new clamor, this time one of dissatisfaction. The speech-maker with the long clay, who was plainly the leader, expressed himself with heat and scorn.

"He's a noice chap—he is," he cried. "He'll ha' nowt to do wi' us. He's th' soart o' workin' mon to ha' aboot, to play th' pianny an' do paintin' i' velvet. 'Merica be danged! He's more o' th' gentry koind to-day than Haworth. Haworth *does* tak' a decent spree now an' then; but this heer un — Ax him to tak' a glass o' beer an' see what he'll say."

Disgust was written upon every countenance, but no one proffered the hospitality mentioned. Mr. Briarley had fallen asleep again, murmuring suggestively, "Aye, le's hear summat fro' 'Merica. Le's go to 'Merica. Pu-r on thy bonnet, lass, pur—it on."

With her companion's assistance, Janey got him out of the place and led him home.

"Haaf th' rent's gone," she said, when she turned out his pockets, as he sat by the fire. "An' wheer's th' buryin' money to coom fro'?"

Mr. Briarley shook his head mournfully.

"Th' buryin' money," he said. "Aye, i'deed. A noice thing it is fur a poor chap to ha' to cut off his beer to pay fur his coffin by th' week,—wastin' good brass on summat he may nivver need as long as he lives. I dunnot loike th' thowt on it, eyther. It's bad enow to ha' to get into th' thing at th' eend, wi'out ha'in' it lugged up at th' door ivvery Saturday, an' payin' fur th' ornymen'tin' on it by inches."

(To be continued.)

## CHAMBLY FORT, ON THE RICHELIEU RIVER.



THE FORT FROM THE RIVER.

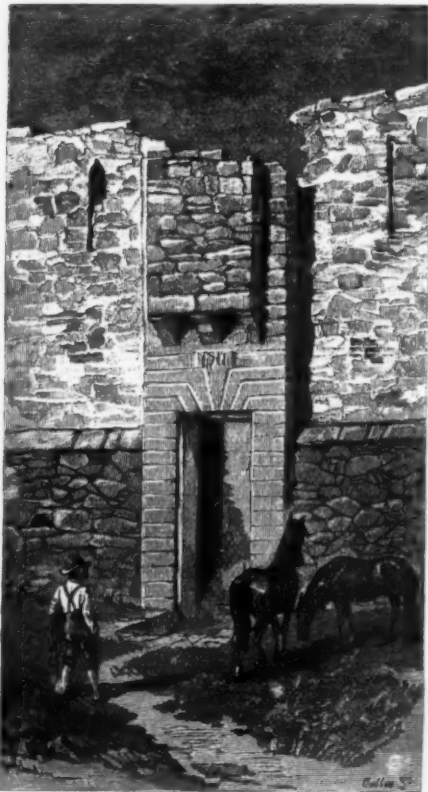
How often are tourists in their peregrinations along the forty-fifth parallel enticed out of their regular route by the information that within a few miles of them may be seen the ruins of "an old fort," built by the early French settlers! At the mention of the

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word, there rises at once even in the most phlegmatic mind a vision of a few brave men, their faces begrimed with powder, and desperate determination depicted on every feature, defending themselves against unnumbered hosts of yelling demons, hungry

for the scalps of the terrified women and children whose only hope is in the gallant fellows who man the walls and bastions. One is almost invariably disappointed and disgusted when the guide leads him up to what appears to be the remains of a row of tenement houses, destroyed by fire.

After one or more experiences of this kind it is most satisfactory to stand before a solid, substantial structure dignified by



GATE-WAY.

many undoubted marks of an honorable old age, and yet so strong in character that one does not require the testimony of "the oldest inhabitant" before the eye becomes assured that it beholds the ruins of a veritable fort. Such is Fort Chambly, the subject of this sketch, situated within an hour's ride of the city of Montreal, the metropolis of Canada.

Of the many ways of reaching Chambly we will only mention two or three; making Montreal our starting-point.

The first that occurs to us is the old-fashioned stage or diligence. By taking this route a good idea may be formed of the French Canadian farm; and one thing likely to impress a stranger will be the long narrow shape of the fields, caused by the custom of dividing the homestead among the children. In order to enable each member of the family to build his house by the side of the main road, the farms are divided lengthwise; the result being that in many cases the farmer is possessed of a ribbon of land a mile or more in length and about a stone's throw in width. What will be the ultimate result if this principle continues to be followed, we leave our readers to imagine for themselves.

The next means of transit, in contrast to this old-fashioned stage, is a new and unfinished railroad, by which, when completed, the time consumed in making the journey from Montreal to Boston will be shortened several hours. At present the road is in running order only to Chambly.

By the two routes just mentioned the distance to the fort is twelve miles. But if time is no object, and the tourist wishes a really enjoyable trip, we would recommend following the great water highway to the United States from Canada, *via* the St. Lawrence to Sorel, and up the Richelieu. By this route, the distance traveled will be about ninety miles. Upon referring to the map the reason of the difference in the distances of these several routes will be easily comprehended.

The river upon whose banks the ruin stands is the outlet of Lake Champlain, and empties into the St. Lawrence at Sorel. The Richelieu is especially interesting to a native of this continent, as its scenery is so unlike the general run of American landscape. It gives one the impression that some huge Brobdingnag had picked up one of the rivers of old France, with its banks and inhabitants, and set it down in the new Dominion of Canada. In many cases the descendants of the first settlers still occupy the old homestead, retaining their forefathers' love for old France, and its peculiarities; the result is, that as you ascend the river, the eye is greeted on all sides by pieces of French landscape,—flat country, with middle distance strongly marked against the sky, here and there the Lombardy poplar raising its straight, spire-like form, in strong contrast to the graceful sweeping lines of the elm. The Richelieu, therefore, is not only historic, but quaint and beautiful, and



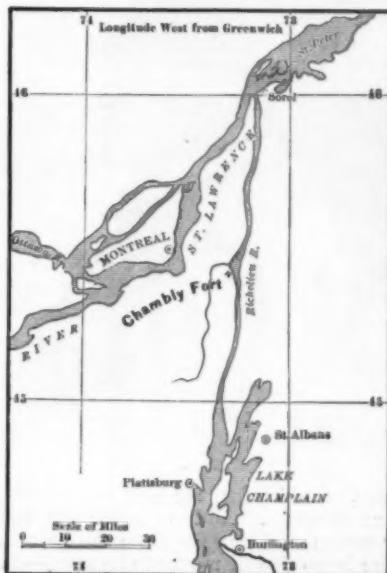
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full of picturesqueness. On account of its narrowness, both sides are brought close under the view of the observer, each turn displaying a new picture; but it must be looked at with an eye that can appreciate the landscape so much loved by the French painters.

By whatever route we have come to Chamby we are now face to face with its old fort that for nearly two centuries has frowned defiance on foe, extended its welcome shelter to friend, and now with equal honesty of purpose throws its grateful shadows over the herds of cows, who in its various nooks and corners are chewing their cuds, and looking as though they could

impart a world of historic information if disposed so to do.

The first thing that strikes one in connection with these ruins, is the wonderful state of preservation of the old gate-way,—the stones forming its sides and top being



N. Y. Map & Relief Line Eng. Co.

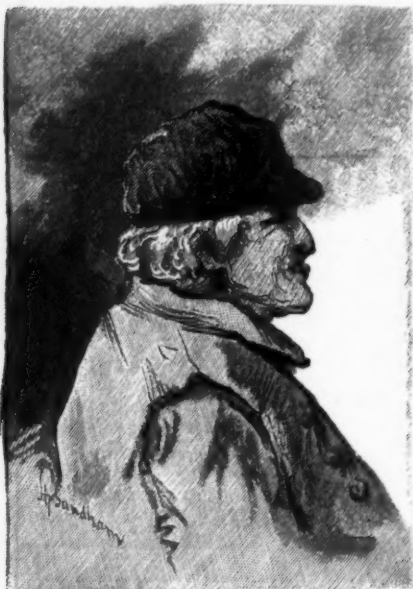
MAP, SHOWING THE LOCATION OF FORT CHAMBLY.

as crisp and sharp in form as if they had only just left the stone-cutter's hands, while all else is worn and crumbling with age.

The next wonder is, how any part of the walls are still standing, as about half the



THE FORT IN 1863.



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stones of which they are built are as round as cannon-balls. Add to this the fact that for twelve or fifteen feet from the ground, there is no sign of mortar to be seen,—the astonishment is increased that these walls are yet in existence.

Another feature that will impress the visitor is the irregular height at which the various openings have been made in the walls, forcing the conviction that the builders fol-

lowed the custom in vogue among the back-woodsmen when raising their log houses, viz., to build the walls solid and cut out the doors and windows afterward. Only in this case it would seem that the commandant had furnished each soldier with a crowbar and permission to dig out his own opening, at whatever place he liked best. If this theory is correct, the standard of height in the regiment must have varied greatly.

Fort Chambly—or Portchartrain—was built in the year 1665, and was constructed of wood. In 1709, it was in ruins and useless. The governor of Montreal, fearing a surprise on the part of the English from the New England states, obtained from the superior council at Quebec an opinion favorable to its reconstruction. Three years passed before this opinion was ratified by the court of France, and an order to this effect arrived in Canada in 1712; but, meanwhile, the colonists, impatient of delay, had completed the work, this being terminated in 1711 (which date is still to be seen over the ruined gate-way),—the soldiers being actively aided in their operations by the residents of Montreal. The plan was drawn by M. de Lery, engineer, of New France. As it was at this period built, it still remains, consisting of a very large square, flanked by four bastions corresponding to the four cardinal points of the compass.

"Captain Jacques de Chambly, after whom the fort was named, was a captain in the Carignan Salières, the first regiment of regular troops ever sent to America by the French Government. It was raised in



POLING UP THE STONES FOR THE GATE-WAY.





"THE RAVAGES OF TIME."

Savoy by the Prince of Carignan in 1644, but was soon employed in the service of France, where, in 1652, it took a conspicuous part on the side of the king, in the battle with Condé and the Fronde at Port St. Antoine. After the peace of the Pyrenees, the Prince of Carignan, unable to support the regiment, gave it to the king, and it was for the first time incorporated into the French armies. In 1664, it distinguished itself, as part of the allied force of France, in the Austrian force against the Turks. In the next year it was ordered to America, along with the fragment of a regiment formed of Germans, the whole being placed under the command of Colonel de Salières. Hence its double name—Carignan Salières. When it came to Canada it consisted of about a thousand men, besides about two hundred of the regiment incorporated with it. About 1668, the regiment was ordered home, with the exception of four companies kept in garrison, and a considerable number discharged in order to become settlers. The portion which returned to France formed a nucleus for the reconstruction of the regiment, which under the name of the regiment of Lorraine, did not cease to exist as a separate organization till 1794. Of the companies which returned to France in 1668, six were, a year or two

later, sent back, discharged in their turn, and converted into colonists. Neither men nor officers were positively constrained to remain in Canada, but the officers were told that if they wished to please the king, this was the way to do so, and promises and rewards stimulated many to remain. A sum of 1,500 livres was given to Captain La Motte because he was married and intended to stay in Canada, and 6,000 livres were assigned to others who had followed or were about to follow his example, and 12,000 livres more were set apart to be distributed to the soldiers under similar conditions. Among the officers who thus settled in Canada were men whose names are now familiar as household words,—such men as Chambly, St. Ours, Centracœur, Varennes, Sorel, Vecherres, whose names now designate the villages which line the banks of the Richelieu River. But these villages did not spring up at once; the officers were generally poor. An officer's personal possessions usually consisted of little but his sword and



THE NORTH-EAST BASTION.

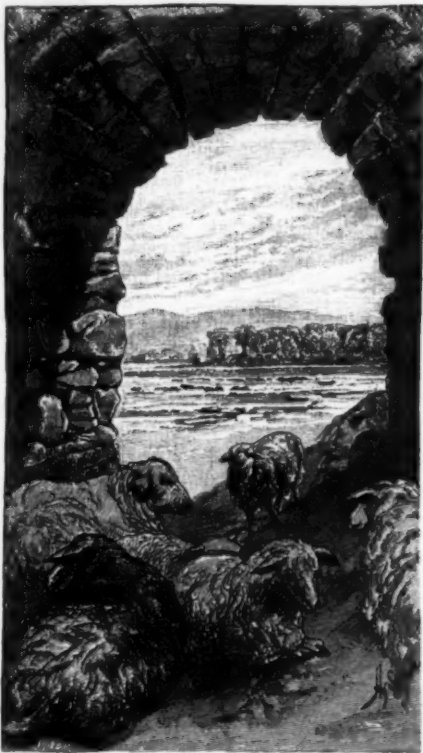
the money the king had given him for marrying a wife and settling down in the forests of Canada. It is therefore easy to understand that the improvement of the land and the erection of houses went on slowly. Chambly was somewhat more favorably situated than the others. He was the chief proprietor on the Richelieu, and was better able to meet the wants which were presented. He built himself a good house, where he lived in comfort. The King's fort close at hand saved him the expense of building one for himself and tenants. In this very important particular his brother officers, Sorel excepted, were less fortunate. The lands along the Richelieu, from its mouth to a point above Chambly, were divided in large seigniorial grants among the several officers, who, in turn, granted upon certain conditions portions of the land to the soldiers. The officers thus became a kind of feudal chief, and the whole settlement a permanent military cantonment,\* admirably suited to the needs of the country, furnishing, as it did, a frontier line of soldier-settlers ready for duty both as husbandmen and protectors."†

In 1666-67, Fort Chambly is mentioned in connection with an expedition against the Mohawks under Tracy and Courcelle. In 1709-1711 it bore no unimportant part in affairs. Not alone was Quebec threatened by a British fleet, but a force of 2,000 soldiers and as many Indians, under command of General Nicholson, was to march upon Montreal by way of Lake Champlain, but in consequence of a recurrence of disasters the British retreated, after burning their advanced posts. In 1712 and 1726, we read of the old fort doing its share in opposing various expeditions against Canada.

In 1734, M. de Beauharnois, believing that hostilities could not be long averted, wrote a dispatch suggesting means to be taken for defense of the colony against invasion, and in 1740, when war was imminent, the governor made "Forts Chambly, Frederic, and Niagara as secure as possible." We hear little of Chambly and its fort from this time until 1758-59, when "the Fort of Chambly, which defended the pass by the River Richelieu to the St. Lawrence, was strengthened and garrisoned by a body of regular troops and militia;" and although Chambly bore no share in the

actual fighting during the contest of 1759-60, we read that the French commandant retired before the advance of the British troops under Colonel Haviland, and further, that after the fall of Quebec in the spring of 1760, M. de Vaudreuil seconded a bold attempt of the Chevalier de Levis to wipe out the last year's disasters by the reconquest of Quebec. The necessary stores and ammunition were embarked at Sorel, which had been drawn from the depots of St. John's and Chambly. The fort, from its position, offered great advantages as a military station, and from the conquest of Canada by the English until the final withdrawal of the troops a few years back, Chambly was retained as one of the regular garrisons of the country. After a long period of inaction, the old fort sprang into notice once more during the Rebellion of 1837, but in later days it has been allowed to fall into decay.

But its present ruined condition only in-



VIEW FROM PRISON CELL.

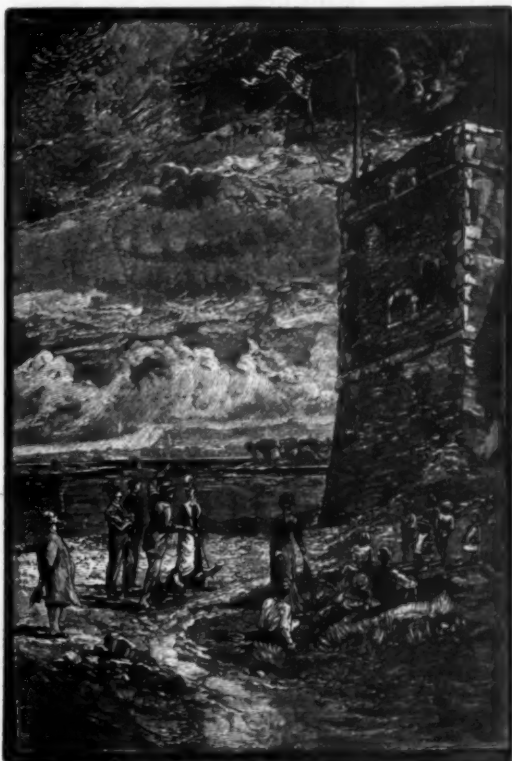
\* "A portion of Chambly village is still designated Chambly Canton."

† Parkman's "Old Régime in Canada."

creases one's desire to know more of its history. We gathered all the information possible from the numberless persons who, during our visit, kindly volunteered to tell us how we ought to make our sketches. Every one knew all about the history of the old fort, but no two agreed. At last the very man we wanted came along. He had in his possession several volumes of unpublished history of the fort. He kindly invited us to his house to see them. When we arrived there in the evening we were informed that, owing to the earlier numbers of the history having been buried under the dust of ages, he could only show volumes 4 and 5. After this sententious introduction, the volumes were shown. (See cuts.) We found them histories of by-gone events, so graphic in description that, for the time, the old heroes who had manned the fort in the days that are gone seemed to have come to life again and to stand before us. What marvelous scenes the old walls had looked upon! Why, the stones that formed the sides and top of the gate-way had been quarried in old France, blessed by some good bishop with unpronounceable name, brought over in a ship with an equally startling cognomen, poled up the Richelieu in batteaux by the voyageurs, landed, and placed in their present position amid a general thanksgiving and rejoicing. It was owing, doubtless, to the good bishop's blessings that they still looked so fresh while all else was going to decay. Then there was the well of marvelous depth in the center of the court-yard that had never been known to run dry.

There were hundreds of other interesting items, but all of them more or less hard to substantiate, on good authority. Still, they were very pleasant to listen to, with the old walls of the fort rising up before our eyes, looking strangely white and lonely in the bright moonlight. We decided, however, that it would be better to trust to published records for information.

It is hard to realize, as we look at the dilapidated ruins, that only thirty-five years ago the fort was in the full blaze of military



CAPTURE OF THE FORT BY THE AMERICANS.

glory, yet the following is a description given by a gentleman who visited it at that date:

"The old fort, old even then, was filled with troops. The port-holes frowned over the Richelieu and the green 'common' land forming the government reserve. Every tower had its sentry, and the soldiers were coming and going in every direction. The interior of the fort was a mystery to the great majority of the rising generation, for admittance was strictly denied to all save the privileged military and such well-known civilians as the guard was specially authorized by the commandant to admit. It is therefore not surprising that Fort Chamblay was a prolific source of story and legend, commonplace enough, no doubt, to the general public, but of thrilling and intense interest to the boys of the village. Here was the great elm against which a once universally credited, but, as I now believe, apocryphal story related, that three rebels were placed and summarily shot during

the rebellion. Nearer to the fort was the old burying-ground, where a weather-beaten head-board or two marked the spot where, years and years before, some more distinguished soldier had been laid to rest among

around which were barrack-rooms, gun-sheds, stables and prison cells. Into the three former our pass admitted us, under the guidance of a soldier, who took us in charge at the gate; but no one was suffered to



WINTER IN THE FRENCH COUNTRY. (FROM A PAINTING BY H. SANDHAM.)

the men he formerly commanded, but who he was, or how long he had lain there, the oldest man in the village could not say. 'That old board? Oh, it was just the same when I was a boy, blackened and bare, as you see it now.' The paint had worn away, but the solid oak sturdily refused to succumb to time, wind, or weather. And when a good-natured sentry was on duty and we were allowed to approach the outer wall of the fort, we could see on the western side the place where the less time-worn masonry indicated the spot through which the guns of the Americans had knocked a hole when they took the place during the war of 1812. But all inside was a mystery. We knew that a great many soldiers lived within those walls, but what the inside was like we could only guess.

"At last fortune and a commandant's pass admitted me to the interior. The approach was over a drawbridge, which crossed a small, dry moat, and when drawn up fitted into and closed the door-way. The doors were of oak, studded thickly with iron bolts, and when these were opened the visitor found himself inside a bomb-proof, vaulted passage, leading into a square court-yard, all

explore the vaults used for places of confinement. However, there was plenty to be seen without them. Even in the rooms where the troops were quartered the guns were mounted ready for use, and the thick walls of primitive masonry were pierced at regular intervals with perpendicular, narrow openings, through which the defenders might discharge their muskets in case of need; and, walking through the bare and scantily furnished rooms, it needed no great exertion of the imagination to fancy that an immediate attack was imminent, although the most complete peace and quietness prevailed throughout the land.

"Passing through a dark, vaulted passage, rather than room,—intended, as the soldier told us, to put the women and children into when the place was besieged,—we ascended a narrow stair-way to the north-east angle of the building, where the flag-staff was. Here we looked over into the turbid water at the foot of the rapids of the Richelieu, which flow close to the foundation, and were glad to get safely away from the rather giddy height.

"A year or two afterward neither a soldier nor a gun remained. Windows and openings

of all kinds were closed, some with shutters and others with strong planking nailed over them. Admittance was as sternly refused as ever, for the magazines still contained a good deal of ammunition, and there was no intention of allowing the old place to go to decay. But as time went on, and the vigilance of the one non-commissioned officer left in charge became less zealous, more than one active boy scaled the walls and startled the bats, who were now the only occupants of the fast-moldering building. Finally, when the ordnance property passed into the hands of the Provincial Government, even the semblance of care-taking passed away, and gradually, but surely, ruin marked the place for its own.

"We visited the ruins during the summer of 1874, and on the door of the guard-house of the barracks close by we read the following notice :

**\$10 Reward.**

'Parties removing, or demolishing for the purpose of removal, the stones, or other materials of the Barracks and Buildings at Chambly, the property of H. M. the Queen, more especially Fort Portchartrain, commonly known as the

**Old Fort**

at Chambly, will be rigorously prosecuted, and a reward of

**\$10 (ten dollars)**

will be paid to any witness by whose testimony the offender is brought to justice.'

During our visit we asked a small boy who professed to know, to show where the American guns had made a breach in the fort. This he consented to do, and led us round the corner of the north-west bastion, escorted by a guard of honor composed of all the available urchins in the neighborhood. At last he called a halt, and pointed to the wall; but we could see no difference between that spot and the rest of the same side, and so decided that either we were looking at the wrong place, or else the Americans had made such an extensive breach that the whole of the west side had been rebuilt.

While we were endeavoring to solve this problem, our party was joined by a gentleman, to whom we expressed surprise that the ravages of time should have been so marked during the last thirty years. He assured us that time had not so much to do with it as the "thieving habitants" of the neighborhood, who, shortly after the Government abandoned the property, took possession, and carried away everything they could lay their hands on. For a short time a notice, similar to the one referred to, was

placed on the gate, and this kept the lawless wretches at a distance; but one dark night a land pirate stole gate, notice and all. The fort was then doomed to speedy destruction. Every piece of wood was stolen, the heartless vandals even taking the trouble to saw off the beams that originally supported the floors. The result of this has been that the wall which faced the river, becoming undermined by the water and having no support inside, fell with a loud crash several years ago, and to a great extent even the stones of which it was built have been carried away; but the north-east bastion still stood its ground, and upheld the old flag-staff that had borne in turn the lily of France, the cross of England, and the stars of the United States. Rumor says that the last named was the cause of its final destruction, for three or four years ago the fort—or, rather, what was left of it—was again taken by the Americans, this time under the leadership of a dashing New York girl, at whose command a faithful follower climbed the tottering wall, and hoisted a large American flag. But during the night a storm-wind carried flag, staff, and a large angle of the already weakened wall into a watery grave. This provoked a very lively discussion next day, during which the Americans maintained that the wall was characteristic of the monarchical institutions of the British nation,—in fact, it was played out, and had not strength enough left to support for a few hours the flag of the Republic. The natives in turn asserted that anything possessed of the true English spirit would rather destroy itself than uphold a gridiron flag,—fresh proof of the difference a different stand-point makes in the very same circumstances.

It is interesting to enter the old gate-way, pass through what was the vaulted passage into the court-yard, and stand by the hollow that marks where the well once sent forth its refreshing supplies to the besieged garrison (it now only serves as a rallying-place for the cows), and then pass down into the prison cells and powder-vaults, to share with the sheep their refreshing shade and the cool breeze from over the rapids, which gently blows through the open arch where the solid walls once stood. As we sit here and idle away the time, the repose of the body seems to give increased activity to the mind, which brings before it some of the many changes that have taken place since Champlain, in the spring of 1609, discovered these rapids. It must be within a few feet of where the fort was built that he and his Huron and



Algonquin allies landed, to make their "portage" to a point where the river is again navigable. Imagination pictures the triumphant return after their victory over the warlike Mohawks at Ticonderoga. And so we travel down the "isles of time" till we come to the building of the fort, and again wonder where all the round stones came from, that were so freely used in its construction. Almost unconsciously we try to remove one, and feel astonished at the small effort necessary to dislodge it. But just as the stone is about to be lifted down, conscience declares that by this thoughtless act we are putting ourselves on a par with the heartless vandals whom we were berating in our mind but a short time before; so we quickly withdraw our hands—and as speedily return them, to keep the stone from falling. We hastened to block it in with some of the small chips within reach, and tried to forget our wrongdoing by studying the beautiful picture formed by the Richelieu as it danced down the rapids between the long strips of low grass-covered patches, with its middle distance of beautiful wooded islands, backed by the distant shore, and its pleasant suggestions of farms and homesteads, united with the ever-changing sky by a delicate half-tint caused by the towering form of Mount St. Hilaire.

Now we climb over the ruined wall and come out into the field, where, in "the days that are no more" the Indian has camped, the settler farmed, and the soldier fought; taking a passing glance at the slight traces of the remains of the earth-works and the battery mounds which Bedell and his Green Mountain boys erected in 1775 when besieging the fort, we cross the field and lean against one of the few posts left to mark the sadly neglected last resting-place of many a gallant and true-hearted soldier, and from this vantage point watch the old fort under the effect of a stormy sunset. The massive structure stands out against a background of deep, neutral-toned storm-clouds, marching in regular battalions. The old walls are lit up with an orange-toned light, in strong con-

trast to the bluey purple shadows. The foreground is rich olive green, with the pearly gray shore shelving out into the river. The water itself seems to be terrified by the threatening aspect of the sky, rushes ahead of the gale and tumbles over the rocks that fruitlessly endeavor to stop its course,—reflecting in alternate strips the deep tone of the clouds, and the brownish-purple of the distant trees, with white splashes of foam here and there, where it falls over the rocky ledges. This glorious mass of color increases in intensity each moment, when suddenly a cloud driven by the storm comes between the sun and the landscape. All is now a deep somber gray, but in a moment the cloud passes, and again the picture is presented to the eye, still more effective in its contrasts, and grander in its breadth of light and shade than ever. This lasts for a few minutes, to vanish again under the influence of another shadowing cloud. But a gust of wind drives away the cloud, and the sun, which shed a quivering light, sinks into his bed of deep purple clouds. Then, down come the rain and wind.

As we tacked home against the wind, with a large canvas under our arm, the whole scene seemed strangely familiar. Where could it have been that we beheld before such harmonies of color! With the word "harmonies," the key was found to what we were trying to recall, and memory brought back the many times we had listened to the symphonies of the world's greatest composers, and noticed how they gradually gather up their richest tones, until they all center in one powerful, complete and full chord as a finale,—then a short pause, the distinct repetition of the same chord, a longer pause, then the final repetition gradually dying away on the listening ear and heart,

"like the benediction  
That follows after prayer."

NOTE.—The author desires to acknowledge his indebtedness for historical information to articles on Fort Chamby by H. Mott, Esquire, and John Lesperance, Esquire, published in the "Canadian Antiquarian."

*Chamby*

## PARSONS AND PARSONS.

AN army officer's wife relates to her friends that she once stood by a river in Georgia, in a miscellaneous crowd of whites and blacks and yellows and yellowish-browns and whitish-yellowish-browns, looking on at a negro "baptizing." Before leading the neophytes into the water, the negro preacher improved the occasion to make a few very solemn and "feeling" remarks to his hearers. "Now, my breddern," he chanted, in a doleful recitative, "you all 'll want to know what's de reason dat immersion is de only mode ob babbism. Well, now, my breddern, bless de Laud, 'taint none o' yoah business!" Behold a model and conclusive theological argument! Whiter parsons than this Georgia John the Baptist have similar "short and easy methods" with heretics. When anything unanswerable or inexplicable is offered to them they take water in serene remarks about the "presumption of human reason." I like the Georgia version of it better; there is a frank and jolly impudence in the negro's way of putting it.

An able English Congregational minister, himself a most robust and manly fellow, complained to me one day, in riding through the Trossachs, that the public had a latent contempt for parsons. The public has done its best to bring the profession into disrepute, by its system of treating ministers with patronage and what Thackeray would call molly-coddling, with dead-headism, with exemptions from jury and military duty, and in some cases from taxation. It is true that ministers render many unrequited services to the public, but to put them on the list of semi-paupers is to cut the very ground from under the feet of their influence among men. And those parsons who wear uniforms of sanctity in the cut of their coats, and those who affect clerical tones, whether of the languishing, the prim, or the magisterial kind, have faithfully contributed to bring the noblest of vocations into disrepute, and to make the undevout mind look on a minister as an undignified neuter. How can one respect a minister who announces by manners, by dress, on his door-plate or on his visiting card, that he is reverend? It may be in good form for a man to advertise his clerical title in an aristocratic country like England, where the starch-mills are ever in operation, and where every

gentleman must wear some sort of a label lest casual acquaintances should thrust him into the wrong social pigeon-hole. But the well-dressed little fellow just out of college, to whom clerical dignity was as fresh as a first pair of trowsers to a boy just out of short-clothes, and who announced himself at our door the other day, with great orotundity of voice and a very deliberate utterance as the reverend Blanky W. Blank, no doubt commanded the reverence of the servant if of nobody else. Your name being Peter Smith, do you be Peter Smith; stand on your manhood and not on your office, young minister, and when you call at a neighbor's door don't send in your business card.

But I set that black Georgian to open the door of my article, not only because it is the proper thing in good society to have a negro in the hall-way, but because, dark as he is he throws some light on the question. Persecution of men for opinion's sake by ecclesiastical bodies,—a virtual saying that in the intellectual activity of this rather modern century the clergy alone shall not receive new ideas,—does not tend to increase popular reverence for our calling. The clergy are a cultivated, and consequently rather open-minded class of men. But the more open-minded clergyman is less likely than others to be contentious; the furious Don Quixotes who will ride abroad in defense of the past against the outrageous present and the still more terrible future, with the stolid Sanchos who ride after them, are by no means types of the ministry at large. But they kick up a great dust, and a public, not very discriminating, is apt to think that all the clergy have gone out to hunt down modern science, and to dam Niagara with books of discipline and confessions of faith. I believe that the unobtrusive ministers of the country read more scientific journals than any other class of men, professional scientific men excepted.

But when a minister who has attracted a great deal of attention by one noise or another cries out to his congregation: "A religion of ideas must give way to a religion of blood," he puts burlesque out of countenance. I like sturdy John Jasper of Richmond, with his sun going around the earth, and I like the Georgia Baptist who tells me flatly that it is none of my business. There is a sincerity about these illiterate

men that makes them white by the side of a clerical actor who outrages taste and intelligence for the sake of getting into the newspapers.

It is not the simple, unlearned ignoramus that is precisely contemptible. That singular Western sect, the "Anti-means Baptists," otherwise known as the "Hard-shells" or "Whisky Baptists," have many sins of ignorance to answer for, but ignorance pure is only amusing. The man who took his text from the "Book of one-eyed Samuel" was at least interesting at the outset, and that is something. An ear-witness told me of a cantankerous Kentucky Hard-shell who read from Revelations, "And there appeared a great wonder in heaven; a woman—" Pausing here, he added, "Yes, John, it was a wonder if there was a woman there. It was the first one and the last one as'll ever get there." This was a spicy and unconventional application of Scripture, and reminds one in its frankness of the better one of Owen Lovejoy, who, when he was a minister in Maine, was outraged by the persistency of the mill-owners in their habit of sawing logs bearing other men's marks. He read for his text one Sunday: "Thou shalt not steal logs," and added vehemently, "Now, do you know what that means?"

The illiterate pulpit haranguers are good burlesques—magnifying mirrors, to set off the absurdities of more cultivated men. I knew well the man—not a Hard-shell either—who explained the "tale of bricks" laid upon the Jews by Pharaoh's task-masters in telling his hearers that Egyptian bricks were made with handles of straw to lift them with, and that this handle was called a tail; hence the hardship of the order requiring the Jews to make tails to their bricks when they had no straw with which to make them. What minister will not be reminded by this incident of some more learned expositor who has got over a hard place with a like inventiveness?

He was not a Hard-shell, either, who rendered himself immortal by telling an audience in Southern Illinois that "they persecuted John the Baptist, and put him in a ca'dern of bilin' ile, an' that ile was the ile of Patmos, wherein he writ his revelation." Though this anecdote has been printed in the newspapers, it is true, having appeared before the day of the inventive "funnyman;" a friend of mine, a minister of the same denomination as the oily orator, vouches for it. I am not so sure about that ingenious exegete who, having declared that Abra-

ham built the ark, was met by a protest from a brother that "Abraham warn't thar." To which he responded, with a courage worthy of a Boston Monday lecturer, that he was "thar or tharabouts."

A Jewish rabbi of a pedantic turn of mind came to me once with a Spanish proverb which he wished to quote in a newspaper article. He knew, somehow, the English rendering of the proverb, but wished to quote it learnedly in the original, and he did not dare do it without first learning what language it was in! He little thought what an exemplification he was of his proverb, which read: "A fool is never a very great fool until he knows Latin." But the proverb is peculiarly true of our calling; the ignoramus, pure and simple, is not the fool. It is only the one who knows Latin.

I thought of that Spanish proverb some years ago, when I happened into a metropolitan church, the pulpit of which was at that time occupied by a young man who was astonishing everybody with what one of our American humorists calls "fluidity." And I will confess that I never saw a man whose ideas—if you could call them such—were so fluid, so entirely in a state of solution. The audience listened to his really brilliant tongue-iness with that sort of admiration which small boys feel for the "professor" of legerdemain, who blows blazes and spins ribbons from his mouth. Though he was an intolerable coxcomb, much that he said was bright and vivid, and it was all highly showy and sensational. But imagine the effect when he made a grand climax by dashing to the front of the platform, and crying out, "There's a great deal of *esprit de gloria* about that!" I really thought there was. The people looked at him with breathless attention and approval. Truly, the Spanish proverb is correct.

But it is not the ignorance of a few ministers, whether in the backwoods or in the city, that produces "a certain condescension," as Lowell would have it, in speaking of ministers. Archbishop Whately said that it was unfortunately true "that our girls are not well educated; but then our boys will never find it out." The public is not always penetrating in its regard of a popular minister. The editor of this magazine touched the heart of the matter when he said recently that goodness is not interesting. Do not jump to the moral that a minister, to be interesting, must be slightly bad; though I know a witty woman who declares that peo-

ple like a minister "with the chill taken off." And therein lies a deeper truth than she means. It is not goodness that the world does not like, but conventional goodness, and that not because it is good, but because it is conventional, and consequently chilly. In the long run, goodness is the very most available quality in the ministry, or in any other pursuit, except perhaps that of a horse-jockey. Mr. Evarts is reported as saying that Dr. John Hall's influence lies in the fixed character of the man. And yet Dr. Hall is the very apostle of the conventional in belief and in usage, in matter and in manner. One cannot say, however, that he is in any bondage to convention; he is enthusiastically conservative; the whole weight of a great and sincere nature is felt in his teaching. "Words have weight when there is a man behind them." But men of smaller mold than Dr. Hall are smothered under a mass of conventional beliefs and usages; it is only the man of tremendous vitality who is able to infuse life into them. For the most part, there is nothing the world cares so little about as the minister whose piety and uprightness are cast in a conventional mold, for such goodness almost always has the air of being imposed from without. It is for this reason that heresy has of late commanded a premium, even in Scotland. The public does not like heresy, in and of itself; but when a man has a suspicion of eccentric opinions about him, there is a presumption that he does not buy of any spiritual old-clo' man. When I can pick a man out at first sight, by his air, dress, tone, as a parson, I have no further use for him or curiosity about him. Such men you can buy or sell by sample.

And yet, in a certain sense, the public helps to impress this conventional character upon clergymen. Only last week, a lady said to a gentleman of my acquaintance, in speaking of a minister: "I don't like Dr. —; he is not a bit of a minister. If you go into his parlor he will tell you stories, and talk just like any other man." By the general acceptance of a dry-as-dust standard of propriety for ministerial character, behavior and speech, many men are bullied into a dullness not natural to them. They feel themselves shut out from all but distinctly religious circles, and thus miss that osmose process by which a healthy circulation of thought and feeling is kept up. I once knew a minister of ability and some note, but of great severity and exclusiveness of habit and feeling, who had a daughter of

rather feeble mind. This young lady was, like all the family, very strict in her religious notions, and she had barely intellect enough to make calls. One day, at a neighbor's, she told as a startling fact, that Miss Blank had called on the ladies at her father's house the week before.

"Whatever made her call," she added, "I don't know, for she isn't converted."

Profound sincerity is the true antagonist of stiff convention. A profound and aggressive sincerity is the very foundation for ministerial usefulness. I do not say by any means that it is the easiest road to popularity. If a man has a high sense of right and wrong, and a fearless self-reliance in following his convictions, he cannot miss of some sort of usefulness as a public teacher. Every such man is a conductor of divine influence, and what the teacher is is of more consequence than what he says. How different soever his creed may be from mine, the noble and unselfish man is an inspiration to me. He may be a Jew, a Catholic, a Calvinist, or a Free-thinker, but let him be nobly unselfish and pure, and he will be a tonic to the moral nature of men. And, above all, if he bear the name of a servant of Christ, let him be clean of all narrow self-seeking and full of all heroic self-sacrifice. For if he be vain, if he be effeminate, self-indulgent, pompous—if he be greedy of gain, if he be fond of clap-trap and stage-effects, how will men say that he is but a shabby servant of the divinest of masters.

Sincerity is the great antiseptic, if I may borrow the illustration. It will sweeten the narrow churchism of Keble and the narrow dogmatism of Spurgeon. It is healthful wherever you find it,—in the downrightness of Moody and in the sweet humanness of Robert Collyer. Often have I listened with delight to an obscure country preacher, whose beliefs and modes of thoughts were like the bonnets in the congregation, quite antiquated. The sermon has seemed to me like a cool spring in the mountains. But there was not a fresh thought in the whole discourse, and perhaps there was little or nothing even to agree with beyond the existence of God. But the sincere and unselfish spirit of the preacher was like a breeze from the garden of Eden. I like some preachers for what they tell me. I love other preachers for what they are. I met a lady in London of extreme radical views, who was an unstinted admirer of Spurgeon and his work. There is a free-masonry among sincere people.

Conventionality may be interesting when it is backed by sincerity and genuineness. But in most cases the man who moves in ruts is but a second-hand man. Every man is a man only when he finds his own orbit. Bushnell did not add a great deal that was permanent to religious thought; he was rather a poet than a philosopher. But he was a wonderful inspiration to others, for he was an honest and fearless spirit who found his orbit and moved therein, spite of persecutions for heresy from little big men who thought that God had lost the power to bring forth in every age fresh types of manhood. A gifted lady, whose charming conversation, alas! her friends shall listen to no more here, told me the last time I saw her of an Episcopal bishop who found, now and then, a sleepy parish clergyman that had suddenly waked up, and, in turn, had roused his whole parish. The venerable bishop, a keen observer, set himself to find out the genesis of this sporadic awakening in different quarters of his diocese. In every case he traced it to the reading of Frederic W. Robertson's writings. For Robertson, of Brighton, was a man who found his appointed orbit. When told by an obtrusive meddler of criticisms on his sermons, he answered her, you remember:

"Madam, I don't care."

"Do you know what end 'Don't Care' came to?" she inquired severely.

"I believe, madam, he was crucified on Calvary."

Sometimes a man's orbit, if I may stick to my figure, is an eccentric one. The backwoods grew many a sturdy preacher. The rough hurly-burly of the hunt, the shooting-match, the Indian fight, the corn-shucking, did not incline men to appreciate the refinements acquired in the schools. One Peter Cartwright was better for the wilderness than a hundred graceful Bourdalones or Farindons. Cartwright himself was of the backwoods in very bone and sinew. He despised all "college-made preachers" as something effeminate. He sneered at their very polish as unmanly, and the poor fellows from Princeton and Andover found themselves at first sadly wanting when weighed in the frontiersman's scales. Cartwright said that young Eastern parsons walked "like goslings that had got the straddles."

But Peter Cartwright was an extreme type,—a preacher with a dash of dare-devil in him. Old age softened none of his amusing, but almost brutal, rudeness. To

the very last his words were tomahawks. Barton Cartwright, of Northern Illinois, is living yet, I believe, and is as interesting a character as was his namesake. Eccentric he is, but never offensive,—a sweet and fresh spirit, grown wild but lovely, like a cardinal-flower. His humor is almost as irresistible as was that of the other Cartwright, and I will venture to tell here, what I have printed elsewhere, the excellent but severe repartee of Bishop Janes, spoken apropos of the venerable Barton. A young preacher of ability had been wantonly outraging Bishop Janes's prejudices by a display of gloves, canes, cigar and other things, which, to the rather austere old bishop, seemed appurtenances of a dandy. The bishop happened to praise Barton Cartwright, whom he greatly admired.

"Pshaw!" said the young man, superciliously. "Bart Cartwright's a bear."

"I prefer a bear to a lap-dog, any time," was Janes's quick rejoinder.

An eccentric preacher of the same region was Father Sinclair. I have heard that when his admirers thought to print the sketches of his sermons after his death, they were found to be merely a set of unintelligible hieroglyphics, with which the old man had arbitrarily associated certain courses of thought, incidents and so forth. He was rather illiterate, and with the growth of culture among the people found himself a little shoved aside by educated young men, albeit his natural eloquence kept him in request for camp-meetings and such gatherings. But Methodism had changed, and a university and theological school had been established at Evanston, and many good old ways were dying out. One day during the conference Father Sinclair was asked, in a group of ministers, where he was to be sent next year.

"To Evanston," he answered, dryly.

The grotesque idea of the unlettered backwoodsman in the Evanston pulpit, preaching to the eminent professors, excited laughter.

"Why, Father Sinclair," said some one, "what would they send you to Evanston for?"

"Oh! as a professor."

"Professor of what?"

"Professor of religion," answered he, with a sarcastic twinkle in his eye.

But if I were to enter on the wit of the backwoods preacher this paper would outgrow its limits. Let us turn to a Presbyterian. Dear Chaplain Joe Little, where



are you? It is years since I met you, filled as you were with philanthropic schemes for educating the poor whites of the South. There may be men more capable of carrying through a practical enterprise, but there never was a more enthusiastic, unselfish and hardy spirit. A college, a theological seminary, and a musical academy all graduated Chaplain Little, but not all together could take the freshness and the oddity of his genius out of him. When spiritual adviser to a regiment of wild West Virginians, he told them stories, sang them funny songs, adopted their dialect, and won their open hearts by manly open-heartedness. When Mosby captured Little it was in an unlucky time. Orders had been issued on the Federal side, by General Pope, I believe, that bushwhackers should have no quarter, and Mosby prepared to retaliate by shooting prisoners.

"It looked pretty solemn," said the chaplain, "when they cast lots to see who should inherit my horse."

But he took his little nondescript harmonium, and began to sing for dear life. All the droll songs that ever were invented, this doomed captive sang to the bushwhackers there in the mountains.

"I think I ought to shoot you," said Mosby, at length. "A fellow that keeps up men's spirits as you do is too valuable to the Yankees for me to let him off."

But let him off he did. Nobody could shoot such a combination of goodness and drollery as Chaplain Little.

Once, after a battle, a certain church was turned into a hospital, and wounded and dying lay all up and down the floor. It was a blue time, when men were dying not of wounds alone, but of the despair which was like an epidemic in the very atmosphere. A severe chaplain added to the terror by passing about exhorting the poor groaning fellows to prepare for death. Chaplain Little, seeing how fatal this despondency must prove, walked up into the pulpit, planted his little melodeon on his knees, and struck up a ridiculous song known as "The Ohio Girl." Sunlight came in with the rich melody of the chaplain's voice and the humor of his song. The surgeons took heart, and life seemed to come back to battered and homesick men. But the austere chaplain in the middle of the church called out:

"Chaplain Little, you ought to be ashamed of yourself to sing such stuff to men who ought to be preparing for death."

Whereupon a colonel, who had just had a leg amputated, raised his head, and addressing the last speaker, said:

"Chaplain Blank, I wish I had two legs, so that I could kick you out-of-doors."

I remember well a young frontier Methodist preacher who had the gift of grotesque but very vivid rhetoric, which in some unlettered men amounts almost to genius. In a conference of ministers, alluding to the fact that he was kept on hard frontier posts, he said cheerfully that it was his business "to drive the gospel breaking-team." (A breaking-team is one hitched to the great plow used to turn for the first time the ancient sod of the prairie.)

"Levi," said one of his friends a little later, "you ought to quit saying those odd things."

"That's so," answered the young man with sincere humility, and an evident resolution to reform. "Now, that expression about the gospel breaking-team might settle my coffee for life!"

When I say that freedom from conventional stiffness is of the utmost importance to the maintenance of a minister's influence, I don't mean that eccentricity shall be put on. The putting on of anything from without is sure to impair one's simplicity. But the men who hold the hearts of the people in this country are men who dare to do and say that which the oracles within them bid. On the other hand, nothing can be of less use in the world than the life of a minister who, neither in thought, habit, or phrase, ever moves out of tether, ever asks whether he is man or machine. An ex-minister in the town of my birth, having turned lawyer, rose to address the court for the first time. By sheer force of habit he drifted into old forms of expressions. "My brethren," he said to the jury, whereupon the court clerk, a witty old Irishman, piped out through his nose, "and fellow-travelers to eternity."

Cant phrases are proper only to poll-parrots, and poll-parrotism is one of the deadliest diseases of the pulpit.

There are many debates about the propriety of reading sermons. Nothing could be more vain. Dr. Storrs, with his fine diction and infinite memory, advocates extemporaneous speaking, while Dr. Taylor, an excellent and most sincere preacher, but hesitant when speaking without notes, is sure that it is better to read one's sermons. A man who is near-sighted, old, or astigmatic, might as well urge everybody to use

his kind of spectacles, as to try to persuade us that all preachers should deliver their sermons in the same way. I have heard that the combative Dr. Breckenridge once took fire in a meeting of Synod at some intimation that city ministers dressed too well and treated country brethren with contempt. He straightened his tall form and burst into indignant speech.

"Mr. Moderator," he said, "I am ready to exchange clothes with any brother on this floor."

A short, fat minister waddled into the aisle and cried out:

"Mr. Moderator, I'm his man!"

Why should Dr. Storrs or Dr. Taylor wish us to wear clothes that fit them? At the same time I am sure that many men would be better without manuscript who now use it from sheer timidity; and I know some who can never be anything but hopeless stammerers in extemporaneous speaking, and who would better go back to their writing.

Mr. Beecher, with his inexhaustible vocabulary, his ready command of apt illustrations, his histrionic gift, his boundless spontaneity, and all those other qualities that make him the master of improvisation, would be hopelessly crippled if he were set to read a written sermon. His lectures, which have the air of being more carefully prepared in the matter of diction than his sermons, are far inferior to the latter as examples of his eloquence. But, on the other hand, Canon Farrar, one of the rarest preachers the world has seen, reads every word of his sermons. His sermons in Westminster Abbey moved me to tears sometimes, though there was nothing that could be called exactly pathetic in them. There is a wonderful moral and æsthetic wholeness in him; one rejoices in his rare courage and lofty moral inspiration. I know no man who combines, as he does, the simplicity, repose, and finish of Greek literary art, with the high religious devotion and unwavering courage of a Hebrew prophet. Yes, and add, too, the magnanimity of a Christian disciple. His sermon on "The Confessional," delivered in July, 1877, to an audience that crowded all the hearing room of the Abbey, was the most masterful piece of destructive eloquence I have ever heard. Argument, ridicule, invective, were all intensified by the highest moral indignation. But not for a moment was the perfect poise of the speaker lost; there were sentences that thrilled the hearers like an electric shock, but there was nothing vehe-

ment from first to last. And the whole was closed by a noble passage, in which the men who held the views he had attacked so successfully were treated with the greatest personal respect, and the excellence of their work was fully recognized. Oh! that it were always so in religious debate!

After all, it is "the man behind" that gives weight to a discourse. I have never seen or heard Phillips Brooks; but, in his sermons and lectures as printed, there is the rare combination of personal earnestness with the utmost fairness toward opponents. But no preacher can be fairly estimated wholly by print. It is not by the compositions that he leaves, says a French writer, but by the memory of the effects he has produced, that an orator is to be judged. Of the purely pathetic or emotional orators, Bishop Simpson is one of the most successful, but there is nothing in his printed sermons to justify his reputation. He has a bold, dramatic instinct, and great sincerity of personal conviction.

Wendell Phillips once characterized a man as one who had "pulmonary eloquence." How many an eminent doctor has owed his distinction to a large chest, a resonant voice, and imposing manners! I forbear to repeat Sydney Smith's pun on "Postures and Impostures."

Sensationism is a grievous vice of the pulpit, and does incalculable injury to its influences. But sensationism is only an insurrection, somewhat violent, against conventionality. Men are so tired of metaphysics, and dogmatics, and firstlies, and secondlies, that they rush to the man who offers them relief. Though, for that matter, sensationism is a vice not peculiar to the pulpit. Literature, art, theaters, journalism, philanthropy, politics, the dry goods business, have all suffered from its ravages.

There is a sensation proper and a sensation improper; let us keep the distinction. The boat plashes the water with her wheels in order to go ahead; she makes an incidental sensation. But, if she only plashed the water, she would be like some ministers, some writers, some editors, some mountebanks. A rocket blazes for the mere sake of blazing, a fire-cracker makes a report for the sake of noise. A cannon blazes like the rocket and makes more noise than a hundred pop-crackers, but it does more. If you must make a noise in order to achieve a good purpose, by all means make a noise. But don't make a noise for the sake of the noise. Asses do that.

I do not object to advertising pulpit subjects, or to seeking fresh and interesting subjects. If I may advertise a lecture, why not a sermon? There is a good habit which the pulpit is learning of journalism—that of following the suggestion of any great event that is uppermost in the public mind. But there is a kind of preaching which may justly be called pulpit blood-and-thunder; it finds its interest in the same love of the horrible that sells the “penny dreadfuls,” and makes the story of a murder good stock for a newspaper.

It is so fashionable just now to denounce the bad taste of Dr. Talmage's pulpit performances, that I am inclined to put a little in the other scale. I prefer to remember the Tabernacle preacher in that earlier time before the great building made it needful to do an unreasonable amount of slashing in order to keep the house filled. Some evil influence has of late years dampened Mr. Talmage's humor, which was always his best gift. I used to hear him say some excellent things in droll ways in his first years in Brooklyn. He was speaking of the evil of high pew-rents one night, and he pictured a shipwreck with people floundering in the water.

“Man the life-boat, pull away! pull away! Now, save these men. Stop! Have you got any money? This seat in the bow is fifty cents, that in the middle is a dollar, the one astern there is twenty-five cents. Oh! you haven't any money! Well, go on, boys. There'll be a mission chapel along here to save these poor fellows presently!”

If I have dwelt in this discursive article on the foibles and eccentricities of parsons, it is not from any lack of respect for the class. I do not know any vocation that has produced nobler men. It is not to the great doctors that I appeal, but to the humbler men who have honored the calling. How many heroes I have known who have made me proud to be counted a parson with them! Brave, spirited James Peet rises up to my sight, missionary in the slums of New York, in the wilds of Lake Superior, and then among the negroes of the South. He was never eloquent, and had but little culture, but he was all man. I said he was never eloquent, but when at last he stood before those who had known him long, forewarned of death and haggard with consumption, asking no pity for himself, but pleading, as with his last breath, the cause of those to whom his last work

was given, we wept, all about him, moved by the matchless eloquence of heroic living. And there was Shaw, the sweet-spirited religious enthusiast, an Israelite without guile, whom I knew from boyhood, and who, now that his work is over, sleeps under the willows of the old grave-yard on the Ohio. I must not mention too freely the living, whose brave lives make the earth sweet. But I remember to have heard once the eloquent Dibrell, of Norfolk, who sent away his household and died with his people in the yellow-fever scourge. Nor shall I forget that Irish priest who lived through that epidemic, and when there sailed into Hampton Roads, some years after, a French ship, the men on which were dying by scores with the fever, he boarded her and ministered to the crew. He once showed me, with pardonable pride, a watch that the Emperor of the French had sent him as an acknowledgment of his services.

But this sort of heroism is common enough among ministers. More instances come to my pen than I can mention. There sat here in my library the other day Mr. Willard Parsons, who, a year and a half ago, was the pastor of a country Presbyterian church on the Erie Railroad. He found his work there, and this summer he has, with the aid of the “Evening Post” Fresh-air Fund,” but without any organization, and without salary, taken one thousand and eighty-one invalid children from tenements in the city to sojourn for two weeks each in country farm-houses. Of his courage and sacrifices I may not speak. If liberal men were not so sunk in ruts, they would provide for the independence of such a man, that he might keep on in his work. “Endow a man, and not an institution,” says MacDonald.

When once a man has been guilty of writing novels there are always plenty of people who want to provide him with heroes for the next ones. A gentleman in Massachusetts is resolved that I shall write one with Abraham Lincoln for center-piece; another friend has a Catholic priest of the old French régime in the West whom he would like to have done, and a Connecticut deacon has offered to sell me an ancient love affair of his own as literary material if I will work it up on the halves. And one of the funniest of our American humorists, in a serious fit, once handed over to me a Baptist minister for a hero. He is too good to be lost, and as I set out with a combative Baptist let me put in here a brave one. He

was well known to my informant, the pastor of a church in a town in the great wild forests of Michigan many years ago. He lived a bachelor life, and lived most penuriously. In every other regard he was beyond reproach, but people thought him most unreasonably stingy, and dubbed him a miser. When he died, it was found that his hard-saved money had been put away for all those years that he might leave twenty thousand dollars to found an academy in the town for the boys and girls of that destitute region. And in all those years of self-denial and

odium, he had hugged that excellent project and held firmly on his way, without giving a sign to any one or asking any sympathy.

We live at the dawning of a better time, a time of broader views and a more hopeful spirit. The severe and stately parson passes away. No longer, clad in official and funereal black, shall he sit like Poe's raven, cawing a sepulchral "nevermore" to the despairing human spirit. The strong men of our time know how much better is love than fear, hope than despair, personal influence than official authority.

## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### The Magazine.

THE minister who preaches his Master fifty-two Sabbaths in the year, takes the Thanksgiving anniversary for the airing of himself and his pet notions on social or political topics. A wayfarer finds nothing so convenient and suggestive as a mile-stone, to sit down upon or lean against. Anniversaries have always been occasions for the survey of the path before and the path already trod, for individuals and enterprises and institutions; and as eight years of the existence of this magazine have been completed, and we enter with this number upon the ninth year, and the seventeenth volume, it seems a fitting occasion for us to say something about it to its friends and the great public.

Eight years ago, SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY began to be published. It entered the field without a subscriber, and now has a patronage crowding closely upon a hundred thousand. It never was growing more vigorously than it is to-day, and never, during any year, made a better or more healthy advance than it did last year. The elements that have commanded this success seem worth talking about.

No one can suppose that a magazine published without illustrations could have achieved the success to which we allude. It is doubtful whether the same magazine, omitting the illustrations entirely, could have been made to pay expenses, thus reduced to the minimum, as they would have been. It is proper, then, that we place the pictorial department of the magazine at the head of the list, in recounting the elements of its success. It is not necessary for us to repeat the verdict of the newspaper press, both of this country and Great Britain, in regard to the excellence of this department. It has commanded, by its superiority, all that it has won. No labor and no money have been spared to secure the best results possible in this country; and such has been the advance in the arts of designing and engraving, under the stimulus of this patronage, that it may well be doubted whether the work on SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY could be produced to-day in any other

country. Certainly, there is no such work done on a popular magazine in any other part of the world.

It is noticeable, too, that the same change of relation, between the best artists and the magazine—considered generally, as a literary institution—has taken place that had already been effected between the best writers and the magazine. Formerly, the best writers of fiction never appeared in the magazine. It will be remembered that Dickens's works originally appeared in parts, and that almost all the prominent novel-writers of Great Britain published from the manuscript their completed volumes. The magazine-writers were another class, and a lower one, in everything, perhaps, but the essay. Now it is the second or third rate novelist who cannot get publication in a magazine, and is obliged to publish in a volume, and it is in the magazine that the best novelist always appears first. When this magazine published its first number, the best artists, as a rule, were not willing to engage in illustration, and very few of them had ever learned to draw on the block for the engraver. Within the past twelve months, some of the best artists in this country have been more than willing to furnish their exquisite work for the MONTHLY, and it will soon be impossible for any but the best artists to get magazine work to do.

The next element of success that comes up for notice is the publication of the distinctively American novel. In the success of a popular magazine, the serial novel has become a very important factor. There is a large number of readers in the country who never subscribe for a year, but who always buy the numbers as they appear. To give regularity and steadiness to this demand and sale, the serial novel has been found to be all important. For many years the American public depended upon the British novel. It took the work of the British novelist at second-hand, and at the price of second-hand work. The consequence was that the novel-writing capacity of the American remained undeveloped. This magazine saw very early the evil

effects of this policy upon American literature. It saw, at last, that it could do no better for its own countrymen and for American literature than to discard utterly the British novel, and get the best American novel it could, to take its place. The result is already most encouraging. The names of several writers will occur to our readers who have been developed under this policy, and who, without it, would have secured but a limited hearing—possibly no hearing at all. If writers have been developed, readers have been pleased. There is but one English writer—a woman—who can command a better audience in America than the woman whose novel we begin in the present issue of the MONTHLY, —a woman first made known to the world through these pages, and developed through the policy now under notice. The next three years are likely to furnish further instances of this development of writers upon our own soil, working with material furnished by our own American life. It certainly is gratifying to witness the growing interest in home writers, and to find it for the interest of home magazines to discard the foreign writer, or to give him the subordinate place which he ought to hold among the American readers of current fiction.

The next element which claims notice is the editorial department, occupying the closing pages of the magazine. This department is not peculiar to SCRIBNER, nor was it originally instituted by this magazine; but it is peculiarly an American feature. The ordinary English magazine, prepared for popular reading, has no editorial department whatever, and is hardly more than a piece of job printing, performed in the advertising interest of a publisher. Of a carefully prepared editorial department, treating political, social, and household matters, giving literary and art criticism, and detailing the progress of invention and discovery, the characteristic popular magazine of Great Britain knows nothing. We believe that the peculiarities of this department as they have existed in SCRIBNER, have had much to do with its success. It presents many points of difference with the corresponding department in other magazines, and is received with a hearty relish by a great army of readers.

All the American magazines have been modified during the past few years, and we have shared with them the change from topics pretty purely literary to those of a more vital interest in connection with the social, political, and economical life of the nation. The old-time magazine was very largely a record of literary dilettanteism, and to-day would be laughed at and not tolerated at all. Now, every reader of a magazine expects to see all the topics of leading interest in the life of the nation and the world treated in its columns, and it is for this reason, very largely, that the periodical dealer has supplanted the country book-seller, nearly everywhere.

The future of magazine literature seems to us a very bright one. Magazines will not be multiplied as they have been, because it takes too much money to establish a magazine that will meet the competition to which it will be subjected; but the competition that exists between monthlies that are already

established will insure to readers the worth of their money, and continue to make of them the best that the world can show.

#### Greenbacks and Green People.

WE suppose that the men who consider soft money better than hard, and a greenback superior to gold, are mainly honest. There are undoubtedly demagogues among them who know better, and who, for personal purposes, are practicing upon the popular ignorance; but the masses who belong to what is called the "greenback" party believe that somewhere in the unlimited issue of greenbacks there lies a cure for their own financial depressions and diseases. Their mouth-pieces talk about "cheap money," and they assert that if money were only cheap, the poor man could have more of it. The fallacy of this doctrine, and the foolishness of this kind of talk, would seem to be obvious enough; but multitudes are deceived by it, and misled to their own disappointment, and to the great disadvantage of the country. We do not remember a time when money was any more plentiful than it is now, or cheaper; yet the fact that it is both plentiful and cheap does not start the wheels of business. It is so because there is not sufficient use for it. If it were only scarce and dear, in consequence of the prosperity of business, or the increased use for it, the poor man would have more of it.

It is perhaps a useless task to reason, or to undertake to reason, with those who have given their allegiance to this greenback heresy, because they can hardly be intelligent readers of anything. We are, practically, already returned to specie payments. Within half a cent, a paper dollar is already as good as a gold dollar; and if we are to get any cheaper money than this, it must be poorer money. There is no such thing as getting money for less than it is worth, or getting anything for less than it is worth. If the national bank circulation, based upon pledges of United States interest-paying bonds, were to be wiped out, and the place of this circulation filled by greenbacks,—“absolute money,” “fiat money,”—the money might be very cheap, but it would also be very poor. Its purchasing power would be small, and every man would be obliged to pay in labor just its worth. He might, under such circumstances, get ten dollars a day for his work, but he would be obliged to pay a hundred dollars a barrel for his flour, because flour would be produced by labor costing ten dollars a day, on land worth five hundred dollars an acre. There is no legitimate way of getting money but by paying what it is worth, in labor or merchantable material.

The existing greenback, it may be claimed, is worth as much as a national bank note of corresponding denomination, but it is to be answered that the greenback, as it exists, does not pretend to be “absolute money.” It is a promise of the United States to pay money, and there is no sane financial man who does not know that it is a promise to pay coin, or something that directly represents coin. A greenback is good, and only good, because the



country accepts it as a pledge of gold or silver. The precious metals have been accepted, the world over, as the basis of currency, and when men talk about money they invariably talk about that which has its basis in coined metals. A paper dollar always represents a gold or a silver dollar. Throughout the long period during which specie payments have been suspended in the United States, the value of bank-notes and of greenbacks has been sustained by the faith that ultimately—sooner or later—every dollar would be redeemed or redeemable in coin. There was a time when it took two dollars in paper to buy one in gold, and the gap between that period and this has gradually been closed, as the certainty has increased that the promise upon the face of the paper dollar would be redeemed. If the greenback were to be changed to-day, so that it would bear no such pledge, it would become very cheap money indeed. It would hardly be worth the paper it is printed on.

There is no power on earth that can legislate value into paper. If paper does not represent value, it is good for nothing, and no government can make it good for anything. The question of cheap money, for the benefit of the laborer, for instance, is "as broad as it is long." If money is good for anything, it will have to be paid for in labor. The markets of the world settle the values of merchandise. We may legislate that every bushel of wheat shall be worth five dollars, but our legislation will have not the slightest effect upon the price. Wheat is wheat the world over, and the price is regulated by the great law of demand and supply. Money is money the world over, and money is gold and silver the world over, and every article that a man possesses and has for sale will be regulated in its price by the relation which it bears to some gold unit in the markets of the world. Money cannot be so made that a man can get something for nothing. It cannot be so made that he can get it for less than the market price in labor. The idea that it can be so made is a delusion and a snare of the devil, or a demagogue, who is his most obedient servant.

We have been through our experience with "cheap money." At the time the present greenback was created, there was a large party in this country who did not believe that, as a government pledge, it would ever be redeemed. Indeed, it was doubtful at that time, in the minds of some of our best patriots, whether the country would survive. The consequence was "cheap money," and the consequence of cheap money was of course inflated prices. The laborer's wages doubled and so did his expenses, and a thousand enterprises were entered upon which circumstances did not call for. Trade and manufactures were over-stimulated; and over-trading and over-production were the results. Real estate went up to absurd financial altitudes. Speculation was rife. Nothing could have been any more unhealthy than the financial and industrial condition of the country. Then came the crash and the end. It was a fever,—a burning, disastrous fever,—and still the patient lies pale and almost pulseless, though slowly gathering strength. And now our

new doctors wish to repeat this horrible business. Just as we are recovering,—just as the country is getting upon a sound financial basis,—we are told, not only that we want more greenbacks, but that we want only greenbacks; and not only this, but that we should compel the creditors of the country to take greenbacks for their bonds, thus adding the crime of the swindler to the blunder of the fool. Would it not be well to stop the teaching of what Herbert Spencer calls "the ornamental branches" in our schools for a while, that our young people may learn something more than their fathers seem to know of political economy?

Mr. Theodore Thomas.

THIS gentleman did a very natural and proper thing in going to Cincinnati, for Cincinnati is a much more musical city than New York. It was quite fitting that the best conductor of music in the country should make his residence in the most musical city in the country. The scolding that was administered to Mr. Thomas, and the scolding that was dealt out with more unsparing measure to New York, for her failure to appreciate and hold him to herself, were both very foolish. Mr. Thomas did what he could, and much more than any other twenty men ever did, to educate New York into a taste for the best music; and he found, at last, that he could not get a living at the business. So he went to Cincinnati, where he could accomplish that very desirable end. He goes into a most respectable and responsible position; he is domiciliated with a people possessed by a grand musical enthusiasm; he has now, all prepared, a chorus and an orchestra trained in his own methods, and he possesses the means, reckoning in the new music-hall and organ, for accomplishing grander and every way more remarkable musical effects than can be produced elsewhere on this continent. Why should not Mr. Thomas go to Cincinnati? We congratulate him on the change, and we give Cincinnati our hearty felicitation on an event so consonant with her history, and so important in its bearing upon her musical future. She has fairly earned any prize upon which she sees fit to lay her hand.

If New York can learn any lesson from this disappointment, which is almost felt to be a disgrace, it will be very well. The mere concentration of wealth and of political and commercial influence—the adding together of numbers and the spreading out of streets—do not necessarily make a city worth living in. No metropolis is worthy of its name which does not draw to itself, and hold, the best men in every department of art. The departure of Mr. Thomas for Cincinnati proves simply that New York lacks the culture and the institutions which would naturally retain him, and make his departure practically impossible.

It is to be remembered, however, for the encouragement of New York, that Mr. Thomas is not the only man who ever lived, and that the resources of the world were not exhausted when he left us. Such a man always stands in the way of the development

of other men in the line of leadership, and New York will not be a day without men quite capable of conducting her music and educating and directing her taste. Mr. Thomas's departure makes room for other men, who have been working at a dis-

advantage in his shadow; and we shall soon learn who among them is to take the ruling baton. He is certain to appear, and New York will have and hold just as good musical leaders as her musical culture and institutions deserve and naturally attract.

## HOME AND SOCIETY.

### Suggestions to Young Housekeepers.—I.

#### INTRODUCTION.

I HAVE heard so much of the trials and perplexities of young housekeepers that, after forty years of experience, begun in ignorance, I think I may be able to give some aid and instruction, and may speak with some authority. I desire earnestly to help those who wish to make a home for themselves and those around them.

I believe much of the trouble of housekeeping is owing to the want of proper attention on the part of the housekeeper. Men choose for their professions the law, medicine, architecture, merchandise, and theology, and they give all their attention to the professions they have chosen, or they cannot hope to succeed. A woman chooses for her profession the head of a household. Properly viewed, it is the highest and most elevating of all professions,—let her not enter upon it lightly. She has in her hands the happiness and welfare and direction of a few or many people, as it may be; but she cannot neglect her work. It is not to be neglected, and cannot be put into the hands of any other person. It is her bounden duty to see that her home is clean, airy, cheerful, happy, and all its various economies attended to. She can no more neglect it with impunity than a doctor his patients, a lawyer his clients, a merchant his customers. She must be the mistress of her own household. She may have as many servants of high and low degree as her home and income may require, but she must be superintendent. She must require obedience to her orders, and strict performance of duty; but she must understand what those duties are, how they should be performed, and what time they require, or her orders are of no value, and she cannot judge of their performance. A mistress should go through her house every morning, praise where praise is due, and quietly find fault with any carelessness or omission, thinking nothing beneath her notice, but with a gentle authority which admits of no question, never placing herself in an antagonistic position to any member of her household. Where there is decision it prevents all uncertainty (a most painful condition), and is very much for the good of all.

Circumstances, temperament, good or ill health, make the conditions of housekeeping more or less light, and more or less pleasing; but a good and determined *will* does much for us all.

#### CHOICE AND ARRANGEMENT OF A HOME.

In choosing a house, the first object should be a

wholesome situation, good drainage, ventilation, and a dry cellar. The health of the family depends upon these. Let your house be chosen according to your income and means of living, as far as possible. This advice seems almost a satire in New York, where there are no small houses in decent situations, and people requiring modest accommodations are driven into "flats,"—a mode of life in countries where there is no word like home.

Do not live with a fine house over your head, and subsist in the basement. Few people, out of your own family, know or care how you live. You will, probably, neither surprise nor please them by opening fine parlors kept only for occasions, and the reception of strangers. Let your home, large or small, be kept for the benefit of those who live in it. Warmth and light are better than fine furniture; and good beds better than fine bedsteads. If there is plenty of money, one may have all these good and comfortable things with all possible beautiful surroundings. If not, a woman with taste, industry and ingenuity, and with her heart in the matter, can make almost any place cheery. The more tasteful, the more beautiful your home can be made, the better always for those around you, and for the friends dear to them and you,—not for show,—not for display; these degrade the mind and the habits.

In the arrangement of a home, let each member of the household, who is old enough, have his or her own room to be kept in order, and made as individual as possible. Carry this principle out, if you can, with servants. It saves much trouble to them and to yourself. If you have children, let the nursery be the sunniest and most cheerful room in the house, with pictures, and open fire. These surroundings are a part of education.

To begin with the attic. Let your servants' rooms have abundant means of washing (their own towels marked "attic," and given out once a week with the bed-linen), comfortable beds, and bureaus in which they can keep their clothes. There should be a housemaid's closet, and in it everything which her work requires,—pail, scrubbing-brushes, scrubbing-cloths, dusters, towels, brooms (whisk and long), dust-pan, window-brush, dusting-brush, long-handled feather-duster for cornices and the tops of doors, short feather brush, chamois leathers (kept in a box or bag), not forgetting two large unbleached cotton covers for beds and furniture when she is sweeping; on the door of the closet there should be a plain list of her work and the time required for doing it.

The details of bedroom arrangement will be modified by circumstances: the number of occupants; whether they are children or grown people; and whether the income is large or small; but comfort may be commanded by taste, ingenuity and industry, and perfect order and cleanliness. There may be pictures on the wall, if only a wood-cut, books for private use, a writing-table, and portfolio, with means of daily bathing, fresh beds, and airy rooms, and if possible, the fire laid, to be used when required. The drawing-rooms of a house are always characteristic of the family who live in them, and often who do *not* live in them. Live in your drawing-rooms; have books, work, music, fire, all to make it the pleasantest place for the members of a family,—a place of rest after daily work, for comfort after struggles, for conversation, ease, reading, the relation of the experiences of the day, with nothing too fine to use, nothing too fine to sit upon. Curtains are not for ornament, but for use; drop them, shut out the cold, and have an open fire. It is the best of luxuries, the greatest ornament, and one of the most cheerful of companions.

Let your dining-room be tasteful, comfortable, clean, shining, the meal well served, orderly, regular, whether luxurious and well cooked, or only a steak and potato.

There should be a pantry with closets for the china and glass. If you have glass or china that you do not use daily, have a shelf for each with a list pasted inside, and require that it should be reported to you if any thing is broken, and mark that broken piece from the list, that there may be no future question. Do the same thing with other china and glass. Let the waitress have every thing requisite for her work,—brooms for the sidewalk and for carpets and stairs, pail, scrubbing-brushes and cloths, whisk-broom and dust-pan, dusters and towels, chamois leathers for silver, mirrors and door handles (kept separately), a pan for her silver and glass, another for her china, long and short handled feather-dusters, and a placard upon her pantry door, with a list of her work—like that of the housemaid. (I write for a moderate household, where no men-servants are kept.)

The kitchen (I hope it is a light one) should have a light closet if possible for the pots, sauce-pans, tins, baking-dishes, gridirons, frying-pans, etc., all the pots and pans being turned down to keep the dust out of them with covers upon them; another closet for the supplies of the week, furnished with proper jars with covers for whatever is to be kept in them, buckets for flour, bread, board, paste-board, dresser for ware and glass, plates and pitchers, a drawer for knives, forks and spoons, wooden and iron; chopper, apple-corer, lemon-squeezer, etc., etc.; another drawer for table-cloths, roller and towels; enough tables for her work; a proper table for the servants' meals, the cloths suitable for it, and one small table for the cutting up and pounding of meat. (This one must be kept well scrubbed, the others are better covered with table oil-cloth.) Suitable plates, dishes, cups and saucers, tea-pot and sugar-bowl, knives, forks and spoons for the servants' meals are also

necessary. There must be a safe in the coolest place to put away cold meats, with ware dishes to put them on, and small jars with covers for cold rice, hominy or potatoes. It should be cleaned daily. The cook will need a plate-drainer over the drain, two dish-pans, one for washing and one for rinsing the plates and dishes. There should be a small rug before the drain, and upon the hearth, to save the cook's feet from wet and from the heat of the hearth (a cook must be active on her feet, or she cannot attend to her duties); a refrigerator, which should be kept perfectly dry and clean; a bunch of skewers of all sizes hung upon a nail, to be wiped dry and returned to their bunch after using; and a good clock.

There should be a barrel into which all the servants should put the ashes, after they have been passed through the coal-sifter, also a proper receptacle for the refuse of the kitchen, both to be taken away daily. The cook should be furnished with brooms, scrubbing-brush and pail, clothes-iron, wash-rag and brush for the pots, whisk for the drain, soap in a wooden soap-tray, two scuttles, brush and blacking for her range, and brush to clean it out, egg-beater, wooden spoons, hand-basin always ready, etc., etc.

The laundress should have a closet, in which her dress-board, bosom-board, sleeve-board, ruffle-irons, fluting machine and irons may be kept; two covers for each board, and for her table. The covers for the boards are best in the shape of a bag, into which they can be slipped. If you can have a mangle, it is best for both bed and table linen.

It is well to require the washing to be brought upstairs as it is done, each evening. The table, bed linen, and flannels on Tuesday; the shirts, habits and sleeves on Wednesday. All this depends so much upon the size of the family, and whether the laundress is also chamber-maid, that no rules can be laid down, but so far as this system can be adopted it is best. The mistress should look at her list of soiled clothes sent to the wash, and see that the numbers are right, and see to putting them away. This prevents the supposition that anything is lost in the wash. Do this for your own sake and in justice to the laundress.

There should be a linen-closet neatly kept. It is well to nail upon the front of each shelf a wide cotton cloth, which can be turned up over the clean linen; and the linen last brought up from the wash should be put underneath that all may be used in turn. There should be: a shelf for toilette covers, tidies and rideaux; one for towels; one for the bed-linen; one for the table-linen; and one for spreads and heavy bed-covers.

If there is a house-maid it is her duty to attend to the furnace. If not, a mistress can judge whether the cook or laundress can best attend to this work. A waitress should have as little to do with coal as possible, for her hands must be nicely kept, and her dress clean and in order.

The store-room should be placed if possible on the kitchen floor, as there the stores are needed.

MRS. S. W. OAKLEY.

## Green Autumnal Foliage.

DID it ever occur to any one that it would be well to brighten the lawn in fall with more trees that remain green during that season? If it ever has, the evidence scarcely appears. Yet the dull and fading hues of autumn, in spite of the increasing beauty of dying leaves, need some green color to refresh the eye. Perhaps, in improving lawns, we do not sufficiently consider all the valuable qualities of different plants, failing to recognize the lessons afforded by woodland scenery. It may not, therefore, be uninteresting to touch briefly the fall characteristics of certain trees and shrubs noteworthy in this respect. We might naturally turn to evergreens as specially fitted for our purpose; but, with few exceptions, their hues have been dimmed since June. The green does not seem as warm and fresh as it did then, and an evergreen has never that cheerful, enlivening aspect presented by the green of deciduous trees. The wind does not stir as readily, nor the sun touch as variedly, the somewhat heavy foliage of evergreens, and, consequently, they have not the continually changing moods of deciduous trees.

We propose to include no plants the foliage of which suffers from mere white frost, and even to include some the leaves of which will endure a severe freezing without injury to their beauty. There is, doubtless, a season in late August and early September, during which the lawn should be carefully supplied with such foliage and flowers as will yet flourish; but we have chosen a later period, which is sometimes deferred until the middle of October, and which is more neglected and needy. One would think the maples valuable for their green in fall. They are healthy, thrifty, and vigorous; but scarcely a satisfactory variety in this particular exists among them, without it be the little colchicum maple (*Acer colchicum rubrum*). The foliage of this tree is very pleasing, and of curious outline. Delicate red stems support the leaves, and their general appearance is bright and cheerful. It is a choice, uncommon maple, and should be more employed as a single specimen on the lawn. The common catalpa (*Catalpa syriaca*), much spoken of nowadays for its enduring wood, and most valuable to the lawn-planter for broad, shadowy foliage, retains its green color well in fall. There is also a dwarf form (*Catalpa Kämpferii*), rounded like a hemisphere, with very delicate autumnal greens. *Chionanthus Virginica*, the white fringe, old, well-known and choice, is not usually spoken of for its autumnal beauty. The exquisite, lace-like flowers have doubtless eclipsed the glory of the foliage. It is large for a shrub, lustrous and oval; the leaves have a dark, rich green in fall, the general appearance of which is improved, though less than most shrubs, by pruning in winter. This operation should consist in thinning out, restraining, and renewing, not shearing, in the manner that falls to the lot of many unfortunate shrubs. We should like to see a few lawns, the trees and shrubs of which had all been pruned with discernment through a long period of years. The resultant improvement of the appearance of a whole neighborhood would be aston-

ishing. Inquiring minds may ask where such places exist. We do not know. Most things have been attempted and done, so likewise such work is doubtless accomplished; but we imagine it would be hard to find where in this country. The American persimmon is a noteworthy tree for its green in fall; but the Japanese persimmon, or *kaki*, shows a richer, glossier foliage, like orange-leaves in color. If it proves hardy, which is not yet sufficiently demonstrated in the North, its green color in fall will afford another valuable quality besides that of its fruit and general beauty at other seasons. Few shrubs are prettier in the fall than the evergreen thorn (*Crataegus pyracantha alba*). The small, glossy, dark-green leaves and orange-colored berries, all protected by masses of thorns, characterize the finest *Crataegus*, which is thoroughly healthy in America, as it is also attractive in very late fall and even winter. *Cercis Japonica*, the Japan Judas-tree, has heart-shaped leaves, glossy, tough, and retained late in fall. It is rare and choice, and decidedly attractive, both for its flowers and leaves, during at least five months of the year. In spring, early pink flowers wreath the stem, before the leaves put forth. The best spiraea in fall is perhaps *S. prunifolia*, which assumes still richer colors as a late autumnal garb. *Spiraea crispiifolia*, very rare, and recently introduced from Japan, is thought to be a variety of *S. callosa*. A dwarf mass of rounded, curling foliage, it is well preserved in fall. *Salix laurifolia*, or (as good authorities claim) *S. pentandra*, the laurel-leaved willow, preserves a shining green late in the season. The ornamental value of this tree is not sufficiently considered. It endures all exposures and soils, even close to the sea-shore, and is always clean and thrifty. The elms are remarkably deficient in attraction during the fall, with one or two curious exceptions. The one specially notable is the weeping slippery-elm, which grows with great rapidity, and has fine, vigorous foliage. So rapid is this growth that grafts made in the spring will attain six or eight feet during the following summer. We see a specimen before us while we are writing, where a large American elm has been stripped of its branches and grafted at numerous points with cions of the weeping slippery-elm. The effect produced after three years is most extraordinary. Long, pendant branches, clothed with luxuriant foliage, swing and wreath themselves about against the sky like gigantic snakes. The most valuable quality of this choice tree, however, lies in the fact that its foliage is not unfrequently green until October, and always thus green weeks later than other elms. There is one other elm which is rare—*Ulmus Siberica*—that holds its green late—so late that it might be classed with oaks and beeches for this peculiarity. It is of moderate growth, and has rough, slightly curled foliage, grouped closely along the branches. So far as we know, only the lindens can boast of one variety that remains really green in fall,—*Tilia dasystyla*,—a golden-barked tree with bright green foliage. All other lindens fade soon, and become almost unsightly in early autumn, so that the green foliage of this variety seems very curious to behold in autumn. The effect of the

unusual season for such coloring is increased by the strong contrast afforded by a bright yellow bark and a singularly lustrous foliage.

But the noblest trees of fall, for bright green and all other good qualities, are the beeches and oaks. Rich in color and picturesque in form, always affording grateful shade, other trees may possibly be as fine in a certain way, but none can be more generally satisfactory. Not specially early in putting forth leaves, they are most beautiful in June, and indeed throughout the summer. In autumnal landscapes, however, their late foliage, almost evergreen during mild winters, performs a valuable part, for the very reason that there is now so much less beauty among trees than earlier in the season. All kinds of beeches are fine in the fall. The cut-leaved, the purple, and the common American and European beeches are all most effective and green until nearly winter; but the noblest of all is the celebrated weeping beech. Its great, gleaming masses of foliage assume all kinds of fantastic shapes and reveal bowers and recesses until the leaves of almost every other tree have taken their departure. The only other rival the beech really has late in fall is the oak. Strong, sturdy and picturesque, enduring and grand, it is admired by every one and planted by few. It transplants with difficulty and grows slowly; but when once established it is well worth the patience it has demanded. All oaks are fine in fall, and in many cases preserve their leaves fresh and green into November and later. Indeed, although we have no really evergreen oaks in the North, there are seasons when some oaks, notably the pyramidal, retain their leaves all winter. The willow-leaved oak, as well as the pin-oak and the rare, large-leaved Daimio from Japan, among others, are very beautiful in fall, sometimes even in November.

Did space permit, we should like to dwell on the beauty in autumn of various privets, *Daphne cneorum*, of tiny, evergreen foliage, and certain of the *Eleagnus* species, as well as the beautiful fall climbers, evergreen honeysuckles, Akebias, Virginia silk, etc. All these should be planted with taste here and there throughout the lawn, supported by occasional masses of rhododendrons, laurels, mahonias, and other evergreen shrubs. Thus adorned, the lawn, in the fine

air and lights of autumn and during bright days, may well tempt us to linger amid its yet beautiful foliage, where crimson and gold is mingled plentifully with green.

SAMUEL PARSONS.

#### A "College of Domestic Economy."

It is proper to note in this department of the Magazine, that Sir Henry Cole, with his customary energy, has been urging, for some considerable time, on the British Government and its Education Department, more careful and more systematic practical instruction, in the public elementary schools, of the needs and duties of "Household Life." In his paper, on the "Establishment of a National College of Domestic Economy," which he read at the Domestic Economy Congress, at Manchester, he advocated that trained teachers, having earned certificates at a Central State Institution for knowledge of "food and its preparation," "health," "the dwelling," "household management and thrift," should be employed in large centers of population, going from school to school, once or twice in the week, as teachers of drawing did at first. Further on he proposed that Her Majesty's Commissioners might, out of the surplus money of the Exhibition of 1851, in their charge, endow the College or central institution, as the first of the institutions for aiding technical knowledge which they have proposed to aid, and Sir Henry specially named their fellow-commissioner, Dr. Lyon Playfair, as pre-eminently qualified to direct such a scheme. The Commissioners possess the funds and the ground; a moderate sum only would be requisite for a building which should include laboratories as well as a hostel for housing female students from the country for short periods, and to pay the cost of a staff of competent examiners for granting certificates of competency, whose services would be only occasional. The students might contribute to the expenses, and there might be free scholarships. The College would supply instruction and practice that would be of a much more advanced kind than could be given in the several existing training-schools for teachers of elementary instruction, and the state might properly assist in paying on results, as in the training-schools for elementary education.

#### CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Charles Francis Adams, Jr., on Railroads.

MR. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR., whose annual reports as chairman of the Massachusetts Railroad Commission have given him the foremost position in this country as a student of the philosophy of railway transportation, has produced a valuable and at the same time entertaining work entitled "Railroads: their Origin and Problems" (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons). Eighty pages are given to historical and descriptive matter of exceed-

ing interest, concerning the first railways operated by locomotive engines in England and the United States. The Manchester and Liverpool Railroad was opened September 15, 1830, under the direction of George Stephenson, the inventor and builder of the locomotive, under whose hand the excursion train, with the Duke of Wellington and the chief dignitaries of the government, sped from Liverpool to Manchester and back again. The particular and indispensable part of Stephenson's invention was the



multitubular boiler, whereby the necessary heating surface is obtained. Contemporary accounts of this memorable excursion are introduced by Mr. Adams, which have all the glamour of the "Arabian Nights." Exactly four months after the formal opening of the Manchester and Liverpool road, the locomotive was put in operation on the South Carolina Railroad, the engine having been constructed, without the multitubular boiler, at the West Point Foundry. Somewhat earlier than this, however, an experiment had been made on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, by a race between a horse and a locomotive contrived by Mr. Peter Cooper. Says Mr. Adams:

"It affords a striking illustration of how recent those events which now seem so remote really were, that here is a man still living, and among the most familiar to the eyes and mouths of the present generation, who was a contemporary of Stephenson, and himself invented a locomotive during the Rainhill year, being then nearly forty years of age. The Cooper engine, however, was scarcely more than a working model. Its active-minded inventor hardly seems to have aimed at anything more than a demonstration of possibilities. The whole thing weighed only a ton, and was of one-horse power; in fact, it was no larger than those hand-cars now in common use with railroad section-men. The boiler, about the size of a modern kitchen-boiler, stood upright and was filled above the furnace, which occupied the lower section, with vertical tubes. The cylinder was but three and a half inches in diameter, and the wheels were moved by gearing. In order to secure the requisite pressure of steam in so small a boiler, a sort of bellows was provided which was kept in action by means of a drum attached to one of the car-wheels, over which passed a cord which worked a pulley, which in turn worked the bellows. Thus, of Stephenson's two great devices, without either of which his success at Rainhill would have been impossible,—the waste-steam blast and the multitubular boiler,—Peter Cooper had only got hold of the last."

The race was won by the horse, through an accident—the slipping of a band which moved the blower of the engine. Mr. Cooper, who was his own engineer, struggled manfully to replace the band without stopping the machine, but before he could do so the horse had won the race. It was proven here, however, that the locomotive could outrun the horse, because the former was ahead when the accident occurred. On the 9th of August, 1831, the Albany and Schenectady Railroad was opened by an excursion train made somewhat familiar to the present generation by a wood-cut representing a prim little engine, with a prim engineer in a dress-coat, drawing six small passenger coaches resembling old-fashioned stage-coaches, in the foremost of which sat Mr. Thurlow Weed, then thirty years of age. On the 24th of March, 1834, the first locomotive was put in operation in Massachusetts, between Boston and Newton, the first link of the present Boston and Albany Railroad, which was completed to Albany in 1841, after difficulties and struggles which made it a greater achievement at that time than the building of the Pacific Railroad a quarter of a century later. There are now 79,208 miles of railway in the United States.

The railroad problem, the consideration of which occupies two-thirds of the volume, is defined by Mr. Adams in this wise: Upon the old highway, transportation was regulated satisfactorily and justly by the laws of trade. The railway has usurped the functions of the highway, but the laws of trade do not regulate transportation thereon, either satis-

factorily or justly. How to supplement these deficiencies by the action of government, without producing more evils than are cured, is the railroad problem. The analogy of the king's highway and the common carrier, Mr. Adams contends is wholly inapplicable. The railway is *sui generis*, and must eventually be dealt with as such. After forty years of ineffectual wrestling with this problem, England has abandoned all attempts to apply the law of common carriers to railways, recognizing the fact that the two things are wholly dissimilar. In the United States, the struggle is still going on. The public insists that the railway is a public highway, and the company a common carrier, and strives perseveringly, yet vainly, to subject them to the antiquated code governing those institutions. Meanwhile a railway evolution of vast import and vast proportions has been going on in Europe and America, entirely heedless of the law of common carriers, and the course of this evolution is traced by Mr. Adams diligently and methodically in England, France, Belgium, Germany and the United States, and the relation which this evolution bears to the education, habits and natural genius of the respective peoples, is carefully held in view. In England, all the vexations and grievances complained of in this country have had free scope, and all the remedies which legislation could provide have been tried one after another and abandoned. An era of competition and of discrimination has been followed by an era of consolidation, whereby large districts of country have been allotted by railway managers to this or that company as its territory, its satrapy. The public has looked with amazement, not unmixed with terror, at this parceling out of the country among soulless corporations; yet the result has proven beneficial both to the companies and the people. The public has been better served and at lower rates since the amalgamations took place than before, and there are fewer complaints of unjust discrimination. At present the English government confines itself to a strict watch upon the railways. It leaves the railway evolution to work itself out in its own way; but it provides a standing commission to hear all complaints against railroad companies, and in certain specified cases to decide controversies between companies and between companies and individuals. Beyond this the government does nothing except hold itself in readiness to act if events shall hereafter require more decisive steps. Government ownership of the railroads may become necessary at some future time, but at present there are no facts to justify such a revolution in the methods of British trade and intercommunication.

The limits of this notice do not permit even a brief outline of the railway evolution of the continent of Europe. In the United States, the mad race of railway competition with its discriminations against localities and individuals, and the high-handed acts and demeanor of railway officials, produced the Granger laws of 1873. Although clumsy and unphilosophical, Mr. Adams regards these Granger laws as a necessary snubbing-post, at the time they were enacted, to the domineering spirit

and the coarse jobbery and corruption that pervaded the railway corporations. As this is an important matter, and is little understood in the eastern states, where the Granger legislation was commonly regarded as akin to highway robbery, we quote one paragraph from pp. 127-128:

"Of the Granger episode, little now needs to be said. That it did not originate without cause has already been pointed out. It is quite safe to go further and say that the movement was a necessary one, and, through its results, has made a solution of the railroad problem possible in this country. At the time that movement took shape, the railroad corporations were, in fact, rapidly assuming a position which could not be tolerated. Corporations, owning and operating the highways of commerce, they claimed for themselves a species of immunity from the control of the law-making power. When laws were passed with a view to their regulation, they received them in a way which was at once arrogant and singularly injudicious. The officers intrusted with the execution of those laws they contemptuously ignored. Sheltering themselves behind the Dartmouth College decision, they practically undertook to set even public opinion at defiance. Indeed there can be no doubt that those representing these corporations had at this juncture not only become fully educated up to the idea that the gross inequalities and ruinous discriminations to which in their business they were accustomed were necessary incidents to it, which afforded no just ground of complaint to any one; but they also thought that any attempt to rectify them through legislation was a gross outrage on the elementary principles both of common sense and of constitutional law. In other words, they had thoroughly got into their heads that they, as common carriers, were in no way bound to afford equal facilities to all, and, indeed, that it was in the last degree absurd and unreasonable to expect them to do so. The Granger method was probably as good a method of approaching men in this frame of mind as could have been devised. They were not open to reason, from the simple fact that their ideas of what in their position was right or wrong, reasonable or unreasonable, were wholly perverted. They were part of a system founded on error; and that error they had been accustomed to look upon as truth. The Granger violence was, therefore, needful to clear the ground. This it did; and it did it in a way far from creditable to those who called themselves Grangers."

That the Granger legislation, bad as it was, was sustained by the court of last resort, Mr. Adams regards a fortunate circumstance for the railroads themselves, since "nothing short of it would apparently have sufficed to force them out of their position of stupid, fighting defiance." Once driven from an untenable position, the railroad companies hastened to make peace with their customers—the public. The more flagrant abuses were corrected, arbitrary airs were dropped, and while much remains to be done, the ground has been cleared for a better understanding and better results.

In Massachusetts, the problem was taken hold of in a different spirit. The same abuses existed there, but the parties to the dispute conducted the controversy in more sober methods. The Massachusetts Railroad Commission was formed upon the plan of attacking the evils of railway management by publicity,—of creating a tribunal with the power of investigation and report. Its decisions possessed no more validity than the reasons upon which they were founded. The enforcing power was only that of public opinion, coupled with the latent power which resides in public opinion under representative governments to eventually execute its decrees in the form of law. That the experiment has worked well is sufficiently attested by the fact that the railroads have always endeavored to stand well with the Commission, and the legislature has continued it in force and enlarged its powers from time to

time. The Massachusetts method and the Granger method are types of the only steps taken in this country to deal with the railroad problem by public authority. There are no other methods possible in this country except through the action of Congress, which alone has the power to regulate commerce among the several states.

The contest of the railroads against the public is, however, for the most part a resultant of the contest of the railroads against each other. Uncontrolled competition results in unbearable discriminations. Competing points get their freight carried for next to nothing, while non-competing points are taxed to make up the difference. Excessively low rates are followed by excessively high rates. Violent fluctuations in prices are precipitated into the business of the community by railroad wars, followed by treaties of peace, followed by other wars. The concluding pages of Mr. Adams's book embrace a succinct narrative (and the only one to be found in print) of the wars and treaties of the east and west trunk lines since 1873, and of the devices sought to be invoked to restrain the destructive competition between them. A sketch is given also of the Southern Railway and Steamship Association, devised by Mr. Albert Fink of Louisville, the success of which led to his being called to a more important field of similar work in the city of New York. It is found that everywhere—not in this country alone, but still more in other countries—combination is taking the place of competition among railroads, and that, instead of becoming more tyrannical and exacting by reason of their greater power, they become less so. The sense of responsibility grows with the growth of the combination. Mr. Vanderbilt, controlling two great lines with their ramifications between New York and Chicago, is much more amenable to public opinion than Mr. Vanderbilt controlling only the Harlem Railway. Being more an object of suspicion, he is less able to indulge his own whims and caprices. A dozen small log-rolling companies will control a legislature, where the same companies consolidated into one would utterly fail to do so. Therefore, the march of railway combination is not the terrible thing we have been accustomed to regard it. The plan of state ownership is not gaining ground in any part of the world. The conditions of such a system are as yet wholly wanting in the United States, even if it were considered a desirable solution of the railroad problem. For the present, there is perhaps nothing better to be done than to apply the Massachusetts system on a more extended scale, so that governmental supervision may keep pace with railway combination.

After this *résumé*, it is scarcely necessary to add that Mr. Adams's book is worthy of very high praise. The importance of the subject is only matched by the difficulties surrounding it. The author has brought to his task an impartial judgment and very notable powers of generalization superadded to a laborious training. The book reads like the finished product of one who, having fully mastered his theme, needs only a few quires of

paper and a little leisure to put the public in easy possession of the results of many years of special study and reflection. The style is as attractive as the matter with which it deals.

**Blackie's "Natural History of Atheism."\***

A BOOK so fresh, natural and vigorous, one which, so entirely avoids technicalities and is so utterly free from obscurity is rare in the annals of religious controversy. The first three chapters treat of the presumptions in favor of theism,—the appeal to a general belief in the existence of God, and the exceptions to this belief which arise from three efficient causes: first, dense ignorance,—as in the case of the most degraded savages; second, moral turpitude which wills to recognize no rule of eternal right, which closes its eyes to the divine and awful beauty of holiness; and third, spiritual pride, which darkens the mind and finally destroys the spiritual faculty.

The chapters on polytheism and Buddhism illustrate the point that one phase of atheism arises rather from "an exaggeration and misdirection, than from a deficiency of the noble emotion of wonder." The polytheism of the Greeks, which is a practical atheism after all, Professor Blackie explains—as has been done by the comparative philologists of Germany—to be a disease of language. This view has been popularized by Max Müller, and even introduced into some school manuals of mythology; still, a word here may not be quite superfluous. When the discovery of Sanscrit threw its illumination over the vexed question of the genealogy of language, an utter overturning of philological rules and systems followed. But out of all this chaos, a new and beautiful order grew, and the science of language—which is fossil history and fossil poetry in one—arose. Beside it, growing up as it grew, following it like a shadow cast athwart the human hopes, and fears, and beliefs of past ages,—from the dimness around,—the science of religion detached itself.

All language in its infancy runs to personification,—that of children and savages illustrates this fact; while the primitive poetry of the eddas and the vedas shows that the wild and warlike Norsemen, and the gentle philosophers of the Himalayas, were at one on this point. Every phenomenon of nature is thrown into an objective form; each participant is personified. As the nation outgrew its childish years, these songs grew to have a new significance; these personified forces came to mean gods and goddesses; the mist and halo of distance and tradition making them assume god-like proportions. When old Kronos is said to have devoured his children, does it mean that the Greeks had deliberately gone to work to create a *god* capable of such bestiality, or only that time swallowed up the years to which he had given birth? Shorn of the fanciful adornments of the later poets, the older myths can almost all be interpreted in this way.

And so, mythology may be justly called a disease of language.

The chapter on Buddhism which follows gives a history of its royal founder; of his princely birth, and enormous possessions; of his renunciation of caste, and wealth, and ease; of his wanderings and sufferings,—forgetful of all but that he lived in a world full of sorrow, and suffering, and death, remembering only that there were woes to be relieved and wrongs to be redressed. The character of Buddha is one of ideal loveliness, the example one of sublime and self-forgetful heroism; but he was a moralist only—an atheist; there was no God in all his thoughts, no divine ideal to which he aspired, no communion with the Father of Spirits to which he looked forward,—and so his mighty work, his sacrifices, his purity have all come to naught. The Buddhist followers of this marvelous atheist, thirsting after a god, have lifted him up to the throne of deity, and four hundred millions of human beings this day accept him as an object of adoring worship. As his morality and religious negations were the natural but extreme reaction from the priestcraft of Brahminism, so is the idolatry of his followers a reaction again from the empty void of his atheism. Here we touch the last point made in this volume,—the fifth phase and cause of atheism. It is, in Professor Blackie's words, the atheism of reaction, a disbelief in Christianity, which comes as the natural revolt against extreme, dogmatic sectarianism,—the swing back which naturally results when the mind frees itself from the overstrained systems of Calvinism, sacerdotalism, ecclesiasticism, asceticism, and extremism of every kind. And this, in the present time, seems the most powerful cause—when combined with the intolerance of control, and want of reverence so characteristic of the age—for the growth and diffusion of atheism. In Professor Blackie's own words, this atheism "may in many cases be only the rebound of an ill-balanced mind from the asperities and rigidities of some local orthodoxy. If there is a rebellion anywhere in a state," he goes on to say, "the government is seldom free from blame," page 71.

There are only two points in the whole volume which show weakness of conception and of handling. Professor Blackie's views and definitions of both volition and liberty seem very confused and unsatisfactory. These are, however, purely metaphysical points and form a very small portion of the book, and are, moreover, incidental. The portion of this volume to which exception will most generally be taken is that which refers to the power of prayer. The idea that the realm of physical nature, and the laws which control it, can be invaded and altered by prayer he utterly repudiates. The belief in the fatherhood of God, in his loving tenderness which listens to the cry of his children, and in response to their appeal issues the divine command to winds and the seas that they be still, has rooted itself too deeply in the heart of the Christian world to receive any denial without stern condemnation; and here Professor Blackie goes counter to the feeling and belief of the whole Christian world.

\* The Natural History of Atheism. By John Stuart Blackie. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

## Miss Trafton's "His Inheritance."

"HIS INHERITANCE," Miss Trafton's novel, recently completed in its serial form in this magazine, and now published in a handsome volume by Lee & Shepard, is the third book of a writer who has steadily won her way to public favor, and made every step secure by the improvement that comes of conscientious work. "Katherine Earle," though not without some serious faults, was a better book than "The American Girl Abroad," and "His Inheritance" is a much better book than "Katherine Earle." It exhibits higher powers of invention, greater skill in the development of character, and more perfect loyalty to the ideas of harmony and proportion.

Of course, we do not need to sketch a story which our readers already possess in detail and completeness. The strong character of the book is, undoubtedly, Mrs. Stubbs, the sutler's wife. It is well conceived, though not intrinsically interesting, and from the beginning to the end there is not a false touch in its presentation. The woman's ambitious aspirations for her gentle daughter, guarded by an almost insane jealousy of those above her in social position, until they worked out their perfectly natural results in ruin and death, are delineated very skillfully and powerfully. There could have been no other end, save in obedience to the reader's natural wish that, somehow, Captain Elyot should have found his lost wife before her death, and released her from slavery to her ignorant, short-sighted, and overfond mother.

The book has many notable points of excellence in the painting of frontier scenery and society. The camp of the wagoners, when Blossom goes home from her school, with her midnight escape from the Indians, forms a very impressive and memorable sketch. Captain Elyot's long wandering on his way to Fort Atchison as bearer of dispatches, is depicted with a high degree of graphic power. Everywhere the "local color" is marvelously well laid in, especially when we are told that the writer has no practical familiarity with the opening scene of her novel. In thus recording our favorable verdict, we may be permitted to express the regret that the genuine, hearty, racy humor, so evidently a part of the writer's nature, and so naturally revealed in her first book, is not more apparent in her novels. A love of fun—a sense of humor—is one of the choicest gifts of God, and it is sometimes pitiful to see how a New England woman, in her terrible dignity and earnestness, neglects this gift when she holds it in possession.

## Hunt's "History of Music."

THIS little work is meant for a text-book and well deserves its name: *A Concise History of Music*. It is divided into three sections for study, which are followed by questions on the subject matter and complete indexes. The first sixty pages are devoted to a "general review of musical epochs and events," and to biographical sketches of the chief representatives of the various schools of music. For the sake of simplicity, Mr. Hunt recognizes only five distinct schools, the Belgian, Italian, German, French and English. Nearly two hundred and fifty names of composers, with their more important works are included in this first section. Some receive bare mention, while the lives of Bach, Handel, Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and one or two others are treated at greater length. Not a word is wasted. Chronometrical tables of musicians and musical events form the second section. These tables are admirably arranged and a glance makes their use apparent. The seventy-four pages of the third section comprise a short history of music as an art, and treat of the formation and growth of the modern scales, the development of counterpoint and harmony, with examples, the rise of the oratorio, opera, symphony and other forms of musical expression, concluding with a brief description of several important musical instruments. The leading works under each class of vocal or instrumental music are also enumerated, together with their composers, arranged in chronological order. The design of the book is to aid systematic study, and its comprehensiveness and clearness render it valuable to the student of musical history, while its indexes make it a capital manual for reference.

It is noticeable that only one Russian composer, Rubinstein, is mentioned, and no notice is taken of the works of Mr. J. K. Paine, whose masses, oratorio and symphony have gained him considerable reputation in Germany. But in so concise a history, one cannot expect to find every composer; and one looks in vain for the names of Ravina, Saran and Jensen, and other modern composers of some note. The work may also be criticised in its estimate of some of the English composers, but as a whole it is most admirably adapted to its purpose as a hand-book for students.

\* *A History of Music*: Bonavia Hunt. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

## THE WORLD'S WORK.

NOTE.—The space devoted to this department being limited, it is important to report only those new appliances and processes that seem of the most value; it may interest readers to know that of 117 new appliances or machines, described in two volumes of the Magazine, 57 are known to have gone into general practical use in business.

## Progress in Electric Lighting.

THAT the peculiar manifestation of force called electricity would give light has long been known, and many students of its phenomena have predicted that the light from electricity would ultimately displace gas and oil. Slender sticks of gas carbon

being placed end to end and touching each other in an electric current, will conduct the electricity in silence and darkness; drawn apart a few millimeters, while still in circuit, there springs up between the ends a brilliant flame. The electricity, seeking to pass the gap, raises the ends of the sticks to a white heat, and the flame that seems to bridge the space between the carbons becomes the conductor of the current and it flows over the gap in a fiery arc. In a few seconds the ends of the carbons become destroyed by the heat, the distance between them is increased, the current cannot pass and the flame goes out. To restore the light, the carbons must be pushed together till they nearly touch, when the flame springs up again. This defect, and the fact that a battery must be used, for a long time made the electric light practically valueless. The invention of suitable machinery for holding the carbon pencils, and for keeping them always in the right position, eventually led to a practical electric lamp; but, with all this, the light was expensive, troublesome and unreliable, and thus of no value to the business world. Within the last two years, and notably within a few months, the electric light has attracted renewed attention both in this country and in Europe, and it has now reached a practical commercial position that makes it of use to the navigator, miner and manufacturer. It is no longer a laboratory experiment, but is ready to take its place in the street, the theater and the shop, on board ship, and wherever a cheap and powerful light is needed. It is already the rival of gas, and it is undoubtedly destined to supplant it, to a considerable extent, and in many places to find use where gas is not available.

In view of the importance of this subject, personal examination of the matter, both in Paris and in different parts of this country, has been made for this department, and with this are given drawings, and some account of the appliances now used in electric lighting. Several of the wider streets and squares, and about forty workshops in and about Paris, are now regularly lighted by electricity. The avenue leading from the Grand Opera House is lighted throughout its entire length, and presents a good example of street lighting. The lamps are placed on posts, precisely like the gas lamps, except that the posts are taller and wider apart. The lamps are inclosed in large opal glass globes, and beyond this do not differ externally from the gas lamps. As the daylight fades away, there comes, without warning, a sudden flash, and every light in the street is burning with an intense white glare. The effect is like daylight, except in intensity. Every part of the street, the immense traffic in the roadway and the people on the walks, every architectural detail of the buildings to the top of the roofs, every object however minute in the windows, the flowers on the balconies, are plainly visible and in their natural colors. The actinic effect is the same as by day, and all colors, both real and artificial, take their true shades. Every sign on wall or omnibus, the minutest patterns in fabrics and the finest print can plainly be seen. People seated before the cafés

read their papers by the aid of lights on the opposite side of the way, and yet the most delicate complexions and softest tints in fabrics do not suffer in the white glare of the lamps. Every stone in the road is plainly visible, and the horses move swiftly along as if confident of their footing. Such illumination is the perfection of street lighting. Neighboring streets, though more brilliantly lighted with gas than any American streets, appear dark and gloomy by contrast. Besides the Avenue de l'Opéra there are a number of theaters, halls and public buildings and shops, lighted without or within, and in each case the electric light has superseded gas or it is used where gas would be too expensive. The appearance of the lamps used in Paris is peculiar. The entire globe seems to be filled with light,—no flame or point of light being visible. The color is intense white, occasionally changing to blue or deep yellow for an instant. In some few cases the light is naked, or is placed in clear glass lamps. In whatever manner used it is impossible to look at the light for more than a few seconds. This intensity, and the occasional flickering of the light, are raised as objections to the electric light. On the other hand, why should any one look at the lamps any more than at the sun, and when not looking directly at the light the flickering is hardly noticeable. In halls and shops the lamps may be placed next the ceiling, or behind screens, so that only the reflected light can be seen, and out-of-doors the lamps may be placed overhead out of the range of the eyes. The flickering comes from a variety of causes, and it is doubtful if it can ever be wholly overcome. The points to secure are a steady motive power (a turbine being best), and good carbons in the lamps. Another objection has been found in the deep shadows cast by opaque objects when lighted by electricity. Careful observations both here and in Paris, in halls, shops and streets, failed to show that this is a serious objection where two or more lamps are used.

From these observations it may be safely stated that the electric light is perfectly reliable, is practical in any position, without or within, wherever a large space is to be lighted, or where an intense light for any reason is desired. It is available for streets, factories, rolling-mills, railway stations, docks, for lighting beaches, gardens, parks and other open spaces. Two improvements made in the electric light have made it possible to remove it from the laboratory to the street,—the substitution of dynamo-electric machines for batteries, and the invention of improved lamps for displaying the light. The dynamo-electro machines are now made in a variety of forms both in this country and in Europe. They are essentially alike, and differ chiefly in the manner in which the parts are put together and in the quantity of light they will give for a horse-power and the kind of current they will produce, some giving an alternating current and others a continuous current. Great difference of opinion has been expressed between the merits of French, English and American machines, and no fair comparison has ever been made between them. Only the foreign machines are shown at the Paris



Exhibition, and in the streets of the city only the Gramme machine is used. The writer examined, as far as could be done without photometric apparatus, the different machines, and it appears that the American machines are as good, if not better, than any French or English machines. Very great attention is being paid to the subject in this country, and five large manufacturers have produced machines of varying merit, and from all that can be learned they are cheaper and quite as efficient as those made in Europe.

On burning carbon pencils in an electric lamp, it is found that one pencil wastes or burns away much faster than the other. The instant they burn away beyond a certain distance, the electric circuit is broken and the light is extinguished; this defect has been overcome by a lamp having clock-work, whereby the two carbons are kept moving at unequal speeds. Thus, the right distance is preserved and the lamp burns steadily. The objections to this lamp have been its cost and the liability of the clock-work to get out of order. Such an affair would be of little use in a rolling-mill or on board ship, where unskilled labor must take care of it. For a long time no better lamp could be found, and this fact alone prevented the general use of electric lights. More recently, this style of lamp has been improved to suit American wants, and to bring it within a reasonable price, and it has been used continuously night after night in exposed situations, and with only the care of a boy for many weeks without failure.

Two years since, the so-called electric candle (already described in this department) was introduced in France, and, since that time, still other improvements have been made in this country, and cheap and simple electric lamps are now made in different places, and the whole subject of electric lighting is now put on a practical business basis. The electric candle is the only apparatus used in lighting the streets of Paris. This candle consists of two slender sticks or pencils of gas carbon placed side by side, with a slip of kaolin between them. A small piece of wire is laid over the top to join the two carbons together, and is kept in place by a strip of paper pasted over the top of the candle. The base of this double-wicked candle is set in a metallic ferrule, so that it may be quickly and firmly connected with the wires of the circuit in the lamp. The lamp consists of four of these candles placed in a ring in a globe of opal glass. The wires enter the bottom of the lantern, and are connected with the candles. The wires may be laid in earthenware pipes under the sidewalks, as in Paris, or stretched from post to post through the air. By means of a switch placed in the lamp-post, the current may be changed at any time from candle to candle. When the dynamo-electric machine is started, the current passes up one carbon of the candle, follows the wire to the other, instantly making the fiery arc over the top. The wire is destroyed, but the current once started, is maintained till the candle is burned away. The insulating kaolin between the carbons is destroyed by the heat, and gives way as fast as

the carbons are consumed. When the candle has burned down the current is switched to the next candle, and thus, in turn, the four candles are burned in about six hours. The electric candle is a cheap and

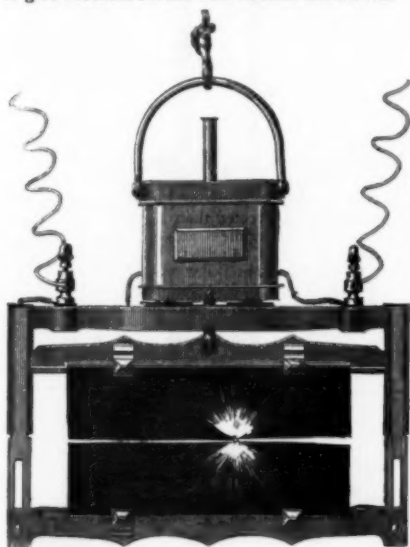


1. ELECTRIC LAMP FOR TABLE.

practical electric lamp, but as now used in Paris it has one serious defect. When one candle is burned out, or for any reason is extinguished, another must be lighted; and this demands constant attention and labor, as a man must go from lamp to lamp every ninety minutes lighting the fresh candles. This defect may, in time, be overcome by some automatic device for switching the current, but it has not yet been done. The unequal wasting of the two carbons is prevented in the candle by employing an alternating current, the polarity of the current being changed many thousand times in a minute, and in this manner the burning away is distributed between the carbons equally.

The electric lamp employing clock-work is so

well known that it needs no description. The improved form of lamp used in this country gives good results at a reasonable cost, and it is said to work steadily with very little attention. A cheaper form of lamp dispensing with clock-work is shown in the cut. Here the two carbons are placed in line, one touching the other. The upper pencil is fastened to the armature of an electro-magnet, and while no current is passing, the armature falls and the two carbons touch. On the passage of the current the magnet is excited and the armature is raised, lifting the carbon and drawing them apart just enough to form the arc. The instant the carbon burns away and the distance becomes too great to maintain the circuit, the armature falls, permitting the pencils to touch. This closes the circuit and the light starts again. These extinguishings and relightings take place every little while, but so quick is the operation that the light is practically continuous. This form of lamp is cheap and simple, and it is reported to give excellent results both in halls and streets.



2.—HANGING ELECTRIC LAMP.

Figure 2 gives a new lamp recently invented in this country. It consists of an iron frame holding two thin plates of carbon. An electro-magnet is placed on top (covered in cut), and the upper plate is connected with the armature. When at rest the two plates touch at the edges, one resting on the other. On passing a current the magnet lifts the upper plate, and the light springs up somewhere between the two plates. In a moment the carbon is burned away just there. The current is not, however, broken, for the arc instantly shifts to another part of the plate, always finding the spot where the right distance is maintained. In this manner the arc burns its way backward and forward till both the

plates are consumed. The plates are designed to burn one hundred hours, and unless the current is stopped, the light will be maintained without attention till the carbons are destroyed. This lamp is simple and requires no attention while burning, and when the plates are consumed, new ones may be inserted in a moment. A single light of this pattern will give a light equal to from 2,000 to 3,000 candles, and the cost for carbons will be about one cent an hour.

Another form of lamp recently brought out employs the weights of the carbons and their holders to move a simple train of clock-work that constantly adjusts the position of the pencils. This lamp has also an ingenious appliance for correcting sudden changes in the speed of the works under variations of the current, besides several new devices for adding to the convenience in setting up the lamp. This new style of lamp is made in a variety of forms suited to use as a street light, mast-head light or locomotive head-light.

Concerning the cost of electric lighting as compared with gas, there is much dispute. If a single electric lamp is compared with a common gas lamp, the cost is in favor of the gas, but this is not a fair comparison, for a gas-jet in New York may (perhaps) give a light equal to 22 candles, whereas a single electric lamp can give 15,000 candles. If it is attempted to get as much light out of gas, the cost will be so disproportionate that it would not be considered, to say nothing of the immense number of jets that would be required, and the consequent heat, smoke, and trouble. The parish of Chelsea, London, recently sent an agent to Paris to examine the cost of lighting streets by the electric candle (not the best lamp), and the "Engineer" in commenting on his report, says (we quote with some condensation):

His conclusions seem based upon a comparison of the electric light as used in the Avenue de l'Opéra and the Place de l'Opéra, at Paris, and the gas-lights as used in some of the streets of Chelsea. The comparison is hardly fair, because the latter are not well-lighted. The streets named are Sloane Street, King's Road, Lowndes Square, Cadogan Place, and the Chelsea Embankment. Taking the whole of these, the average distance from lamp to lamp is about forty-five yards, while in the Avenue and Place de l'Opéra the average distance of the gas-lamps if placed in a line would be about five yards only. These are well-lighted streets in Paris, it must be admitted, but then Paris is altogether better lighted than London, and if we are to make a real comparison between gas and electricity, it should be made with the number of gas-lamps per street, giving a reasonable amount of light. Mr. Stayton's report is, of course, relative to things as they exist, and not as they may be. The Avenue de l'Opéra is lighted with the Jab-lockoff lamp. Each electric candle costs  $7\frac{1}{2}$ d., and burns one hour and a half, giving a light equal to 700 wax candles. The cost per light is 1s.  $5\frac{1}{2}$ d. per hour. The estimate of the first cost for similarly lighting Sloane Street is £3,500, with a working cost of 16s. per hour from the thirty-two electric candles, whilst the existing forty lamps cost 8½d. an hour. These figures at first sight seem most conclusive. Now let us look a little closer into them. The forty gas-lamps are, on Mr. Stayton's own showing, equivalent at the maximum to 500 wax candles per hour; probably in reality to no more than half that number. The thirty-two electric candles would be equivalent to 22,400 wax candles. In the case of the maximum, the electric light is forty-five times as good as the gas-light; in the more probable case it is ninety times as powerful. Now, 45 times 8½d. gives us 38s. nearly as the cost of the gas to give an equivalent light, supposing each lamp to equal fifteen candles—with a proportionately greater sum if the gas is not of this maximum quality. The first cost again, we believe, will be found to be equal in favor of electricity.

## BRIC-À-BRAC.

## The Woful Tale of Jotham Brown.

SHOWING THE DANGER OF POSSESSING ONLY ONE IDEA.

ALACK! alas! alack! ah me!  
 A woful tale I'll tell to thee,  
 Of Jotham Brown, known as J. B.,  
 A stalwart youth, of ruddy blee,  
 Who in his boots stood six foot three,  
 At twenty-one, with one "idee!"  
 His small eyes had that far off look  
 Which—I have read within a book—  
 Great genius has; his visage glum  
 Was ever one emphatic mum;  
 And how a thought could ever gain  
 A lodgment in his narrow brain,  
 Must rank as undiscovered knowledge,  
 Beyond the ken of world or college.  
 No matter—there's the fact—keep still;  
 Leave it for future thought and skill;  
 Men's minds are far too prone to borrow  
 What rightfully ranks with to-morrow.  
 Wait! wait! a warning you shall see  
 In this same youth, this brave J. B.

Poor J. B., on an evil day,  
 Had chanced to hear some person say,  
 "That one foot ever strove to gain  
 Upon the other, and 'twas plain  
 That, let them strive however fast,  
 One foot must be ahead at last.  
 And still 'twas left for some keen mind  
 Which foot is always last to find."  
 Then J. B. puzzled long and late,  
 And scratched his head o'er book and slate,  
 Resolved that his that mind should be  
 To set this wondrous riddle free.

Poor Jotham Brown!  
 Poor Jotham Brown,

All night, all day, sought rest in vain,  
 This puzzle rankling in his brain.  
 And if by chance he fell asleep,  
 Such dreams beneath his lids would creep  
 Of feet, feet, feet, ten thousand feet,  
 Dragging on, and flying fleet,  
 Feet alone, and feet together,  
 Of ev'ry hue and shape 'soever,  
 That he would wake, with shivering moan,  
 To toss, and turn, and sweat, and groan,  
 To rise at last, and figure out,  
 If possible, some new-found doubt.

Poor Jotham Brown!  
 Poor Jotham Brown!

At last he found no book nor slate  
 Which foot is last could truly state.  
 Then greatness sprang up in J. B.  
 He said he'd be "consarned," if he  
 Didn't find out which foot was last.  
 He swore that certain things he'd blast  
 If he, J. B., could not find out  
 "This blessed fact," without a doubt.

Poor Jotham Brown!  
 Poor Jotham Brown

Now went a-pacing up and down,  
 Now went a-running here and there,  
 And walking, walking everywhere,  
 In a circle, round a square,

Night and day, both foul and fair,  
 Never stopping anywhere,  
 Until he grew quite lean and spare.  
 And these few words were all he said,  
 As on and on he endless sped:

"The left ahead,  
 The right ahead,  
 The left ahead,  
 The right!  
 The right ahead,  
 The left ahead,  
 The right ahead,  
 The left!"

And Jotham walked, and walked, and walked,  
 And Jotham talked, and talked, and talked,  
 Just as I've said, all night, all day;  
 And people heard him in their beds,  
 And drew the sheets about their heads,  
 Nor dared a single word to say.

And still he's traveling, day and night;  
 And now 'tis left, and now 'tis right,  
 And now 'tis right, and now 'tis left,  
 Till he of home and friends bereft,  
 His flapping rags about him fan  
 More like a specter than a man.  
 And still the riddle's not set free;  
 Alas! I fear it ne'er will be.  
*But if poor Jotham e'er should find  
 Which foot it is lags last behind,  
 Poor Jotham then a saint will be,  
 With his name in the encyclopædia.*

JENNIE E. T. DOWE.



THE LABOR PROBLEM.

"Goodness me! What are we coming to? If they aint making artificial butter and hatching out ducks' and hens' eggs by machinery."